Vol. XXXIV. No. 135 *September 1945*

STUDIES

An Irish Quarterly Review

I. National Parks for Éire .... *Sir Shane Leslie*
II. Thomas Davis: 1814–1845 .... *Michael Tierney*
III. Austria: Yesterday and To-morrow .... *John Murray*
IV. The Social Services in Éire .... *T. W. T. Dillon*
V. Socialist Myth and Russian Reality .... *George O'Brien*
VI. Newman and Father Dominic Barberi *Denis Gwynn*
VII. Birds of the Countryside: Sandpipers *P. G. Kennedy*
VIII. Catholic Church in Fiji 1844–1944 .... *Charlotte M. Kelly*
IX. Alice and the Scientists .... *Arthur Little*
X. Dictionary of Irishmen in France .... *Richard Hayes*
XI. Newman and Dr. Charles Russell .... *J. M. Flood*
XII. Irish Bardic Poems—No. 75 .... *Lambert McKenna*
XIII. Irish Maritime History .... *Seamus O Neill*
XIV. Reviews of Books

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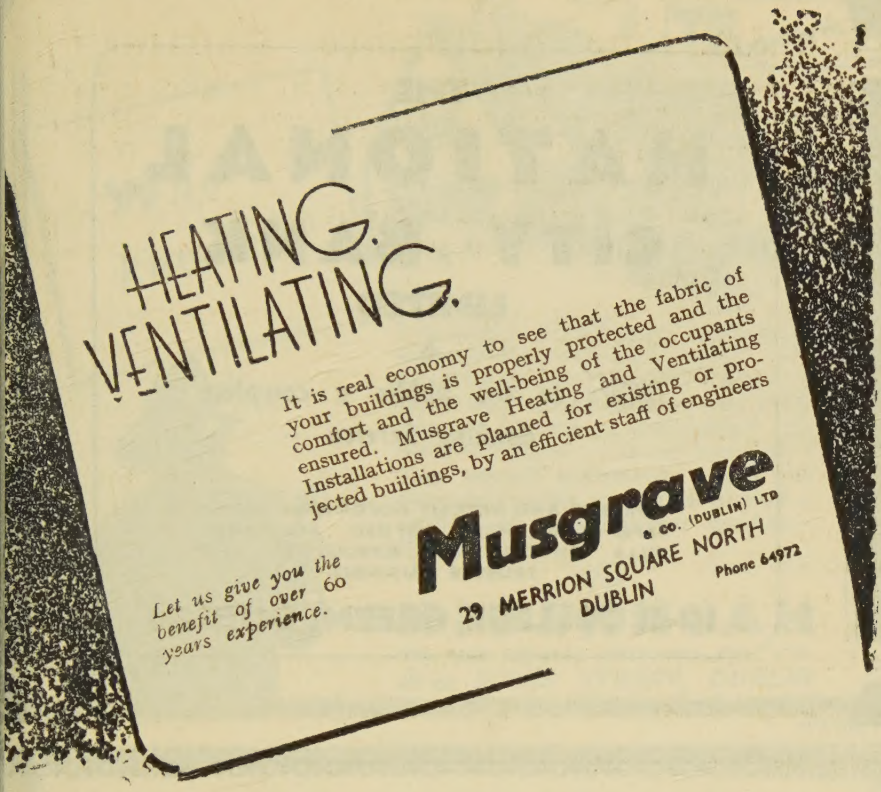
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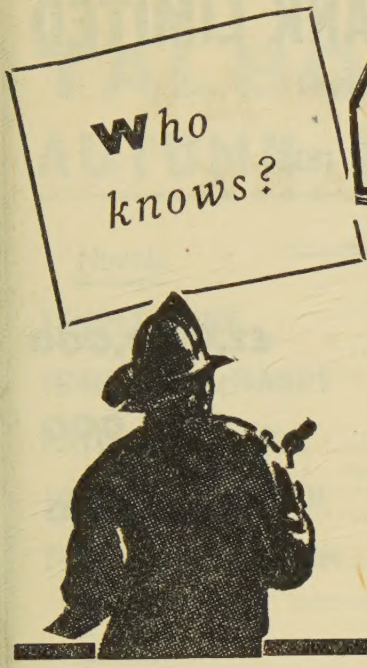

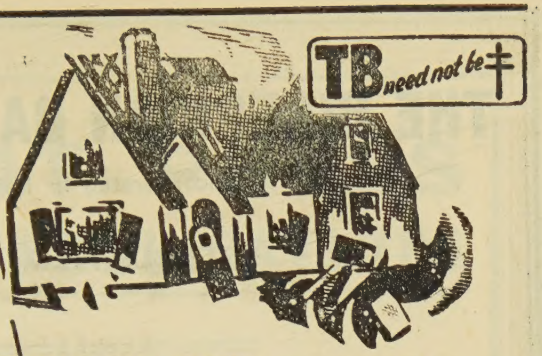

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OL. XXXIV No. 135

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EPTEMBER 1945

CONTENTS

		PAGE
I. National Parks for Éire	*Sir Shane Leslie, Bart.*	289
II. Thomas Davis: 1814–1845	*Professor Michael Tierney*	300
III. Austria: Yesterday and To-morrow	*John Murray, S.J.*	311
IV. The Social Services in Éire	*Professor T. W. T. Dillon*	325
V. Socialist Myth and Russian Reality ...	*Professor George O'Brien*	337
VI. Newman and Father Dominic Barberi	*Denis Gwynn*	347
VII. Birds of the Countryside: Sandpipers ...	*P. G. Kennedy, S.J.*	354
VII. Catholic Church in Fiji 1844–1944	*Charlotte M. Kelly*	361
IX. Alice and the Scientists	*Arthur Little, S.J.*	369
X. Dictionary of Irishmen in France	*Dr. Richard Hayes*	377
XI. Newman and Dr. Charles Russell	*J. M. Flood*	387
XII. Irish Bardic Poems—No. 75	*Lambert McKenna, S.J.*	396
III. Irish Maritime History	*Seamus O Neill*	404

IV. Reviews of Books:

Broadcast Talks, 412.—Christian Behaviour, 412.—Beyond Personality, 412.—British Architects and Craftsmen, 413.—Jack B. Yeats, 416.—Place-names of the Co. Wicklow, 418.—Augustine's Quest of Wisdom, 419.—Life of Mother Cabrini, 422.—Voltaire: Myth and Reality, 423.—Four Victorian Ladies of Wiltshire, 424.—Adventures of Edward Wogan, 425.—Counties of Contention, 426.—The English Way, 428.—Nationalism and After, 429.—The Baltic Nations, 429.—Left Hand: Right Hand, 430.—A House in Bryanston Square, 431.

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NATIONAL PARKS FOR EIRE*

BY SIR SHANE LESLIE, BART. OF GLASLOUGH

THERE can be no doubt that the English people are going ahead with the idea of forming National Parks.

During the last half century the National Trust has acquired some of the choicest, most picturesque and most historical acres and buildings in England to be saved for ever as a guarded treasure of the Nation. They seem to have sufficient foresight to plan the state of the countryside for Posterity. What will England look like in 2000 A.D.?

But National Parks cover a more sweeping idea than the National Trust, and they are not unique to England. The United States of America, Canada and South Africa have indulged magnificently in the formation of National Parks. They can show National Parks in profusion, whereas the idea is still only germant in England, Scotland and Wales. In Ireland it appears to be dormant.

What is a National Park? The late Peter Thomsen, who was active in preparing the Scottish Survey, wrote that it was "a place where intelligent forethought has thrown a protecting arm round some still untouched remnant of the beauty of the world, leaving it to exercise its elevating and refining influence on all who come into contact with it." This must be the background of our thought if we are ever to plan National Parks for Ireland. The idea will only germinate if we begin by devising geographical parallels in Ireland to the proposals being eagerly considered and published in Scotland and England to-day.

What material and opportunity, what rural spaces and scenic possibilities lie before those who would like to set aside parts of Ireland to tell to native and tourist, during the next thousand years, how beautiful was the land of Eire before it was industrialised (say) in the year 2000 or overbuilt, overinhabited in the succeeding millennium?

The industrialisation of Ireland seems a distant dream or at least a not easily realized nightmare. It is the spread of the Black Country and populousness over suburban areas which has roused English lovers of the picturesque to fighting pitch. There is a continual strife being waged between the country and the town and above all in preserving special

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* *National Parks and the Countryside.* By Sir Norman Birkett. (Cambridge University Press. 1945. 1s. 6d.).
National Parks in England and Wales. Report by John Dower. (H.M. Stationery Office. 1945. 1s.).
National Parks: A Scottish Survey. (Edinburgh: Stationery Office. 1945. 6d.).
National Parks. Foreword by Sir Norman Birkett. (London: Standing Committee of National Parks. 1945. 3d.).
Memorandum on Wild Life Conservation and Ecological Research. (Cambridge University Press. 1945. 6d.).
Our Heritage of Wild Nature. By A. G. Tansley. (Cambridge University Press. 1945. 7s. 6d.).

areas which the beauty or majesty of Nature have made transcendent in the mind and memory of the English. To an enormous number of the population the approach to mountains or the view of noble Downs and sea-cliffs is the nearest they will ever know in communion with the Creator. We have no comparable Black Country, and even the so-called " Black North " is only stained by factory smoke in small corners. The " Black North " contains some of the most historical and beautiful scenery in Ireland.

Before we turn to the fascinating task of blue-pencilling the Irish Ordnance Survey, let us investigate what has been printed on the other side. There is a " Standing Committee on National Parks " at 4 Hobart Place in London, while Scotland has a " Council for National Parks " at 44 Queen St. Edinburgh. Sir Norman Birkett is Chairman of the former. For ten years the English Committee has aimed and purposed National Parks. They are now meeting the difficulties by inviting public support and finally penetrating the seat of government will-power. Already National Parks are felt to be a necessity. The time has come when, if they are not created, the opportunity will have passed for ever. If that is so in England, it is not less so in Eire—although we always believe that we have a longer lease of time on hand than other nations. In Irish Folklore we are told that the Devil was totally unable to tempt the Irish people. All means and promises failed. He then told them—there was no hurry ! We shall probably not hurry over our National Parks.

National Parks in Ireland are bound to present differences from the National Parks being planned in England to-day. What is most useful for Irishmen is to know the English proposals and to adapt them to Ireland. The English are experimenting, and we can make use of their failures and successes. Needless to say, they are beginning with their immense practical sense. They know how to bring together different Churches and classes and to attract every interest likely to sponsor the idea of a National Park.

What are National Parks ? The English definition is : " The Regions of our finest landscape brought into full public service—preserved in their natural beauty, continued in their farming use and kept or made accessible for open-air recreation and public enjoyment and particularly for cross-country walking." The English National Park will obviously be different from the impressive National Park of America with its vast natural wild scenery, such as the Rocky Mountain Park of 400 square miles in Colorado, the Yosemite and Yellowstone Parks in California and Wyoming—all immense areas without any suspicion of the track of agricultural man. But England, like Ireland, is a closely inhabited and congested country, and it is important (for our food supply alone) that all farming interests should be safeguarded within National Park limits. National Parks in Ireland would be bound to include many little mountainy farms, with

their guarded grazing and turbary rights, as well as lowland stretches of working arable land. It must be made clear that such proprietors would benefit from the visitors, the pedestrians and naturalists who would find their way into the areas. The bigger farms would find additional income from providing meals and beds for holiday folk. There must be no decay of " the fine hill-farming population ". Most of the local inhabitants could be brought into the scheme of a National Park as wardens, game-watchers, bird-preservers, guides to tourists, while a sense of pride in a well-gardened and widely appreciated corner of Ireland would be awakened in them. Presumably there will be mountain, morass, bog and waterfall in the background and all the delightful haunts of natural flora and fauna.

The difference between lands held by the National Trust and the ideal National Park seems to be chiefly a matter of size. American National Parks are as big as small States. The English Park proposed is about 200 square miles. The largest Park will include the Lake District of 800 square miles. It is hoped to reserve in England and Wales some 5,000 out of 58,000 square miles. How does this compare with the 12,500 square miles in the State-owned National Parks of Canada and the 30,000 in the United States? Ireland will be fortunate in ever enclosing a thousand square miles—but what magnificent scenery they would include!

" National Parks are a popular cause with a place in the public imagination. A formed public opinion supports and demands them." There can be no demand for National Parks in Ireland until the word " National " is pressed and the broader meanings attributable to Nationalism and the Nation are developed. It has been said that Irish freedom in the past depended historically on the Irish forest—an exaggeration no doubt but full of truths. Can we add, also with exaggeration but with plenty of meaning, that National Parks afford a symbol of the modern Nation? The traveller, the foreigner, the tourist—those groups whom we are constantly anxious to impress—have a habit of judging nations geographically rather than historically, and National Parks leap to the travelling eye. We know how immensely the Phœnix Park impresses visitors to Dublin. It is the finest Regional Park in Europe—leaving Hyde Park and the Bois de Boulogne in the shade.

We have reached a stage when countries pass from the *laisser-faire* to the condition of planning. Hitherto the countryside did not appear to need planning, but England has had some rude shocks since the Armistice of 1918. Roads and approaches to great Cities suddenly became " ribboned ". Rows of cheaply-built villas made the pathways of beauty horrible to pass. Builders, speculators and denizens planted themselves down wherever there were fine views or easy approaches to towns. It was a movement less inspired by the search for the picturesque than by the hunt for the immediately cheap and practical. It became a matter of time how soon the best of English scenery and the amenities of country

life would disappear. The National Trust became a campaign—a steady fight against the property-brokers and the purveyors of jerrybuilt housing.

The idea of National Parks has been so little bruited in Ireland that the planning will all have to commence from the beginning. Local enthusiasts, lovers of scenery, archæology and wild life must vie with each other in collecting details and estimating the possibilities. The controlling and subsidising power must naturally be central; but the people on the spot must find the locale. Every county may be expected to chose and put forward some favourite site. In this way the country-folk will not feel that they are being imposed upon from outside or that their land is being filched from them. The Forestry authorities have found so many difficulties, owing to the rights and claims of individuals, that it is better to abide by public opinion and public information on the spot.

The English Committee make a distinction between National and Regional Parks. The Regional are local and come under local authorities, like the Malverns and Charnwood Forest. In Ireland it would save trouble if all Parks were kept National and administered over the head of local authorities—maintaining similar rules and regulations and clothing the Rangers, Wardens and Foresters in a uniform common to the whole country.

The Scotch Report is worth studying with a view to thinking, imagining, hoping, dreaming the equivalent parallels in Irish territory. What parallels have we in Ireland for the following suggested National Parks in Scotland?

(1) *Loch Lomond* and its mountain massif within reach of Edinburgh and Glasgow. The climate is rainy, but varies in places between 100 and 50 inches of annual rainfall. Here are romantic memories of Rob Roy and the Lady of the Lake. The oak and birch woods of the glens give place to heather, with Alpine flora at the hill tops; scientific afforestation is proceeding. Youth Hostels and Hotels already abound in and around the district.

(2) *Glen Affric*, with three mighty glens each twenty miles long, lies the other side of the Caledonian Canal between Inverness and the West Coast, though never touching the sea. The sunny side of the valleys has cottages and grazings. As this district is remote and little known, it is felt important to bring visitors. The beauty of the landscape is outstanding but inaccessible and is calculated to call forth explorers and the more adventurous.

(3) *Ben Nevis and Glencoe* is the immense district approached from Oban on the west coast opposite the Isle of Mull and beyond Loch Linnhe. It is, therefore, accessible without difficulty by land and sea. It combines rock-climbing and sea-swimming. The naturalist finds a big range of flora and fauna. It is already well provided with hotels and hostels.

(4) *The Cairngorms* are situated in the very centre of Scotland on the

line of Aberdeen. Here are remnants of the old Caledonian Forest amid granite mountains. Winter provides ski-ing. It is not very accessible, but that may be an additional charm.

(5) *Loch Torridon* district faces the western ocean towards the Hebrides and above Skye. The rainfall is heavy, but here is a geological paradise with advanced rock-climbing. Crofters' houses can be found suitable for summer-letting. There are deeply entering inlets of salt-water. The deer forests contain the northern flora and fauna.

These proposed parks are all immensely mountainous and correspond, for holiday-making, to the position Switzerland has played in European life. It is likely that for a generation English money will not be permitted to be taken abroad. Invalids will be allowed to go to Switzerland, but the hardy race of mountaineers and explorers will be thrown back on the Highlands of Scotland. With the reduction of the grouse and of deer-stalking the Scotch national income will be reimbursed by the thousands who will have little outlet except into native sublimities.

It is interesting to turn to John Dower's report for the Ministry of Town and Country Planning in England and Wales. Here are the suggested National Parks for England and Wales :—

1.	The Lake District	860 sq. miles
2.	Snowdonia	320 ,,
3.	Dartmoor	310 ,,
4.	Peak District and Dovedale	530 ,,
5.	Pembroke Coast	100 ,,
6.	Cornish Coast (selections)	180 ,,
7.	Craven Pennines	380 ,,
8.	Black Mountains and Brecon Beacons	470 ,,
9.	Exmoor and N. Devon Coast	280 ,,
10.	The Roman Wall	170 ,,

Without entering into details, it is clear that the English and Welsh National Parks would afford a closer analogy than the Scotch, which are mainly mountainous. Ireland has her notable mountain districts ; but she also shares hill and valley and heath corresponding to the lowlier English scenery. He will be a brave man who, without making the most careful inquiries and undertaking journeys himself, will dare to set out the most suitable spots for making Ireland's National Parks. But here is a rough suggestion showing possible parallels to the English list :—

1. Killarney District.
2. North Donegal Highlands.
3. The Curragh.
4. Wicklow Mountains.
5. Clare Coast.
6. Achill Island.
7. Galtees and Knockmealdown Mts.
8. Dingle Peninsula.
9. Bog of Allen.

This leaves us with No. 10—the Roman Wall, for which we have nothing corresponding in Ireland except the Black Pig's Dyke, of which remarkable traces are still surviving in the North; but we shall have to call in the antiquarians to advise us on this point. Every reader will think of his own district first. In my own County of Monaghan, for example, it would be difficult to pitch upon any place suitable for a National Park save Castleblayney Lake and Demesne. On this point I will add the clear and promising letter which I have received from Mr. John Gillespie, the Estate Agent on the spot, as it shows in practical terms the kind of possibility our theory is liable to meet. There is a very mixed situation since Lord Francis Hope sold his interests. The replanting of Black Island is an immediate necessity, as when it was timbered it was of superb beauty. The MacMahons were followed by Blayneys, who became extinct with the tenth Lord in 1871. The property was bought by Mrs. Hope and passed to the late Duke of Newcastle. The present situation is best studied in Mr. Gillespie's letter (dated May 31, 1945) :—

With regard to Castleblayney Demesne the present position is that the Franciscan Sisters own the castle and roughly 140 statute acres of the land. The remainder is owned by a company registered as Cremorne Estates Limited. The portion owned by Cremorne Estates Limited comprises the Golf Links in the townland of Annahale containing about 65 statute acres. At present about 50 statute acres is a Golf Links and the grazing on it is let for sheep only. The Club is known as the " Castheblayney Golf and Tennis Club," there being in addition to the links two grass tennis courts and a croquet lawn. . . . . .

The Black Island and the other smaller islands in the lake (with the exception of the island known as the White Island, which is owned by the Franciscan Sisters) are also owned by Cremorne Estates Limited. This island comprises about 116 statute acres, of which about 16 acres are arable. The remainder of the island is woodland and bog. There is a fine caretaker's house on this island. The bog has been very useful in supplying fuel during the past few years, and the present owners also gave a considerable amount of firewood to both the Castleblayney and Ballybay Parish Councils.

The remainder of the Demesne, with the exception of about a statute acre in the townland of Longfield, is in the townland of Concra. The total acreage of Concra in the Demesne is about 380 statute acres, of which roughly 150 is arable and the remainder woodland. The Land Commission, principally for the purpose of Forestry, served some years ago a Notice of their intention to acquire the remaining part of the Demesne which is now the property of Cremorne Estates Limited. I understand that they do not intend to touch the Golf Links, although in fact it was included in their Notice of intention to acquire. . . . . .

The Lake, which is not included in the Demesne lands, is known as Lough Muckno. It has very beautiful scenery, and there is a considerable amount of tradition about its islands and passages from the mainland to them, and there is also an ancient graveyard known as Mullindoye. No one has been buried in this graveyard, as far as I know, for about the last 70 or 80 years, and some of the graves in it are at any rate about 200 years old and possibly much more. There are some headstones on the graves which are not so old, but I think the last date would be in or about a hundred years ago.

In the woodland part of Concra there are the ruins of the old MacMahon Castle. The MacMahons were the Chieftains in this area, I assume, before the time Lord Blayney arrived. I understand that "Muckno" means "swimming pig," but what exactly is the tradition about that I am not certain. The lake is about 13 miles around the shore and is studded with little islands. There is, however, a road around it which I think is only about 9 miles. There are some trout in the lake, but it is only at the May fly season that they are caught and then not in great numbers. They do not seem to rise to the fly very often—probably due to the fact that there is very considerable bottom feeding. Pike and perch abound in the lake, and there are also some roach. The eel-fishing in the lake is of considerable value and used to be let for about £75 per annum. At the present time we are not letting it, but actually to-day I got an offer of the same amount if I would let it for this season. . . . . .

I have given you the acreages of the lands, and I understand that the lake was always roughly estimated to contain about 1,000 statute acres.

I believe that this lake would be a suitable place for a National Park; it is, I think, well recognized to be one of the most beautiful lakes in Ireland. It is known by many people as "Killarney of the North." . . . . .

I am concentrating on the Castleblayney district because others will put forward the claims, beauties and benefits of their pet localities. The idea of the National Park should set local hotels, sportsmen, gillies, archæologists all on the alert. I am certain that the local interest must be first raised and, when the principal inhabitants have collected their data and have confabulated with their local councils, then and not till then should legislation be introduced making the Park a thing of joy and beauty for ever—*κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί*, as Thucydides would have called it.

Castleblayney, for instance, would appeal to those who are in need of a rest cure, as the Franciscan Nuns have established their Home on the shores of the Lake, which should appeal to the more hale and hearty who wish to combine swimming, boating and fishing. Lake Muckno is the largest lake in the county and contains large trout as well as large pike. The fishery, like the forestry, would need most careful development. If the lake and demesne were made and cherished as a National Park, it would offer easy reach to the Dundalk, Drogheda, Monaghan and Clones district, apart from tourists from England and other parts of Ireland.

Forestry must go hand in hand with any Irish National Parks for the simple reason that we have been denuded of our forests in the past. Forestry is a sore subject in Ireland amongst all who think. We are beginning to realise that if the old bogs, waste lands and heathery uplands of the country had been planted systematically after the Wyndham Purchase Act over forty years ago, we should now be in a very enviable position. In the first place the beauties and amenities of the countryside would have been doubled. In the second place our timber supply of conifers and even of hard woods would be sufficient: and we should not be in the position of having to offer good money for foreign timber. Thirdly we should be fairly well circumstanced for fuel in the absence of coal or dampness of turf.

There have always been prophets who have cried aloud in pamphlet and speech for Irish re-afforestation; but perhaps so few of them have practised their preaching that they have been generally ignored by the public. One such prophet left books which can be pleasurably read—not always for agreement's sake but for the enthusiasm which cannot fail to thrill the reader. I have never felt the same thrill of emotion since reading John Mitchel's *Jail Journal*. I refer to the works of the late John Mackay—such as *Forestry in Ireland* and *The Rape of Ireland*. The Rape has nothing to do with Henry II or Oliver Cromwell, but is an indictment of " the moneyed interests that have been built up out of job-getting, horse-training, landed ownership, gambling casino, cigarette-rolling and public houses." The reader realises why Mr. Mackay found few followers in his life time, but then no prophet has honour in his own country. Mr. Mackay's view of National Parks would be interesting to know. He would certainly have approved them with all his infectious fury as far as they brought new and suitable areas under timber. One of his war-cries was: " Put out the sheep-men and plant trees on the mountains."

Mr. Mackay in his day was the opposite number to the English " man of the trees," Mr. St. Barbe Baker, whose " men of the trees " have spread over England and the British Empire. Can we hope one day to see an Irish Society of amateurs and experts joined together to promote the growth of forestry? Better still a Society of the Friends of Irish National Parks combining all who are interested in forestry, tourism and national scenery in Ireland. Both these prophets have wailed against national apathy and widespread ignorance of the implications of Forestry.

Incidentally Mr. Mackay provided an important map of the bogs and mountainy land: black for sheer mountains and different shadings for red or mountainy bog. This map should be enlarged for schools, with green added to represent woodland and planted forest and shadings for proposed plantations in the future. Unless forestry is taught like arithmetic or history in the schools, we shall never rear a generation which is tree or forest-conscious: the preliminary step to becoming conscious of the need and value of National Parks.

The Scottish Survey takes account of the literary inspirations connected with the sites and scenery of National Parks. " The nature-poems of the Gael, ranging from Ossian to the songs of living bards, exert a fresh influence to-day " we are told. Scotland values and preserves her Gaeltacht. And she values also her native fauna, which will find preservation in these Parks. Apparently all save the fierce foxes and accursed hooded-crows can be preserved for the benefit of naturalists. By the way, it must be nearly fifty years since old Sir Harry Johnston (if we remember correctly) proposed in the pages of the *Spectator* that Achill Island should be made a sanctuary for the disappearing birds and animals of the British Isles. Certainly, if any such scheme had been carried out, the tourists to that

island would have doubled and trebled. It must be remembered by those who take thought how to increase the tourist traffic that there are numbers of innocent but observant people who will travel long distances and spend large sums in order to see a rare bird or animal nesting or functioning in its native habitat. For this reason we must commend the recent Order issued by the enlightened Monaghan County Council protecting swans all the year. Considering the wonderfully beautiful addition which wild swans make to Irish lakes, they must be considered a lodestar to tourists.

This point Irish Naturalists must take up in connection with National Parks and lay down their claims and demands for the future. The advantage of an island like Achill is that a wall or ditch is not needed to contain the animals. Incidentally a National Body has been suggested in England for wild life conservation and for what is mysteriously called " ecological research ". Equological research we would give over to the Vets. We have not quite mastered the meanings and tendencies of " ecological " ; but it comes under a national biological survey and the regulation of all animal and plant life. *Tant mieux* ! This, we understand, would employ wardens and workers in the National Parks and places acquired by the State, similarly to forest-acquisitions but chiefly for the study of fauna and flora. All these desirable objects could be pursued and fostered in Ireland under a well-chosen system of National Parks. The National Parks of America are famous for their zoological exhibits. Travellers have the pleasure of seeing buffaloes and bears and deer, eagles and rare birds of every kind enjoying the conditions of the Garden of Eden —though even the snakes seem at home. What is interesting is that the States corresponding to our Counties on a small scale are now following the National Government and are establishing their own reserves. In applying to the American Legation for the latest information I was honoured by a letter from the Phœnix Park as follows :—

> As you probably know, they are picturesque, scenic areas which are acquired from the several States, either by negotiation or condemnation, and are maintained by the Federal Government as fish and game preserves, as well as recreation areas. A number of States have begun to follow the Federal example and are establishing State Parks on a considerable scale. In New York there is a very large park in the Adirondacks ; and in south-western New York, I believe, nearly 100,000 acres have already been acquired for park purposes. Maine, through the gift of a former governor, Percy Baxter, has acquired Katahdin Mountain in northern Maine. The best known, of course, of the Federal parks are the Yellowstone in Wyoming and the Yosemite in California. There is also a large new one in northern Montana called, I think, Glacier Park. . . . . .
>
> I think your idea of starting in Eire before too late to acquire scenic tracts is a very sound one. Gouganebarra is one region which should be secured, and I think the Mizen area would make another interesting reserve with the old Mahony Castle nearby. This is one of the wildest parts of Ireland.

The curious thing is that, though Ireland is so pathetically barren of trees, she possesses so many assets to forestry which other countries lack :

the rough mountainous peaty soil combined with the best possible water-supply. The soul of timber lies in water. Nature gives indications in her flora what trees will grow best. The ling and heather indicate pine; the fraocan or whortleberry indicates spruce and birch as well. Incidentally I remember an old Irish forester telling me that wherever wild garlic grew the ash attained its best. Fern, aconite and campion indicate where broad-leaved timber should be planted. The Norway spruce appears to have been the original conifer of Ireland and not the Scotch red pine, which is an import of two centuries. But how well the Scotch has done! And have Irish foresters any idea of what the Sitka and Douglas firs can do when given half a century in Irish soil? Let them glance at the Caledon and Glaslough demesnes to see the giants planted in the sixties of the last century.

One of the valuable products of a forest is the forest humus, which acts as Nature's sponge and holds up to five inches of rain in reserve, preventing the sudden floods which overwhelm parts of China and America. Our Bann and Barrow floodings are mere cupfulls in comparison, but forest, not drainage, is the answer to the problem. We do not think of rain, as they do in Australia, as drops of gold. Nevertheless, rain is the watery manna dispensed by a divine Providence, and we should regard rain run off to the sea as so much loss. Rain conserved by forest and tillage is wealth; for it is the rain-soak and evaporation through the soil which gives health and fertility. National Parks would form immense reservoirs of health to land and landsman.

Let it always be remembered that the conqueror only conquered Ireland by burning down the forests and keeping the lowlands under a one-crop cultivation of grass. Under forestry on a large scale Ireland will assume one of the symptoms of her old self.

Litton Falkiner wrote an interesting chapter on the Woods of Ireland in his *Illustrations of Irish History*. He pointed out that "Kil" in nomenclature more often represents an arboreal than an ecclesiastical origin. Not only did the forests preserve timber of bulk, but they offered a safeguard for hard-pressed tribes. We can never imagine what Ireland was until the mountains are reafforested. Litton Falkiner gave an interesting list of the Irish woods and fastnesses, which we may well compare with their modern condition when we come to building up our National Parks. The list contains six in Ulster, seven in Leinster, eight in Munster, and three in Connaught.

The eyes of memory water when such delectable woods and forests are catalogued. No doubt they carried stands of timber as magnificent as the aboriginal woods of America. These woods were systematically destroyed because they sheltered the Kerne and Kine of the Irish chiefs. They were also burnt out steadily to smelt iron and make pipe-staves. When they perished, every kind of restriction prevented the replanting and

natural growth of trees. Arthur Young made his famous tour in the eighteenth century through an Ireland desolated of timber save in the demesnes of the landlords. He was told that the poor stole the timber, but he asked: "Is it the consumption of sticks and handles that has destroyed millions of acres? Absurdity! The profligate, prodigal, worthless landowner cuts down his acres and leaves them unfenced against the cattle." The fact was that the woods were cut and not copsed.

The great controversy between conifers and hardwood: between the thin and the broad-leafed timber is being waged to-day in England. However eager the profiteer may be to plant softwood conifers on a large scale to obtain quick returns, the advocates of a large percentage of hard wood hold their own. Professor Tansley, F.R.S., has been eloquent in *The Times* (July 30, 1945). He has expressed doubts about the value of conifers, unless we are certain that the value of softwood will be maintained for the next half century. Technical changes in industry may reduce its value. And he adds: "There are plenty of uses for hardwood and new ones will almost certainly arise." For this reason we shall be thinking of the practical as well as the picturesque when planting hardwood in a National Park. If agriculture is to be stabilised, the scheme of forestry would help to make the balance between rural and urban life. In the practice of forestry a new industry is arising in England. Professor Tansley makes a summary of benefits which we may well ponder in Ireland: "There are many ways in which a greatly increased forest area would touch the life of the people—the relation of forests to water supply, to wind and water erosion, to the provision of shelter for man and his crops and stocks, to the conservation of wild nature, and to scenic beauty."

What better sentence should we keep in mind when developing the National Parks of Ireland unless it be that concise text from Evelyn, the father and patron of all Silviculture, who truly remarked: "Better without gold than without forests."

SHANE LESLIE

THOMAS DAVIS: 1814—1845

BY PROFESSOR MICHAEL TIERNEY

THOMAS DAVIS died at 67 Lower Baggot Street, on September 16, 1845, in the thirty-first year of his age. He had been ill for barely a week, and his health had always been so robust that his death was utterly unexpected; but his illness was scarlet fever, and he had imprudently gone out for an hour's drive after an apparent rally. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, both in his *Young Ireland* and in his *Memoir*, gives us a very vivid idea of the shock felt by his great circle of friends on this unforeseen catastrophe. Its effect on one of the most attractive and the gayest of them all, Thomas MacNevin, was such that his spirits never recovered, and in a few months he lost his reason. Davis had only just become engaged to be married, and his fiancée, in the words of a friend quoted by Gavan Duffy, " faded away from the hour of his death ". Coming as it did, when the powers of O'Connell were already enfeebled (he was to die at Genoa in May 1847) and when the Famine had just paid its grisly first visitation, the loss of the acknowledged and venerated leader of Young Ireland seemed an irreparable one. He had been a member of the Repeal Association since April 19, 1841, and had become widely known to the public only since the first issue of *The Nation* on October 15, 1842. The captivating story of how that journal had its origin in the spring of the same year, when it was decided on by Davis, Duffy, and Dillon under the " noble elm " in the Phœnix Park, " facing to Kilmainham," is universally familiar.

So much has happened to Ireland since the centenary of Davis's birth was celebrated in 1914 that it should now be possible to make a fresh estimate of his work and its results. The Ireland in which P. H. Pearse and Arthur Griffith wrote of him was very different from his own: already the Famine and the Land War had created a chasm between them. It is far further still from Pearse's and Griffith's Ireland to ours: the chasm has become a deep, wide sea. Yet there is probably no other Irish thinker and teacher whose work has so successfully spanned the generations. Certainly none of his contemporaries has such a powerful influence on the life and thought of present-day Ireland. It is not the influence of a great orator, poet, or prose-writer, for he was in fact none of the three. Pearse says frankly of him: " I cannot call him a very great prose-writer; I am not sure that I can call him a poet at all." Even as a simple journalist he is less readable to-day than either Duffy or Dillon, and for sheer power of literary expression he is far surpassed by both Lalor and Mitchel.

Changing fashion, the Irish Literary Renaissance, and a multiplicity of other agencies have made it difficult for us nowadays to have any appreciation of the prose and poetry of the Young Ireland movement, or

even to understand how the *Spirit of the Nation* succeeded in getting its remarkable hold on the minds of millions of Irish people and in keeping that hold for so long. We have to try to put it in its historical setting, to see it against the background of the Hedge Schools described by Carleton, of the popular chap-books, *The Seven Champions, Freeny the Robber, Paddy's Resource* and the *Hibernian Tales*. Young Ireland supplied the people with their first real literature in English, and opened a road which they gladly followed into the dazzling new world of the European Romantic movement.

A naive, and in its own way very charming, optimism led the early *Nation* writers to attempt a task from which more experienced or less generous men might have shrunk, the production of poetry to order and the encouragement of all the arts with a national end in view. It is easy to smile to-day at Davis's list of suitable subjects for a series of Irish historical paintings ; but his enthusiasm has not been without its effect even on the visual arts, and the literary quality of *The Nation's* poetry and prose at least was enough to enable its political teachings to penetrate to a very deep level in the popular consciousness. Davis himself, for all his pride in the success of the *Lament for Owen Roe*, was far more interested in the content than in the form of his message ; and this was what gave his message its abiding influence.

Like all great practical politicians, Davis was an opportunist, in the sense that he was prepared to take what advantage he could of changing circumstances in a very difficult situation. That is why every succeeding political movement has been able to look back to him. His ideas gave inspiration both to Fenians and Home Rulers. Sinn Féin, with its early Repeal programme, its economic gospel, and its readiness to seek lessons from foreign sources, was almost a renaissance of Young Ireland, and it produced literary work of a rather higher order in pursuance of the same object. In his opening speech during the Treaty debate of 1921-2, Arthur Griffith referred to Davis as " the prophet I followed throughout my life, the man whose words and teachings I tried to translate into practice in politics, the man whom I revered above all Irish patriots," and claimed that in signing the Treaty and asking the Irish people to ratify it he was " following Thomas Davis still ". Not long before the Rebellion of 1916—in what, read retrospectively, was a justification of the appeal to arms—P. H. Pearse put Davis after Tone and before Lalor and Mitchel in his list of the " Four Gospels " of nationality, and argued his claim to the title of Separatist. The Gaelic League always counted Davis among its own forerunners, and even to this day sentences from his first essay on " Our National Language " are quoted in the propaganda of the Gaelic Revival. Few aspects of national policy since the Treaty, under whatever government, have lacked some connection, direct or indirect, with his teaching.

All this invests his origin, character, ideas, and work with an interest that is still very much alive, and one wonders at the lack of a complete edition of his writings[1] and at the fact that no historical work of importance has been devoted to him since Gavan Duffy published his invaluable series of memoirs. The first and most important point to remember about Davis is that he was an Irishman not by race but by deliberate choice. " My father," he says himself in a fragment published by Gavan Duffy, " was a gentleman of Welsh blood, but his family had been so long settled in England that they were, and considered themselves, English." By profession the elder Davis was an artillery surgeon and, during the Peninsular War, Inspector of Hospitals. Davis's mother was Mary Atkins, of a Cromwellian family settled near Mallow in Co. Cork; one of her female ancestors was an O'Sullivan, born in 1712. Davis himself was born after his father's death, his mother having then returned to Mallow, and he was thus the youngest of four children. His family, he tells us, remained High Tories, " and if I am no longer a Tory, it is from conviction ". He loved to think of himself as a Celt, with which word he often signed his contributions to *The Nation*, and seems soon to have dropped the " Osborne " from his name. Because of his fondness for recalling his distant O'Sullivan kinship, one of his friends addressed him jestingly as " O'Sullivan Davis ". In spite of this " Irish drop " he was naturally enough never under any delusion about belonging to the old race, and this fact has very important consequences for his political thought.

Another matter which necessarily made him different from the majority was of course his Protestantism, and his public career is a very interesting illustration of the manner in which the religious tension, in our time as well as in his, affects Irish life. His education took its course and character from his religion. After some years in a mixed seminary conducted by Mr. Mongan in Lower Mount Street—where, as he was to say on a famous occasion of difference with O'Connell, " I learned to know and knowing to love my Catholic countrymen "—he entered Trinity College in 1831. His moment of entry was propitious, for it was in 1833 that Dr. Bartholomew Lloyd carried out his reform of the degree courses, which included the establishment of a final school in mental and moral science. Davis, according to his friend Maddyn, " rejoiced that the late excellent Dr. Lloyd had given moral philosophy so prominent a place in the college course ". This was the school in which he took his moderatorship in February 1836, apparently without any particular distinction. In 1838 he was called to the Bar, but never practised. While in college he acquired a reputation for his powers of reading and was called " a book in breeches ";

[1] An odd consequence is the reference in the essay on " Our National Language," already mentioned, to " a fine song of the Fusians," where the last word, probably a misprint in *The Nation* for " Friesians," is reprinted in selection after selection. Mr. T. F. O'Sullivan, in his recent *Young Irelanders*, queries it in a footnote.

but, though auditor of the Historical Society for 1839-40, he made no name as a speaker. At first he was, in accordance with the prevailing fashion, a Benthamite Radical, and his first publication, in 1837, was a pamphlet on Benthamite lines dealing with the reform of the House of Lords.

Trinity College not only made him a moral philosopher; it also provided influences which were to mould his political opinions in a new form. Gavan Duffy has preserved for us a most interesting document, written by Davis in 1844, in which the latter vindicates for himself the title to have first taught the doctrine of nationality as against some writer who had attributed this title to Duffy. The document was only discovered after the whole of *Young Ireland* had been written, and there could be no greater tribute to Gavan Duffy's own selfless loyalty than the fact that he was able to incorporate it in his book without having to change a word of his narrative. Davis is emphatic that on coming from Belfast in 1841, "Mr. Duffy . . . certainly had no distinct notion of national independence or national policy . . . In fact that notion had been *made* in the Historical Societies of Dublin, and belongs to Trinity College Protestants and a few Roman Catholics of T.C.D." Elsewhere, Gavan Duffy helps us to surmise with some degree of probability who these Trinity College Protestants were. In an older generation they included Tone and Thomas Emmet; and in fact, as we shall see, Davis was the originator of the modern *cultus* of Tone.

What is more important is to trace the contemporary influences which made Davis what he became. Up to 1838 or thereabouts his associates seem to have taken him to be a Unionist and a Utilitarian. From about that time he became active in the Historical Society, which then met outside the college and in which the most prominent men were Francis Kearney, Thomas Wallis, and Torrens McCullagh. "Some of his contemporaries," says Gavan Duffy, "persist in tracing the national movement which began in Trinity College at this time, not to the men who led and interpreted it, but to Francis Kearney." Davis himself seems to have shared this view and to have joined with Kearney's the names of the other two just mentioned; and Wallis, long afterwards, claimed not only to have thus influenced Davis, but to have kept McCullagh for a time "from deflecting into the Whig parabola, which was his natural tendency," and to have changed John Dillon (also a graduate of T.C.D.) "from a Whig and Utilitarian to a Nationalist and a popular leader."

Dillon succeeded Davis as auditor of the Historical Society for 1840-41, and the inaugural addresses delivered by both young men made a considerable stir. During these two years both also contributed to a monthly magazine called *The Citizen*, founded by McCullagh, which was almost the organ of the Society. It was in this that Davis published his "Udalism and Feudalism," a contrast between Scandinavian, Celtic, and

English systems of land tenure, and the essays on the Patriot Parliament of 1689 afterwards made into a book by Gavan Duffy. But *The Citizen* soon fell into decline, and Dillon and Davis got temporary editorial control of the *Morning Register*, a staid and respectable Catholic daily. With this, says Gavan Duffy, " they played pranks never before seen out of a pantomime," denouncing the Whig government for its treatment of Lord Plunket and defending the Royal Dublin Society against the Chief Secretary. It was while engaged on these activities that they joined the newly-revived Repeal Association and made the acquaintance of Gavan Duffy, which soon led to the starting of *The Nation* under his editorship.

If we find it a little difficult now to appreciate the attractive power of the literature of Young Ireland, it is almost impossible for us to understand the character, the aims, and above all the methods of the great leader whose movement *The Nation* was founded to assist. When he revived his agitation for Repeal of the Union in 1840, O'Connell was just sixty-five years of age. He had been in public life since the passing of the Union, and his ascendancy dated from the Veto controversy which began in 1807. From the time of the Catholic Emancipation triumph in 1829 his authority in Ireland was supreme and his fame in Europe equalled only by that of Wellington among English statesmen. After Emancipation he had pressed on logically to seek Repeal, but his first effort had come to nothing with the rejection in 1834 of his Repeal resolution in the House of Commons by a majority of 523 to 38. This was under a Whig government which he had greatly helped in its struggle for parliamentary reform only two years earlier. After this rebuff, he had fallen back on a policy of working with the Whig ministry to secure concessions for Ireland. The results of the policy had been mixed. On the one hand it had produced the admirable attempt to govern Ireland well by Thomas Drummond as Under-Secretary from 1835 to 1840. On the other it had led to such unsatisfactory consequences as the conversion of the bitterly-detested tithe charges into rent charges in 1837. The fall of Melbourne in 1840 and the imminence of a Tory administration gave O'Connell an opportunity once more to advance to the Repeal position.

Later generations have been much too critical of O'Connell's actions during all this period, and most of the criticism is ultimately due to the young men who now came to his aid. For a great national leader it was at once far easier and more satisfactory to agitate for a clear and simple issue like Repeal, and at the same time more dangerous, because, as time was to prove, the aim was in fact unattainable and the force that had to be called into action in seeking it was very difficult to control. The " monster meetings " excited the wonder and admiration of the world, and O'Connell never stood on so dizzy a height of greatness as in the summer of 1843. It is often said that the failure of this immense movement

was due to his lack of courage in taking up the challenge to physical resistance thrown down by Peel in the proclamation suppressing the Clontarf meeting, and his famous " drop of blood " declaration is held accountable for all Ireland's subsequent ills.

More sober criticism must recognise first the immense difficulty of O'Connell's task and secondly the nature of the subtle game he was trying to play. What he aimed at was a repetition of 1829; but then the object was much easier of attainment and he had overwhelming support in England. Now he was trying to disrupt the United Kingdom, and for this he had practically no support outside his own eight million unarmed peasants. Physical force was no real refuge, because he had not the means for it, no matter what *The Nation* might say; and this was proved beyond question in 1848. On the other hand it must be recognised that he came near enough to at least a partial success. The State trials were a gigantic mistake on Peel's part, and the decision of the Law Lords was as great a victory for O'Connell as the proceedings of the Parnell Commission were for Parnell in 1889. It is melancholy to note that in both cases disaster was due not to errors in policy but to accidental and in part personal factors. Parnell's love-affair destroyed the effects of the Commission; O'Connell's softening of the brain set in while he was in Richmond, and made itself felt at once on his liberation; and before the country could realise or recover from his loss, there fell the awful curtain of the Famine.

Commenting on Davis's account of the origin of " the national policy," Gavan Duffy entirely agrees with his claim to have first formulated it, and adds that before 1842 he himself was " a strong Nationalist, but a Nationalist of the school of Roger O'Moore, who burned with the desire to set up again the Celtic race and the Catholic Church." He might just as well have described himself as an integral O'Connellite, for this formula may be said to give a pretty exact description of O'Connell's nationalism. When Davis says, in the document to which this comment is attached, that " Mr. Duffy's education and opinions were those of a Catholic English Radical—and Benthamite education was his chief wish," his words might again, with minor modifications, be applied to O'Connell's views on internal policy.

Repeal, a recovery by the Catholics of a position corresponding to their huge numerical majority, and various social and educational " improvements " on Benthamite lines—such were the almost inevitable aims of all normal Catholic Irishmen at the time. They were not traditionalists, not wishing to go further back for their ideals than a reformed pre-Union system of government. They regarded the Irish language and all it connoted as a drag on the wheels of progress, and they would have been genuinely horrified at the idea of a persecution of their oppressors, a forcible alteration in the land system, or any form of Catholic ascendancy. To that extent they were eager for co-operation with Protestants of every

type—and it should always be borne in mind that Protestant assistance meant far more to political leaders in Ireland in those days than now. As far as revolution was concerned, such men abhorred it if anything more than either Whigs or Tories; O'Connell's condemnation of Tone was based upon the reasonable enough view that rebellion had paved the way for the Act of Union, and he even went so far as to accuse Pitt and Castlereagh of having deliberately fomented rebellion to that end. Apart from his policy, O'Connell of course was a man whose character and methods had great importance. He was in his own person a link with the old Gaelic world, only half-suppressed and living its secret life in the remote Kerry of his boyhood. His leadership was personal to a degree almost patriarchal, and his insistence on seeing that his agents were properly remunerated, whether or not they were members of his own kin, and sometimes by means of places under the Whigs, was a source of criticism to his zealous new adherents. They had also the dislike for his rather theatrical address natural enough to men reared in a later generation and on a different tradition. But they could not fail to recognise his truly gigantic stature as a leader, his immense will-power, industry and clearness of vision, and his unequalled capacity to sway the minds of the people. History must perforce agree with their own estimate and admit that beside O'Connell the greatest of them bulks small.

The national policy which was first comprehensively expressed in *The Nation* by Davis was perhaps most conveniently summed up by him in his essay on " Ballad Poetry of Ireland " published on August 2, 1845, only about six weeks before his death. Irish nationality, he says, " must contain and represent the races of Ireland. It must not be Celtic, it must not be Saxon—it must be Irish." The same doctrine is more fully expressed in Gavan Duffy's *Young Ireland*, in the chapter which sets forth the teaching of *The Nation*: " Ireland must aim to be Irish, not Anglo-Irish . . . . but Irish must no longer mean Celtic; from whatever stock they sprang, Celtic, Norman, or Saxon, if men loved and served the country they were Irish. Hereditary party spirit was an *ignis fatuus* in a country where the lineal descendants of the O'Neills, O'Briens, and O'Connors were Unionists, and where Philpot Curran, Wolfe Tone, and Theobald Matthew sprang from Cromwellian soldiers." This is the doctrine which Davis put into verse in his " Celts and Saxons," written in reply to some verses in the *Evening Mail*, deprecating the assumed hostility of the native Irish to Irishmen of English stock. The poem begins " We hate the Saxon and the Dane," and ends

> *" So start not, Irish-born man,*
> *If you're to Ireland true,*
> *We heed not race, nor creed, nor clan,*
> *We've hearts and hands for you."*

It contains one slightly extreme expression of this all-inclusive nationality in the sentence

> *" What matter that at different shrines*
> *We pray unto one God? "*

The Catholic must, of course, answer that it *does* matter very much; and in fact this suggestion that, in some vague way, national allegiance is of more importance than religion is the dangerous element in the new doctrine. It is obviously not of Irish origin, but has its roots in post-Reformation Europe, and it was one of the characteristic doctrines of the French Revolution and the Romantic nationalism which followed it. Only in our own day have its most disastrous consequences appeared in the paroxysms of the totalitarian state-cult.

What Davis was doing with his comprehensive expression of national policy was thus to add a subtle new element to the perfectly sound and almost banal idea that all Irishmen should unite to secure, in fair-play to all sections, a reasonable solution of national grievances. It has been suggested that he may have acquired this continental notion of nationalism from a sojourn abroad before entering politics. Gavan Duffy, however, states categorically in his *Memoir*, in reference to Davis's desire to withdraw for six months from his connection with *The Nation* after O'Connell's arrest in 1843, that he had never travelled. In truth there was no need for him to go to Herder or Fichte for such ideas, nor is there any evidence that he did so. They were in the air all over Europe; Wolfe Tone had long ago made them his own in a more practical and revolutionary form, and they were probably endemic, so to speak, in Trinity, where Davis himself claimed to have found them. It is obvious that he was in all innocence quite impervious to their full implications for Catholics. In spite of O'Connell, he always esteemed Wolfe Tone to be the wisest and best of Irishmen. His poem on Tone's grave in Bodenstown churchyard is still among the best-remembered of his writings, and in 1844 he composed the inscription for the monument then erected there. In this way Davis became the second parent, after Tone himself, of the extreme revolutionary movement in Irish politics. His inclusive nationalism had the consequence even then, as it has often had since, of stressing the contribution to Irish political thought made by Protestants of English origin like himself as against that made by native Catholics. The tension as between the two races and religions, which is of course at its highest where a combination of the old race and the old religion is brought into contact with a combination of the new, was naturally far greater in his day—only just after Emancipation and a long time before the Land War—than it can ever be in ours. It is a little glozed over, so to speak, by the loyalty and enthusiasm of Gavan Duffy, but it made itself felt in the conflicts with O'Connell in the course of 1845.

These conflicts had as their background the apparent failure of the great Repeal movement and O'Connell's own growing uncertainty of purpose—the symptom of his disease—which manifested itself clearly enough in the mishandling of the Federalist proposals. It must be admitted that the *Nation* group had from the first been very critical of O'Connell and that on the other hand he was no man to take lightly to criticism. While realising his power in the country and admiring his great qualities, these young intellectuals could not help finding his methods, and more especially his personal associates, a little repulsive; and we cannot help feeling this repulsion through the manly and loyal sentences in which Gavan Duffy tells the story.

But then O'Connell's autocratic chieftain's temper was met by Davis's character, which even Gavan Duffy himself had found at first "somewhat arrogant and dogmatic," and which his good friend Denny Lane described in a letter full of shrewd and kindly advice to Davis in 1845 as "very dictatorial". Davis in fact seems to have shared with many able men a certain capacity for inspiring an immediate dislike which, on close acquaintance, turned to high respect and on intimacy to an almost passionate attachment. He never seems to have felt quite at home in the Repeal movement as led by O'Connell, and after 1843 we hear of constant suggestions by him that he should withdraw even from *The Nation*. His youth and ardent temperament gave him that impatience with failure to attain immediate success which is often charged against the Catholic Celt. Added to all this was a feeling on the part of the young men that they had contributed more than their share to a movement which they now began to think was being hopelessly bungled. A sentence in O'Connell's well-known letter in reply to Davis's "Protestant philippic from Belfast" in October 1844, shows how the land lay. "I really think," wrote the old Liberator, "you might have spared the insinuation that you and other Protestants were 'pioneering the way to power' for men who would establish any sort of Catholic ascendancy." It was truly a strange insinuation for a man of thirty to make against O'Connell.

Quite probably both Gavan Duffy in retrospect and the "brave young men" at the moment did exaggerate the extent to which *The Nation* had contributed to the enormous growth of the Repeal movement. Lecky is likely to be nearer the truth when he credits the great change between 1840 and 1842 to the enthusiastic adhesion of the Catholic clergy. Catholic public opinion was in fact more wideawake and, in the case of the clergy, far better instructed than the young men supposed it to be; and it was not altogether sympathetic to the doctrine of inclusive nationality paramount over religious differences. This was shown clearly in the first conflict between Young Irelanders and followers of O'Connell, which arose over a criticism in the *Dublin Review* of a book entitled *Ireland and Its Rulers* by Daniel Owen Maddyn. The criticism was written by a professor of

Catholic theology, and it happened most unfortunately that Maddyn, a fellow-student and close friend of Davis, who had given Davis high praise while bitterly attacking O'Connell, was also a Catholic turned Protestant. The critic's verdict was that such a man's opinion merited no consideration, and Davis was moved to take up the cudgels for his friend. His manner of doing so was scarcely conciliatory, and a violent quarrel was the result, into which O'Connell himself was finally drawn. This was the genesis of his reply to the "Protestant philippic" already referred to. The argument fizzled out, but it left an irritation which was to lead to more trouble in the following year.

The second conflict was precipitated by the famous controversy over the new Queen's Colleges. O'Connell, though he had at an earlier date often advocated "mixed education," now came out strongly against it. He took over the description of the projected Colleges by a diehard Unionist in the House of Commons as "godless Colleges," and his supporters went to very extreme lengths in their condemnation of the Colleges and their supporters. The Dublin *Pilot* actually announced in large type that Dr. Crolly, the Archbishop of Armagh, who had voted for the acceptance of the scheme, was insane. Davis and his friends on the other hand naturally thought "mixed education" likely to produce very great benefits. This was the logic of their new nationalism. The quarrel broke out in a famous debate in Conciliation Hall (now, after a long period as a music-hall, the headquarters of the *Irish Press*) at which O'Connell, after denying that any such party as Young Ireland existed, declared: "I shall stand by Old Ireland, and I have some slight notion that Old Ireland will stand by me." Davis in the course of his reply was so moved that he burst into tears; and the quarrel, which ended in a slightly theatrical reconciliation, was afterwards very erroneously thought to have brought on his last illness. It is neither easy nor very profitable for us nowadays to assess the merits of the controversy; but the tactics of O'Connell and his followers should not prejudice us into denying all validity to his view. It was strongly shared by such a warm-hearted friend of the Young Irelanders as Frederick Lucas, editor of the *Tablet*, in whose *Life* by his brother Edward the issues involved are excellently and fairly stated. In fact, what gave edge to the controversy was the implication by the young men around Davis that nationality—which would be, they thought, greatly furthered by the mixture of religions in the new Colleges—is more important than religion itself; an implication, needless to say, of which they were really unconscious.

Apart from his doctrine of inclusive nationalism, the principal gift of Davis to Irish politics was his restoration of a lively sense of tradition. To him Ollamh Fodhla and Brian Boru were as much national heroes as Grattan and Tone, and it was he who inspired all the valuable historical

work done by *Nation* writers. His interest in the Irish language was shared by few of his associates until the advent of Smith O'Brien in 1844. Indeed they regarded it as a partly amusing, partly exasperating folly on his part, though of course it sprang logically from his national principles. We can still savour the feelings with which they received his introduction, under O'Donovan's guidance, of the correct Irish spelling into the numerous native names and phrases which adorned their songs, Owen Roe becoming Eoghan Ruadh and so forth. The innovation was more startling then than we can easily realise ; we must remember, for example, that to the end of his life Gavan Duffy never succeeded in learning to spell the Irish form of Brian Boru's name. The jests of MacNevin and others had some effect on Davis. His first article on " Our National Language," which is the usual source for propagandist excerpts, was published on April 1, 1843. On December 30 in the same year, he published a second[1], in which he toned down some of his earlier exuberances. The second article contains a paragraph which seems designed to calm the disquiet of some who had been alarmed by the first :

> " If an attempt were made to introduce Irish, either through the national schools or the courts of law, into the eastern side of the island, it would certainly fail, and the reaction might extinguish it altogether. But no one contemplates this save as a dream of what may happen a hundred years hence. It is quite another thing to say, as we do, that the Irish language should be cherished, taught, and esteemed, and that it can be preserved and gradually extended."

The reference to " a hundred years hence " clearly envisages a century of preservation and gradual extension, not of continuous decay, before Irish should be introduced to the national schools of Dublin. In his views about the language Davis, while inspired by a really touching interest and enthusiasm, was quite as much a realist as he was on the Federal question, in regard to which Pearse does him substantial justice. His theory of nationality has become largely unnecessary, in so far as it is not dangerous ; but we have still much to learn from his generous traditionalism, his sincere enthusiasm for every aspect of Irish culture, and his clear-head opportunism in matters of politics. He himself would prefer us to bring a trained critical understanding to bear upon his time and his work, so as to draw light from them for our own, rather than to use his writings as quarries for slogans to serve as substitutes for thought.

MICHAEL TIERNEY

[1] The two are conflated into one in Rolleston's edition. They may be read in full in O'Donoghue's.

AUSTRIA: YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW

BY JOHN MURRAY, S.J.

Editor of the *Month*

IT is now quite a number of years since I first crossed a frontier into Austria. It was an old frontier, not one of the new-fangled boundaries drawn across the face of Europe at Versailles or Saint-Germain. It was, in fact, the ancient frontier between the one-time Kingdom of Bavaria and the even older Dukedom of the Tyrol. You started your journey at the little *Starnbergerbahnhof* in Munich, where it nestled timidly against one side wall of the big central railway station and, for all I know, it may have been blown away all together during the Continental war. From this modest terminus railway tracks ran gaily southwards, to the villas and villages along bright Bavarian lakes, to the ski-ing slopes of Garmisch-Partenkirchen, to the quaintly-gabled houses and the theatre of the Passion Play at Oberammergau cradled there in its setting of quiet hills. You passed first over the Isar plain, its cornfields of lightly waving green in springtime or with the heavy harvest gold of autumn, till you came to uplands thick with swaying larch and grim unyielding firs. Finally, after little more than an hour, you were at Mittenwald, the frontier station. There, German customs officials and frontier guards took their leave of you. They were Bavarians—efficient, as Germans are efficient always, but with this efficiency tempered and humanised by broad and rolling speech, unlike the clipped and mincing sentences of the Prussian North, and by a rough yet friendly Southern humour. After Mittenwald, your train ambled gently between two mountain ranges; you were in a No Man's Land, already officially outside Germany yet not officially welcomed in Austria; it was a No Man's Land of some five to six miles, as I know from experience, for I later walked over this same frontier. Seefeld was the Austrian border station. You had passed from the lands of the Northern Germans, confident and self-assured in pre-Nazi as in Nazi days, to another German land, older in its prevailing culture as it is poorer far in natural resources, where a people, more friendly by temperament because less self-confident and also less obviously efficient, lived upon memories and hopes; only the memories were receding deeper into the shadows and the hopes seemed little likely of realization.

This introduction to Austria through Mittenwald and Seefeld is truly a magnificent one. For two hours or so, you have a splendid vision of the mountains of the Tyrol as, range behind range, they face you across the Inn valley, where the river hurries tempestuously along in its channel some thousands of feet beneath. All the time you are descending, now over a viaduct, now through an occasional tunnel, but there is little to impede your tree-framed picture of natural splendour. Eventually, you

discover yourself in Innsbruck. Not a large city; not really an imposing city despite the charm of arcaded streets and of its handful of historic houses. Facing a tree-set avenue that leads towards the river stands the *Hofkirche*, originally the chapel of the Imperial palace, used by the Emperor Maximilian who elevated Innsbruck to Imperial status, the chapel where Maximilian intended to be buried and where history has left us his magnificent but empty tomb, but where are actually interred some of Tyrol's peasant leaders from the wars against the Bavarians and French. At one end of the main street, called after the Empress's name, is a triumphal arch that recalls the visit of the Empress Maria Theresa; there are some spacious Baroque churches and a few ancient hostelries.

But Innsbruck's true monument is provided by nature, not by man. It straddles the valley, where the turbulent grey-green waters of the Inn flow from west to east—eventually to join the Danube—and where the valley of the Sill opens the way southwards towards the Brenner Pass and, across the Brenner, to South Tyrol and so into Italy. Whichever direction you turn in Innsbruck, you find yourself, quite literally, up against a blank wall; only it is a blank wall of mountains. Turn north, and there is the *Nordkette* rising to eight or nine thousand feet, its lower slopes climbing rapidly as soon as you cross the river bridges; to east and west, the long line of the *Karwendelgebirge* separating the Tyrol from Germany; while, to the south, your eye is taken along the line of the Sill valley deeply caught between two ranges of mountains, their summits alternatively crested with grey and white rock or plain and grass-cropped above thick and lovely belts of firs. Most prominent of all is Serles, known as the "High Altar of the Tyrol," as it looms mysteriously out of the mist or is seen, on clearer afternoons, in its sharp and majestic outlines. Serles is the first of the mountains of the Stubai Alps and, though not as lofty as its neighbour Habicht or some of its fellow Stubai peaks, it dominates the valley as you look out from Innsbruck. But this is to say nothing of smaller hills, where you hear the slow tinkle of Tyrolean cow-bells as the cattle wander leisurely below you; of attractive villages, their houses adorned with high-peaked gables and deep-set windows and carved wooden balconies, bright with flowers; of the churches, with white-painted walls and towers, ending often in those gay red or blue or green *Zwiebeltürme* of which the Danube valley is so evidently fond; of the life-size crucifixes in the fields, with a protective wooden roof stretching down from the top of the cross to the extremities of either arm to spare the figure of the Crucified the weight and indignity of winter's snow.

I have many happy, indeed very happy, memories of Innsbruck: of the welcome given to me and the kindness shown by the Jesuit Rector, Professors and Students of the large house of the Society in what, when I first knew it, was the *Sillgasse*, but which Austrian street, under the pressure of national sentiment, was later re-christened the *Strasse der*

Sudetendeutschen. The alteration in the name made not the slightest difference to the spirit of kindness and welcome in that house. The house formed part of the old University buildings of Innsbruck, for the Fathers of the Society had charge of the University's Faculty of Theology. Not far away was a newer institution, the Canisianum, named after Germany's apostle of the Counter-Reformation, who himself had close associations with Innsbruck ; it housed some hundreds of students of theology, many of them from abroad, quite a number of them from the United States. Needless to say, the Fathers were driven from both University and Canisianum as soon as the Germans marched into Austria in March 1938. There are other memories : of the tramp of heavy boots, marching jauntily away over the cobbled roadway for some long climb or ramble among the mountains, and of the doubtless much slower rhythm of those same boots returning long after dusk ; of the military *Musikkapelle* that came flamboyantly home to the barracks at one corner of the *Sillgasse*, playing its gay marches by torchlight ; of the clear and sublime evening peace of the *Zenzenhof* perched high up one side of the valley of the Sill, a rambling farmhouse converted into a students' villa.

But, already in Innsbruck, I was made conscious of one of the tragedies of the Republic of Austria. It could have measured scarcely more than forty miles in depth between the German frontier and the new Italian frontier, which the treaties of 1919 and 1920 had established at the Brenner Pass. In these days I hesitate to criticise the Italian people, for they have certainly had their share of the sufferings of war ; and the massing of Italian troops along the Brenner frontier after the murder of Chancellor Dollfuss may well have postponed the German plan to occupy the Austrian Republic. But, though it was right and proper for Italy to have the Trentino and though possibly geography provided them with a suasive argument for extending their territory to the Brenner, what they actually did was to split Tyrol into two ; and the Tyrol had been a German land, and a united land, for more than a thousand years. You could not be long in Innsbruck without sensing the bitter feelings of the Northern Tyrolese and their grief for a *Tyrolia irredenta*—for the half of their own folk cut off from them at the Brenner Pass. Bressanone and Bolzano may have a lighter and more musical ring than Brixen and Bozen, but it was as Brixen and Bozen that these two cities had been known through Europe's history. From the mountains near Innsbruck you could look across to similar ranges on the other side now under foreign rule.

Indeed, South Tyrol was the more important or, at least, the more historic of the two halves ; for the country took its name from the castle of Tyrol, which still stands on its rocky eminence and looks down on Meran and its fruitful valley. It was the Counts of Tyrol who gave to the country not only a name but a certain position in the affairs of Europe and, by means of a marriage between Elizabeth, daughter of Count

Meinhard, and Albrecht, son of Rudolph of Habsburg, the Tyrol became part eventually of the crown lands of the Habsburgs. The last reigning member of the House of Tyrol was that extraordinary lady, Margaret, nicknamed *Maultasch* and known as the " Ugly Duchess ". *Maultasch* is not a complimentary epithet, for it was no compliment, even in those days, to suggest that any lady had a mouth like a " pocket " ; and that is the suggestion in the word. Nonetheless, Margaret had two husbands and a number of other male admirers. One husband she expelled, and this marriage was, apparently, declared invalid by the Holy See. The second husband she outlived ; she was compelled to abdicate soon after his death, and Tyrol passed into Habsburg hands.

But for the people of Tyrol their southern hills and valleys have far warmer associations, this time with their peasant hero Andreas Hofer. Hofer was an innkeeper from the Passeier valley near Meran, where you might still discover that inn of his, shadowed by thick trees in a delightful setting, bright flowers adorning its jutting balconies and frescoes of sacred figures making as bright a pattern on the plastered outer walls. The French and their Bavarian satellites marched into the Tyrol in the wars of Napoleon. In 1805 Marshal Ney occupied Innsbruck and remained there till the Peace of Pressburg handed over the Tyrol to Bavaria. The Bavarians, affected by the new revolutionary ideas out of France, began to plunder the Tyrolese monasteries and churches. A sturdy Catholic faith and their sense of local loyalties, very marked in mountain peoples and as evident among the people of the Tyrol as among the Swiss, made them rise against the oppressor. They were not trained soldiers ; their weapons home-produced—scythes and billhooks, a queer assortment of guns and muskets. Yet they cleared the valleys of professional troops, drove them in flight back to Innsbruck—and this not once only but several times—capturing Innsbruck in the end and chasing French and Bavarians off Tyrolese soil through the gap at Kufstein. Of course, it didn't last. The big battalions came back ; but the glory remained on the side of Hofer and his peasant levies. Men have forgotten the troops that marched and burned and looted through those valleys. They have not forgotten their peasant chieftain, as grand a figure as the Swiss William Tell—a burly figure, with upright bearing and flowing beard and the mountaineer's keen eye, as he stands in effigy of bronze on the hill, *Berg Isel*, which he stormed in the face of French and Bavarian veterans, to capture the city of Innsbruck at its foot.

It was impossible to visit Innsbruck and the Northern Tyrol in the between-war years without becoming sensitive to the lament for those fair Southern provinces that had been torn away. It was one of Austria's border problems, cruel and heart-rending, the more so since Italian administration in the South Tyrol was both oppressive and inept. Curiously little has been heard about it from Austrian *émigrés* during the war ; but

then they have been, almost entirely, Viennese and Socialists, and they may not relish the return to a post-war Austria of the sturdy Catholic peasantry of the South Tyrol.

Later, I was to come to another Austrian border district, this time to stay there for the major portion of a year. It was Carinthia, occupied at the present moment by British troops and invaded a short while back by Yugoslav irregular soldiery. Carinthia has, it is true, a Slovene minority. But it was a German duchy for five hundred years before ever it became a portion of the Habsburg lands in 1335. And what is more directly to the point, this frontier question was carefully examined after 1918 and a new boundary determined, the result of a popular plebiscite.

I lived there, in the valley of the Lavant, known as the " Paradise of Carinthia," in a village midway along the valley—the village of Sankt Andrä. At the beginning of the one main street our Jesuit college was the prominent building (it was taken by the Nazis in 1938), and the street ended at the pilgrimage *Loretokirche*, an imposing church with twin towers that were visible for miles around and from thousands of feet up the ranges of mountains that enclosed the valley. Did the Lavanttal deserve its name of " Paradise "? There were times when I decided most definitely not—when, in the depth of winter, the snow lay in heavy cumbrous blankets over the fields or, in the spring, as it swirled away in floods of turbid water or, in the autumn, when mist and cloud hung oppressively over the foothills, obscuring the mountains for days on end. But days there were when the sky was clear and glorious, the air wonderfully keen, and the mountains shone with flashes of pearl and silver in their mantles of freshly-fallen snow or, again, in the springtime, when the countryside came to its renewal of life with a delicate filigree of fruit-blossom, pink and cream and white. May and June were splendid months —gay flowers everywhere in the fields, a fresh waving belt of larch and pine encircling the foothills ; and then the evening would descend in a luminous calm till the stars shone out as though embedded in the velvet of the sky.

It was a region with prospects less wide and sweeping than in the Tyrol and with a peasantry that was poorer, though most of them owned their homes and holdings—a small space for corn, an apple tree or two, pigs of course, and a cow or horse shared by three or four families. There was, on the whole, a reasonable Catholic standard throughout the valley (it was said to be higher than in much of the surrounding country) though certain peasant customs continued that were not to be reconciled with the Church's notions of morality and marriage. Here and there were dotted smaller villages. You would come upon them, almost unawares, as you turned a bend of the road or crested a hill—just a handful of houses clustering together as if for mutual warmth, but always set round a chapel with white-painted walls and a green or red tapering tower. At the cross-

roads, shrines: sometimes of Our Lady, occasionally of local saints such as St. Florian, a Roman legionary martyred in these provinces when the Romans ruled in Noricum and Pannonia. Florian was popularly credited with the power of protecting houses and farms from fire. That was why he was usually represented on these shrines pouring water on a blazing cottage, as though the donor and artist concerned with the shrine were very sceptical about Florian's capacity for keeping the fire away but felt he owed it to them in decency at least to put it out. *Florianitag*, his feast, memory tells me, was May the 4th, and it was jollily celebrated.

The day commenced with a procession from Wolfsberg, the townlet at the northern terminus of the valley—a procession, mark you, for men only—and as it meandered towards Sankt Andrä, its festive objective, contingents swelled its ranks from village after village, each contingent adding its quota of musicians—instrumentalists, I mean, for local Austrian bandsmen are often better than their German counterpart, less disciplined maybe but also less ponderous and with a keener sense of a marching rhythm. They are also a good deal less punctual. This continually growing procession would be due at Sankt Andrä for High Mass, let us suppose at ten or half past ten; you would be lucky to begin the service at noon. Mass over, the Piazza in front of the *Loretokirche* became a fairground, with booths and stalls for nourishment and an open space for dancing feet till, at the approach of night, lanterns were hung on porches and in the surrounding trees. So was honour done to an ancient saint in a border valley. Another local patron was St. John Nepomuk, a much later entry in hagiography. He had been put to death by being thrown, at the command of a jealous monarch, from a bridge in Prague into the river beneath. And so St. John, probably under Jesuit influence, had been appointed guardian of the valley's somewhat rickety bridges. His statue was usually at one end. He stood there, an upraised crucifix in hand and biretta on head, clad in a gown and surplice which seemed all the time, in typical Baroque manner, to be blowing about in some mighty wind. There seemed to me greater danger to the Lavant bridges from this Baroque gale that twisted and twirled the Nepomucene surplice than from any of the more natural causes.

I recall one or two other religious features of the *Lavanttal*. The peasants had a real liking for weekday Advent Masses—the Rorate Masses they termed them—and I remember many a tramp across early morning snow, with a swinging lantern like some modern Wenceslas, to say one of these Masses at half past six. "Say," have I written? The word should have been "sing," for they were always sung, and with the Blessed Sacrament exposed. Vividly there comes back to me a picture of Christmas Eve: the rosary recited in the cottages—it might be all fifteen mysteries—Midnight Mass in the chapel on the hill, the chapel roof groaning beneath its blankets of soft snow, snow all down the hillside, and a long line of

lights a'flickering across the fields as the peasants wended their way to Mass. Or, speaking again of lights, the lamps that burned in the graveyard through the night between All Saints and All Souls or the waving torches which flanked the great procession to its four altars in the fields on Corpus Christi.

But the valley of the Lavant was not, even then, unaffected by the political changes that were developing inside Germany. Being a border district, its people were sharply conscious of the difference of the folk beyond the border. There was little Socialism, save for a handful of workers in Sankt Stefan ; but Nazis chalked their slogans on hoardings and bridges in Wolfsberg, and I fancy that the Nazi creed was growing among the people who never came to church and among some of the peasants in better circumstances.

There are just two more glimpses of the Austria of yesterday that I would like to recall. The first of the two is Salzburg—an ancient city (its Archbishop is Primate of Germany), a city of some remarkable buildings, with clear Italian influence, and in striking natural surroundings. One of the principal aims of Austrian Catholics in the between-war years was to establish a Catholic University in Salzburg. Salzburg had once enjoyed a University ; but it was suppressed in " Liberal " days, and only a Theological Faculty, under Benedictine supervision, remained. In these between-war years Salzburg was famous for its music festival that attracted visitors from the Continent and from the United States. Operas were given in the *Festspielhaus* (I am now glancing at the programme for 1937) under conductors like Toscanini and Bruno Walter ; *Faust* was played, in its striking Reinhardt setting, in the open courtyard next to the Opera House, and Hugo von Hofmannsthal's *Everyman* in the Cathedral Square. Side by side with these better known activities were the *Hochschulwochen* or Summer Schools of the University—more strictly of the University it was hoped might be called to life. These summer schools lasted three weeks, with very thorough courses of lectures on Theology, on the Catholic attitude to modern problems, on the Catholic heritage of art and culture, with subsidiary talks on almost any kindred subject. The present writer was privileged (he remembers it as a privilege and the experience he recalls as entirely happy) to give two such lectures at the last of these Summer Schools on Newman's ideas and ideal of such a University. It was a genuinely Catholic " school " ; Catholic in the numbers attending from practically every European country except for Germany ; Catholic in the spirit of welcome and friendliness extended to every participant ; and Catholic, too, in the common aspiration that Salzburg might soon rise, a genuine Catholic University, like those others functioning already in Louvain, Dublin, Nijmegen and the many Catholic Universities in the United States. They were the hopes of courageous men, which they had entertained for a long time. The *Salzburg Universitätsverein* was founded

as far back as 1884, as one was reminded by the celebrations during the Summer Schools of 1934. President Miklas attended them and promised that the Government would give considerable help in establishing at once a Faculty of Philosophy. To this notion of a Catholic University the Governments of Dollfuss and von Schuschnigg were very sympathetic, for they conceived the mission of post-Habsburg Austria to be that of a centre of Catholic thought and influence throughout the Germanic world. The date was 1934. From the hills near the city you could look across the Salzach valley to the mountains of Bavaria enclosing the Königssee and that village of ominous name, Berchtesgaden.

My second glimpse—briefer even than the first—is of Vienna. Not of the city itself, whose monuments of culture—alas, many of them now severely damaged—are an abiding testimony to its pre-eminent rôle in the history and civilization of Europe. Save for Paris, no city—north of the Alps was quite so noble. I am thinking of a specific date—September 12, 1933—when I was there. It was an anniversary, that of a famous battle fought 250 years before. All through the spring and early summer of 1683, Turkish armies had forced their war into the heart of Europe from the south-east and the south. Up the Danube valley they swept, and over the wide Hungarian plains. Vienna held their advance, but was closely beleaguered. Stoutly did the citizens defend themselves, with many a sally out of their gates against the invader; they prayed, and walked in religious processions, invoking in a special manner the Holy Name of Mary. But, week by week, their situation grew more precarious; rations were reduced, their strength was ebbing. They might hold out a few days more, maybe a week; that was all. If Vienna fell, what a prospect for the rest of Europe! Meanwhile a Christian army was gathering, far less imposing than it should have been owing to the jealousies of so-called Christian rulers. It was composed largely of soldiers from the smaller German States and from Poland, and its leader was a Polish king. On the 10th and 11th of September the relieving forces assembled along the line of the hills of the *Wienerwald*, where they look down into the broad Danubian plain. Then came the dawn of September 12th. Mass was celebrated on the *Kahlenberg* by the Franciscan friar, Marco d'Aviano, with all the leaders present; their banners, unfurled, were dedicated to the name of Mary. The Christian soldiers made their way slowly downwards towards the plain. The battle commenced; they were fighting against numbers, four or five times their own. Before night had fallen, the Turkish armies had been routed and driven away in decisive flight. Vienna was relieved, and Europe saved. It was the last of Christendom's great battles against the Moslem. And, very significantly, it was won through the heroic resistance of the people of Vienna and the great gallantry of Jan Sobieski, a Polish king.

To understand the position and problems of modern Austria, it is

important to remember that Austrians have always had different feelings about themselves from those, let us say, of a Frenchman. They had a double loyalty : first to their rulers, the house of Habsburg, for they were a small German nucleus round which a loosely-constructed Empire survived for centuries ; and then, in the second place, loyalty to the idea of their German character. They were not Austrians as distinct from Germans, though they did feel themselves very different from the Prussians ; they were Germans, with a special loyalty to an Imperial house and a special function in an Empire. Consequently, when the collapse came in 1918 and various portions of the old Empire fell apart into the new Succession States, their first instinctive reaction was that their ancient mission had come to an end. The Dual Monarchy was no more ; there was little meaning, they considered, in the continuance of Austria. This explains the widespread desire for the *Anschluss*, the union of Austria with Germany. It was not a Nazi invention, not even a Socialist policy. For a year or two after 1918 it was felt to be a necessity by the great majority of the Austrians. Unofficial plebiscites in Salzburg and the Tyrol gave a majority of over 95 per cent. for immediate association with the German Reich. A similar plebiscite in the small and most westerly province of Vorarlberg produced a majority in favour of incorporation in Switzerland, a suggestion which the Swiss promptly declined. When the new Republican Constitution was formulated in 1920, there was added to it a demand that the Austrian Republic should be united with that of Germany. This Constitution was drawn up under Social-Democratic influence, and the Socialists, who at heart were anti-Habsburg, proceeded to belittle and besmirch everything that the older Austria had signified. They made Austria-Hungary responsible for the war ; they even gloried in defeat, because it had meant the ruin of the Habsburgs. In chaos and confusion, amid the general atmosphere of weariness and bewilderment after the collapse and with terrible economic problems confronting them on every hand, it was natural that Austrians should reason that there was no other way out. And, though the Socialists were loudest and most unscrupulous in voicing this conclusion, it was understood and accepted by most of their fellow Austrians.

Of course, there was another way and a far better way ; and the history of the past twenty-five years, and the tragic situation in 1945 of just those Succession States to the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, are indications that the story of Central Europe between the two World Wars would have been much happier and more secure, had this way been discovered. The Czech historian Palacky wrote that, had the Austrian Empire not existed, it would have been necessary to invent it—meaning that some kind of political and economic union was absolutely essential for the many peoples of differing race and language in East-Central Europe. Unfortunately, the sentiments of the new States were too violent, and the views of the

peace-framers not sufficiently far-sighted, to envisage this other way. It would have meant a confederation of all or many of these countries, looser and more elastic and, if you like, more enlightened than the older régime. Actually, this was not unlike the real objective of some wiser Austrian statesmen. It is known, for instance, that the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Emperor Franz Josef, was in favour of, at least, a Triple Monarchy, with a balance between Austria, Hungary and the Slavs; and this was part of the reason for his unpopularity with the Germans inside the Empire and with the Slavs outside. Indeed, it is arguable that Franz Ferdinand was murdered at Sarajevo, not because he was an Austrian tyrant (which in fact he was not) but because the more "Liberal" system he entertained would have cut the ground from beneath the extremist Slavs.

However, that solution was ruled out by too fierce tempers and hard circumstances. The solution of the *Anschluss* was vetoed by the Versailles Powers. The Republic of Austria had to tackle its problems alone. These were formidable. Economic, in the first place, for defeat brought disintegration and later famine and finally inflation; the Czechs refused to deliver coal; the Hungarians, for a time, would provide no wheat. Vienna, which had been a glorious centre of Empire, was hopelessly out of focus in a small republic. Of Austria's seven million inhabitants, two million were Viennese. From 1919 till 1937, when Germany annexed Austria, there was continuous tension between Vienna and the country provinces; tension that was economic, for it was a large city for the countryside to feed and provision; and also social and political tension, since Vienna was administered by the Social-Democrats who in the 1920 Constitution, largely outlined by themselves, had put Vienna in a special position almost out of reach of the Central Government. In the second place, the problems were political.

The loosest notions prevail—in Britain at least—about the condition of Austria between 1920 and 1937. There are those who imagine that the German entry put an end to a mainly Socialist Government, and others who think that this fundamentally Socialist Government was overthrown by people termed "clerico-fascists," whatever that egregious expression may denote, and led by the gallant but quite undemocratic Dollfuss. The fact is, of course, that after 1920 Austria never had a Social-Democrat or Socialist Government at all. The elections of October 1920 established a balance which continued, more or less, until 1933. The 1920 Parliament included 82 representatives of the Christian-Social party, 66 Social-Democrats, and 26 Pan-Germans. From 1920 the Central Government consisted of a coalition of non-Socialist elements, with the occasional experiment of a non-Party cabinet. It was left to the Christian-Social members to attempt to put their country on its feet. That it stood at all was due to the efforts of men like Dr. Seipel, who secured loans from the

League of Nations, which loans, as in 1922, were opposed by the Social-Democrats, on the grounds that the Austrian Republic was not viable and should not therefore be assisted to live. There was the permanent problem of the co-existence in Vienna of a non-Socialist Central Government and a pronouncedly Marxist city administration that was adopting a very radical municipal policy.

In fairness, it must be stated that the Viennese administration carried through many reforms, notably in re-housing one-tenth of the city population, but the programme was fulfilled at the expense of the now impoverished middle classes who were ruthlessly overtaxed. Clashes occurred from time to time between the two Governments, notably in 1927, when, after the failure of political demonstrations, the Socialists engineered a General Strike. This, in its turn, was a fiasco because of the Central Government's speedy action and the determined attitude adopted by the country provinces. In general, it is clear that the Social-Democrats were an opposition in Parliament that was destructive, not constructive; they ruled Vienna in their own manner, elsewhere they were an anti-Government and disruptive force. They would not co-operate, and any co-operation on their terms would have been an impossible submission, quite repugnant to the feelings and traditions of the majority of the Austrian people. Theirs is, I think, the chief responsibility for Austrian disunity—a disunity which dug and dunged a fertile field for Nazi harvesters.

A second problem with which the Central Government was forced to deal, and was all too slow in solving, was the presence of armed militia owing allegiance, not to the State, but to political groups. The Socialists, in 1918, had formed a *Volkswehr* on revolutionary lines. After 1920 this body was purged of its Marxist elements and converted into the small Federal Army, which the Republic was permitted to maintain under the Saint Germain treaty. Whereupon, the Social-Democrats created another body, the *Schutzbund*, a semi-military formation, for party purposes. As a counterbalance, the various peasant levies that had done frontier duty in the troubled times after 1918 grew into the *Heimwehr*, a body ready to support the Government though not under its direct control. In addition there were two smaller formations, the *Freiheitsbund*, a league of Christian Social workmen, and the *Ostmärkische Sturmscharen*, the leader of whom was Dr. von Schuschnigg. After 1933 the Government was able to suppress the *Schutzbund*; but the *Heimwehr*, which had rendered the Government considerable service, continued to exist till 1936. Under Prince Starhemberg it was pro-Italian in sympathies and "Fascist" in its outlook. Further, for a time, it exercised much political influence. In the cabinet, formed in the autumn of 1935, six ministers were of known *Heimwehr* affiliations. In 1936, however, the *Heimwehr* was dissolved and its units incorporated in the one national party, the Patriotic Front.

Mention of this " front " brings us to the change in Austrian domestic politics which occurred in 1933. Parliamentary life has reached the condition of a stalemate. Without a majority of two-thirds it was impossible to make changes in the 1920 Constitution, changes which the Government considered highly desirable. As the Social-Democrats held about 40 per cent. of the seats, a two-thirds majority was out of the question. And so Parliament was suspended in 1933 on a technical point, the party system abolished, and a new conception of Government and State introduced. This was the work of Dollfuss, and he has been severely blamed for high-handedness. High-handed he may perhaps have been, but he was long-suffering ; and he would have said he was solving a deadlock in the only possible way. An effort was now made to rally all nationally-conscious Austrians to the Patriotic Front and to set about inaugurating a Corporate State on definitely Christian lines.

The spirit of this new order is expressed in the preamble to the new Constitution which became law on April 30, 1934 :—

> In the name of God Almighty from whom all law emanates, the Austrian people receives its Constitution for a Christian, German and Federal State on a corporative basis.

The preface to the Constitution concluded with the following words :—

> We have drawn up this Constitution, hoping for the help of God on our work ; and we pray for His blessing upon it, now it is achieved. And whatever fate He may design for it, we can but say : His Will be done.

A very few words on this new system. The State was to be organized *auf ständischer Grundlage*, that is vocationally, according to the activities of the people of the country. The 48th article of the Constitution recognized seven of these *Stände* or groups : Agriculture and Forestry ; Heavy Industry and Mining ; Lesser Industries and Trades ; Commerce and Transport ; Finance and Insurance ; Free Vocations ; Public Services. The three characteristics of a *Stand* or functional group were enumerated as follows :—

> (i). All persons engaged in the same vocation, profession or work, ought to be associated.
>
> (ii). Employers and employees, peasants and hired agricultural labourers, and, generally, " independent " and " dependent " workers, are to act together in harmony and with consideration for one another.
>
> (iii). The *Stände* are to be allowed a large measure of autonomy, and to decide conditions of work, regulate prices and output, and settle disputes in the affairs of their own particular *Stand*.

The experiment was permitted only a short span of years, from 1933 till the Nazi invasion in March 1938. But, during that period, *Stände* 1 and 7—that is, Agriculture with Forestry and the Public Services—had been fully organized with the help of the existing Peasants' Associations and

various societies of officials. Economic conditions did improve ; agricultural output increased, and there was a fall in unemployment.

Après ça, le déluge. Clouds were gathering ominously on the northern horizon. In Austria itself the Social-Democrats maintained a surly opposition, and the number of Austrian Nazis grew alarmingly. Dollfuss had to fight on two fronts at once : against the Socialists with whom he is sometimes charged with having far too little sympathy, though they gave him mighty little reason for showing it, and against the Nazis, who had absorbed the older Pan-German groups and were aided by unscrupulous propaganda from Germany. Dollfuss inclined towards Italy, hoping to balance the danger from the North with support from Italy. Under Schuschnigg, relations with Italy cooled, and Schuschnigg made a genuine attempt to have more friendly relations with Germany. But it did not last, indeed could not last—this rapprochement with Nazi Germany. Pressure was put on Schuschnigg. He resisted and appealed to a plebiscite of his own people. But before it could be realised, the Nazis struck ; they invaded Austria, and Austria was annexed as part of the German Reich.

A declaration was issued by the Allied Powers in 1944 that they desired to see, after the close of hostilities, a free, independent and democratic Austria. All three terms are unfortunately ambiguous, as events in 1944 and 1945 have shown. Then came the capture of Vienna by the Russians, the entry into Austria from south and north by the British and Americans. At present the Americans occupy the pre-1938 provinces of Salzburg and Upper Austria ; the British are in Styria and Carinthia, the French in the Vorarlberg and Tyrol, while the Russians have Vienna and the provinces of Lower Austria and Burgenland. Representatives and contingents from Britain and the U.S.A. have now been admitted into Vienna, so that an Allied Control Council may soon be functioning there—with, let it be hoped, a common and reasonable policy.

In the meantime the situation has been complicated by the setting-up, under Russian control, of a " Provisional Government ". After our experience of Yugoslavia and Poland, this expression " Provisional Government " is highly suspicious. Besides, suspicions quite apart, a Government might be representative enough of Vienna and still be utterly unrepresentative of the rest of Austria. It contains Social-Democrats, led by Dr. Karl Renner, who was first Chancellor of the Austrian Republic after 1918 and a delegate at the peace conferences on the Austrian behalf. He was, I think, unmolested during the Nazi régime in Austria and publicly welcomed the annexation in 1938. There are Christian-Social representatives too, one of them Dr. Leopold Kunschak, a close associate of Dr. Karl Lueger, founder of the Christian-Social party and famous *Bürgermeister* of Vienna, who had the doubtful honour of a complimentary reference in Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. But Renner and Kunschak are both

old men—Renner 75 at least, Kunschak nearer, if not over, 80. Three Communists are in the coalition, whereas there were no Communists in Austrian Parliamentary life before the war. Of these Communists one, Johann Koplenik, has spent twelve years in Moscow, where another, Fischer, was Austrian representative on the Comintern. In the " Provisional Government " Fischer is Minister for Education, and the third Communist, Horner, is Minister of the Interior. The set-up is not encouraging, it must be confessed, and one fears that the Western Allies, for the sake of harmony, may be persuaded to accept it—perhaps with some insignificant modifications; at least, so much is suggested by the unfortunate experiences of Yugoslavia and Poland. If properly " broadened," with a genuine guarantee of free elections (this is a more practical measure in Austria, since many of the provinces are in British and American occupation), this Government might serve, but only if the word " broaden " be interpreted very broadly indeed.

Prophecy can be an entertaining pastime; but it is always risky and generally unwise. And any forecast now concerning the future of Europe would certainly be hazardous. Austria has suffered less than many other Continental countries. Apart from Vienna, which has suffered much, and a few industrial centres like Wiener Neustadt, no great damage has been done in air-raids; the country has not been fought over; the land is intact and natural resources have been spared destruction. It seems evident that Austria must remain a small Republic, as she was from 1920 to 1937, with the same top-heavy economy because two of her seven millions are in Vienna. But Austria, and her neighbours, really demand the only sane and secure solution of the economic and political problems of East-Central Europe: and this is a federation of those countries—with as much local autonomy as you please—either, on a smaller scale, embracing Austria, Hungary and the Balkan States, or, on a scale still larger, comprising all the States between Germany and Russia from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. To-day it is obvious that Russia is violently opposed to this solution, which means that it will not and cannot be adopted. But those countries will have no final prosperity nor security until some solution of the kind can be introduced and worked. I have not mentioned the word " Catholic " as yet in this connection. Yet the great majority of these peoples are Catholic—Catholic in their faith and practices, Catholic in their culture, tradition and general outlook. Their future must remain of great concern to us: in the first place, because it would be both a disaster and dishonour if the word " liberation " awoke nothing but a hollow cynical echo; and, then also, because they are, to a large extent, of the household of the faith, of our own Christian kith and kin.

JOHN MURRAY

THE SOCIAL SERVICES IN EIRE

BY PROFESSOR T. W. T. DILLON, M.D.

THE growth of the Social Services in Southern Ireland has been haphazard, history-conditioned, and in the main determined by the trends of English public opinion. In this field, as in so many others, we inherited from the old régime a patchwork of schemes designed principally to meet particular English needs, and we have been content to add to it piecemeal in the same spirit of opportunism. The English do things like that—with the implicit condition that, if and when the chaos becomes unbearable, it can always be cleared up. They cleared up their chaos, more or less, by the foundation of the Unemployment Assistance Board in 1935. But we, who have a far worse mess on our hands, are apparently quite satisfied to keep right on adding new and very expensive ingredients without inquiring too closely whether the mixture has gone sour or is still sweet. We have just dropped in one item—Children's Allowances, costing some 2·5 million pounds per annum—which, though excellent in itself, may well be more than we can afford or less than we should and could spend in relation to our other financial commitments or the nutritional state of the children. We just don't know the answer to the simple question : Is this the best way to spend that large slice of the National Income ?

I

Perhaps this question of National expenditure is not so simple as it seems at first sight. To answer it correctly you must have a scale of values against which to measure good, better and best ; and it must be a social scale, not a political or economic one. Secondly, you must have a set of economic facts and principles which will guide in the essential work of distributing real wealth rather than illusory promises of wealth to come. And thirdly, your political dynamic must be directed towards social ends and not diverted to purely political aims such as nationalism, international power or cultural warfare. All these political aims may be good and necessary at certain periods of a country's existence ; but it is notorious that, in proportion as they engage the attention of the people and their leaders, they displace the social ends which have far less emotional drive behind them. It is one of the most singular and interesting facts about the human mind that it is more profoundly moved by abstractions than by concrete facts and problems. This is no doubt a healthy characteristic of human psychology and may be turned to good account in relieving the inevitable miseries of this world ; but it has the

great disadvantage that it provides an almost irresistible escape route to the tired politician. If he can produce some grievance or create some new variant of the eternal Nationalist themes, then he can take a rest from the awful toil of thought.

But though politicians may long stave off the burden of considered decisions, and the people may long content themselves with a mixture of ignorance, cynicism and uneasy efforts to "get something done"; yet so long as a real problem of preventible human misery is unsolved, there will always be enthusiasts who will seek a solution. They have indeed no reason to be ashamed of their activity nor to doubt of its ultimate success, provided only that they really wish to formulate a social solution for a social problem and are content to eschew both the short route of revolution and the wish-dream of a Utopia. Not that they might not succeed in their revolution or satisfy their own psychological needs with the Utopia blueprint; but revolutions have an awkward habit of changing everything except the one important thing—human misery—and Utopias are nice to read but hard to live on. The history of the nineteenth century is nonetheless the best warrant to the social worker that reforms are possible and do in fact prevent much misery.

In Southern Ireland to-day the problem of poverty is, broadly speaking, twofold: the large poor family and the unemployable proletariat. Both these problems exist mainly in the larger cities and in a few rural slums. They are not present to any appreciable degree in the Irish countryside as a whole. Of course there are large families in the country districts and these families are often very poor; but there are very few districts outside the larger towns where the needs of poor people cannot be easily met in the ordinary way of Christian human charity. Poverty is not a problem if it can be relieved without any strain on the community or degradation of the poor. That this is possible in the country, except in time of famine, is borne out by world-wide experience going back over many hundreds of years. It is one of those facts which stand out clearly, here in Ireland as elsewhere, and which are not susceptible of statistical proof. In so far as it is not true in Southern Ireland to-day, this can only be due to the maldistribution of our national income between town and country. It is equally certain that the poverty of the chronically unemployed in town tenements is not soluble without a considerable effort; and the same is true of the really large family of young children when the bread-winner is a low-grade worker on a small wage.

II

The material elements of this problem have been dealt with in earlier articles. They may be briefly listed as food, clothing and shelter. There is in a great city a certain minimum expenditure which must be incurred on pain of slow death from hunger and exposure; the alternative is sub-

mission to incarceration under humiliating conditions in the workhouse, disguised nowadays under a new name but nonetheless objectionable to a man or woman who likes freedom.

That expenditure is at present about 6/- weekly in Dublin for a man or woman and perhaps 2-4/- for a child. But it should be clearly understood that this figure represents the absolute minimum, the starvation line. There is no allowance made for clothes or amusements; no provision for extras in the case of illness or for the pregnant mother or for growing child. The rent allowance is minimal, and the food would consist almost exclusively of bread and cheese and a dinner from some public charitable restaurant; any variation in the diet would involve danger of starvation.

This we may call the *starvation standard*.

Above this standard we can define another level, that of adequate nutrition making allowance for healthy growth and resistance to the social diseases, Tuberculosis and Rheumatism. Here again the proportionate allowance for rent and other expenses is kept to the lowest level revealed by an international inquiry—the level of Shanghai coolies.

This we may call the *health standard*.

The cost for a man or woman at this standard is about 21/- weekly at present prices in Irish towns; and that for an adolescent between 15-25 rather higher, since he or she must eat more expensive foods to provide elements essential for growth and, because of this growth, needs more clothes than do the elder members of the family; probably 23/- would be a minimum. Children under fifteen may be assessed at an average of ten shillings from 5–15 and perhaps 5/- below five years. All these assessments are subject still to considerable correction. But they are based on a serious effort to calculate the minimum cost of a diet offering all essentials and on a wide knowledge of the rents paid in Dublin tenements.

We may now proceed to assess the money needs of the families with three children and over, when the children are all below the age of 15 years. This will range from £3 5s. od. for a family with three children below 5 years to £4 18s. od. for a family with five children between the ages of 5 and 15. If any of the children are adolescent and not earning, the expense will of course mount sharply. Families with more than five children will need proportionately more. A recent survey of 10,500 families, taken at random from the 33,411 families of the working class in Dublin, showed that 55 per cent. had an income below £2 10s. od. per week. If we apply this percentage to the total number of families, we have 18,500 families whose weekly income does not reach the minimal health standard calculated for a household of man and wife and three small children. The number of families with five or more persons in the Dublin group is approximately 6,000, and the number of persons

36,000; but it must be remembered that there are many other families whose position is just as difficult because of chronic unemployment of breadwinners or adolescents. This brings us by a natural transition to the second part of the problem, the chronically unemployed. The existence of this section is in no way peculiar to Ireland. Indeed the problem has been most carefully studied in England, and the information gathered there will be of considerable assistance to us in assessing the gravity of the situation.

In Southern Ireland the number of chronically unemployed is fortunately small in comparison with the number of the working population. If we include in the group all those who were unemployed for at least one year, the census figures for 1936 give a total of 28,000 for the country or 5·5% of employees* working for wages (2% of all persons in gainful employment). 10,000 of these were in Dublin. In 1939, 6,666 men applying for unemployment assistance in the four county boroughs had not been gainfully employed for a year or more. If we include those who were receiving home assistance alone, we have an approximate figure of 10-12,000 men in Dublin. All in all, it is probably true to say that the hard core of unemployment in this State consists of some 25-30,000 *persons*, who are responsible perhaps for 35-40,000 dependents—60-70,000 in all, or 2·0% of the population. The concentration of one-third to a half of these men, women and dependent children in the four cities constitutes the real difficulty.

III

The needs of these people and families are met in Ireland by relief of various kinds. When a man (or woman) has exhausted his claim for unemployment assurance, he applies for unemployment assistance. If he loses his employment through illness and is therefore debarred from unemployment assurance, he may apply for home assistance, and his income is then usually increased to the ordinary assistance standard for the district. Similarly the man with a large family may apply for a home assistance grant to eke out the inadequate unemployment assistance and for a rent allowance. In general he gets whatever is necessary to bring him up to the general standard, and something extra if his rent is high. The standard for Dublin is set just above the starvation line; for a man and his wife it is 15/- per week (starvation line: 12/-); for the man with a wife and five children it is 30/- (again just above the starvation line at 27/-). Provision for unemployed adolescents is practically non-existent. For some years past the food vouchers (which are worth approximately 2/3 per week) and the fuel vouchers in winter (3/4), have increased the slender margin; the children's allowances recently granted have still further improved the position in the larger families. In a family of

* S. Lyon: *Journal of Statistical and Social Inquiry*, 1942-43.

man, wife and five children the total income from all sources might now amount to 55/-. This still falls far short of the health standard, 98/-.

There are, of course, a multitude of smaller specialised services to meet special needs: widows pension, blind pension, milk for children, school meals, rent subsidies on slum clearance houses, etc. There remain also the voluntary charitable societies and the great stream of private and institutional charity which flows through the hands of religious and clergy or passes from hand to hand in thousands of personal relationships. The amount disbursed through these channels reaches a considerable total. The St. Vincent de Paul Society distributed goods and grants to the total value of £148,236 in 1943, and the Sick and Indigent Room-keepers' Society gave £4,726 in money grants. The total coming from other sources may well amount to as much again. If this extra sum were distributed amongst the 100,000 or so most needy poor, it would represent only £3 per year and is therefore a very small addition to the weekly income.

On the whole, then, we may take it that there are some 90-100,000* men, women and children in the country who are safeguarded from starvation, but who have not enough—in many cases not nearly enough—money to procure the simple necessities of life. This group certainly includes an unduly high proportion of children, since we have shown that a large family is one of the principal causes of poverty. These people are particularly liable to disease because of their inadequate food consumption, their ragged and insufficient clothing, and their appalling housing conditions. The treatment of illness related to malnutrition probably costs the community between £1-2,000,000 per annum, and represents therefore a charge which amounts to something over 50 per cent. of all the money spent by public assistance authorities in Éire.

That is the summarised picture of the material results. But the psychological results are much more serious. Prolonged unemployment produces apathy, which prevents the sufferer from taking any action to relieve his distress. This is accentuated in this country, in many cases, by the strict regulations governing casual earnings during the receipt of unemployment assistance or home relief. Such earnings are taken into account and are deducted in part or in whole from the amount of assistance granted. This system inevitably lends itself to deception and then to suspicion. In some cases it operates very unfairly, in my opinion, to the disadvantage of perfectly honourable people who are doing what they can to improve their position and are concealing nothing from the relieving officer.

Deception is also encouraged by the multiplicity of relieving authorities and of voluntary societies. The whole system puts a high premium on

* This figure represents an estimate of those who are chronically unemployed *plus* those whose family income is below the health standard because of an inadequate wage.

the efforts of the professional beggar, who may succeed in collecting from several sources at once. Honourable people, on the other hand, may suffer extreme need before obtaining relief. One example will illustrate this point. A decent woman with five young children was receiving £3 per week from her husband in England. He lost his job temporarily and sent her a letter urging her to apply for relief. When she did so, she was refused relief on the grounds that there was no evidence that she was speaking the truth. She then produced the letter, but the relieving officer intimated that he had former experience of that particular trick and did not intend to fall a victim a second time. She then asked him to come up to her room and see the state she was in. He refused. She was relieved without hesitation by the St. Vincent de Paul Society, because it was abundantly clear from the condition of her room and her children that she was in serious need. The story is not typical, but it does illustrate another weakness of the system. Not only are there a multiplicity of authorities, but they are inadequately staffed, and they employ no trained social workers to assess the true needs of the applicants.

The present system of relief in Ireland, and particularly in Dublin, still has most of the disadvantages attached to the old poor law and is in addition both inadequate and wasteful.

The main defect in the old poor law was that people were made to feel that poverty was a sinful thing and that the poor had lost their rights as human beings. They could be imprisoned under inhuman conditions in the workhouse, or they might receive from a reluctant authority just enough to prevent them from starving. The change of name in our cities has not changed the conditions to any important extent. The poor are still granted by a reluctant authority just enough money to prevent starvation ; and if they are unfortunate enough to be without a home, they are still shut in under subhuman conditions in the old poorhouse with a new name. Some few years ago inquiries revealed that, in the rare cases when families were so far reduced as to be forced to seek shelter in the Dublin workhouse, mothers were separated from their children and men from their wives. Old men and women are deprived of three quarters of their pensions to pay for their keep and must use the remainder as best they can to meet expenditure, much of which at that date was almost obligatory if they were to retain any degree of human decency.

The results of the whole system are then at present bad. The poor are driven to desperate expedients to make ends meet. They must pawn, article by article, everything movable in their possession. They are frequently deeply in debt to street moneylenders, who make them pay rates of interest which may amount to 100% per annum. The penalty of non-payment was, in one case known to me, a violent scene which culminated in a beating administered to the defaulter. They cannot

replace worn-out furniture or clothing. They cannot keep clean, because they are unable to buy soap or fuel to heat water. With every month of unemployment their position becomes more desperate, more hopeless, until they finally join the ranks of the unemployable. The fate of the unemployable man is pitiful enough, but the fate of his wife and children is far more tragic. The mother starves herself to feed her children and, in a very high percentage of cases, is found on examination to be suffering from nutritional anaemia. The children fall behind in school and gradually slip down to a social status even lower than their parents. They are in the majority of cases all but useless to the modern employer, and have little chance of finding any but blind alley employment of the lowest grade. At the age of 18 they are replaced by some other unfortunate and join the ranks of the unemployable proletariat. There are families in Dublin in which the second generation is now well advanced on that dreary road.

These facts provide an answer to the question set down at the beginning of this article. We cannot afford to spend any further fraction of our national income on social services, until we are assured that these people who are caught in the vicious circle of chronic poverty are restored to the status of their fellow-men. They provide also a social standard or scale which we can choose and use if we will—i.e. the *health standard*. And from them it is easy to deduce certain economic facts which will help us to solve the urgent problem of allocating our natural resources to the best advantage.

Irish prosperity is in the main dependent on agricultural prosperity. We produce, when we are allowed to do so, high quality goods—milk, eggs, butter, meat, potatoes—which are nutritionally valuable but on the whole expensive. If a section of the community is at or below the starvation line, their consumption of most of these goods is minimal. Any increase in income in the hands of this section will result in a high proportion of it being applied to the purchase of these goods. Therefore an increase, if it is feasible, is economically desirable.

There is another economic principle or rule which will help us in the allocation. Money given to people who have already enough to spend tends to be spent in large part on luxuries. We import luxuries at relatively high prices and export food at prices, which we do not control, to pay for them. Sometimes these external prices are very low, particularly in the case of such valuable foods as butter and eggs. The marginal utility of directing our redistribution of income so that it shall be spent, as far as possible, on essentials produced at home rather than on luxuries from abroad, is clear. This rule, of course, does not apply to necessities imported in exchange for our exports.

The third economic rule, which in my view is the most important, is that every precaution should be taken against waste when money which

is being levied by taxation is distributed to other people. The rule is so obvious that it might seem hardly worth mentioning. But experience shows that it is grossly neglected in practice. Strangely enough, in the individual case, rules are generally applied with rigidity and even harshness on this very ground. But the waste on a large scale is considerable. Waste may be defined, in this connection, as giving money to people who have enough already to provide a *health standard*.

In a recent study of the housing question* we showed that this wasteful practice has been made a rule in the allocation of new houses. Those who could pay the full economic rent are granted a subsidy which they do not need; those who need it bitterly are not allowed even to occupy the new houses because they cannot pay the rent. In our medical services waste of this kind is a commonplace. Our Public Assistance Authorities pay for the medical treatment in institutions of many people who could well afford to subscribe part if not the whole of the cost; and the degree to which free diagnosis and ambulant treatment is provided in our voluntary hospitals without adequate inquiry into the means of the recipient is still considerable. There are many other kinds of avoidable waste of a more subtle kind. For instance, the treatment of patients suffering from chronic illness for an insufficient time and without any attempt to follow up the hospital or sanatorium patient, involves the community in an incalculable, but certainly considerable, annual waste of precious time and money. These are all preventible leaks, which could be stopped up in a few months without any difficulty or hardship to anyone, and they amount, I daresay, to something between £500,000 and one million pounds annually. Some efforts have been made to correct them in certain directions, but there is still here a rich field for the efficient administrator.

VI

We may now return to the question which launched us on this inquiry: whether the children's allowances were justified socially or not? The answer surely is that, in their present form, they were not justified. We are simply repeating the same error that we have made so often. We are giving a great deal of other people's money to many who do not strictly need it, and the amount granted is still quite insufficient to raise the children of the really poor to the *health standard*. Yet it is one more step along a road which is very difficult to retrace, and the size of the self-imposed burden constitutes another excellent argument against any further extension of the social services which are admittedly still quite insufficient to guarantee the suffering poor against malnutrition and disease. It is perhaps unnecessary to state that this is not an argument against children's allowances in the abstract. Everyone likes an increase in income, and when the family is large more money is always welcome.

* *Studies*, March 1945

t is however an argument against giving money lavishly to those who re not in the most need of it.

What then is the solution of the problem? It is certainly not going o be an easy one. We can, of course, check waste and make up our minds o establish priorities of relief on the basis that everyone must have enough efore anyone is allowed to have too much of public money. But there emains the great central difficulty, which appears to have received ractically no serious consideration in official circles, of the rôle which hould properly be played by the State in the redistribution of income. Two things are clear in my view. First, only the State acting through the rdinary parliamentary channels can decide what fraction of the national ncome should be redistributed; and this decision should be made first, efore the business of allotting the surplus to those in need is undertaken. Of course the decision will be influenced by various social and economic onsiderations, such as we have outlined above. But it should not be nfluenced by purely political ones. It would be a happy thing for this ountry if we could have a recognised rule that all social expenditure was etermined on a non-party basis by some inter-party Committee. All re agreed on the desirability of relieving distress; if the facts were fully et out, it should be easily possible to decide on the amount which could e spared. In England, from which we have taken so much that is bad r indifferent in our social system, the budget statement now consists f a very complete national account from which may be calculated year y year the surplus available for various purposes. If we could imitate England in this respect, we should have made a big advance towards a ane distribution of our annual resources.

Having decided what we can afford, we should then decide how and o whom it should be given. The principle which should surely guide us ere is that a man should support his own family. Therefore, in so far s any share of that money is to be given to men who are earning their read, it should come to them through the ordinary channels of their ncome. The difficulties involved in arranging this are certainly not nsuperable, though they are by no means negligible. The English trade nion tradition that a man's wage should be determined by his work, nd not at all by his social responsibilities, is a powerful one in this country. It might therefore be necessary to provide a pool, into which employers, workpeople and the Government would each put their share, and out of which the workers would draw according to their social needs. This is indeed the central idea of the Beveridge plan. It is a strange commentary on the general level of intelligence that labour leaders, who are most vocal in proclaiming their opposition to any differentation in wages for men doing the same work, whatever the size of their families or the number of their dependents, are equally emphatic in their welcome for a plan which reaches exactly the same end by slightly different means.

There is no doubt, however, that anglicisation in this country is so strong as to make it extremely difficult to follow any other method here.

VII

But there will always remain the residuum of unemployed who have had no employment for so long that they and their families after them have become unemployable. Now the rule which should guide us in dealing with this problem is, I think, that every effort should be made to avoid direct intervention by the State. There are two alternatives, both of which have been used successfully in other countries. One is to entrust the allocation and distribution of the available money to voluntary organisations working in co-operation with the clergy, who are by office intimately concerned in the relief of distress. The other is to establish a Relief Board entrusted with this task and limited only by general rules and standards laid down by the taxing authority—*i.e.* Parliament.

The first system is, I believe, on all counts the better one. The expenses of administration are low, the approach to the individual applicant human and in the best traditions of constructive Christian charity. It makes for an even closer welding of society into a Christian unity by increasing the personal contacts between those who have an abundance of material goods and those who lack them. It throws upon the clergy the onus of directing a work which they, by training and inclination, are most fitted to direct. I have seen a scheme of this kind in operation in Switzerland and I can vouch for its success in operation. The relieving authority is the friend and confidant of the poor applicant, not the suspicious controller. Systems of this kind were in operation over large areas of Central Europe for the last fifty years, and there is no reasonable doubt that they can deal with the problem of chronic unemployment and large family poverty with considerable efficiency. The tendency is to employ trained social workers in the larger cities to direct the activities of the centre ; in the smaller districts, voluntary workers carry the whole burden.

The other system has been operating in England since 1935. In 1934 Parliament passed an act creating a *Board of Unemployment Assistance* under an independent chairman. This Board has now published a number of detailed reports, which form an interesting history of the rapid development of an institution endowed with a life of its own and with sufficient independence to enable it to choose, within wide limits, its own means to reach the agreed end. It has adopted a generous *health standard* of relief. In applying this standard the Board, through its officers, takes pains to avoid unnecessary suspicion or inquiry. A broad measure of discretion is left to the officers to meet special human needs, and they are instructed not to press too narrowly on the capital resources of the applicant. Thus, in calculating the relief to be given, no account is taken of the first £49 of

saving available; and a proportionately reduced allowance may still be given to a person having less than £400 savings. Similarly the deductions from the standard maximum allowance made on account of earnings by other members of the family is extremely moderate. Thus, if a householder applies for a grant, only 7s. is deducted from the standard rate in respect of a wage of 55s. earned by another member of the household; and if the earnings of the other member are less than 20s., there is no deduction.

A most interesting feature of the Board's work is the appointment of independent tribunals to judge appeals. These tribunals have steadily gained in importance. They consist of a paid Chairman and two unpaid voluntary members, one of whom is taken from a panel of the local worker's representatives. The decision of the Tribunal is final. The number of appeals lodged grew from 15,031 in 1937 to 42,020 in 1939, the last year for which a report was issued. In 8,064 of these cases, or 20 per cent., the Tribunal raised the rate of allowance, and in only 90 were the rates reduced. It is clear from the reports and from the instructions issued to officers of the board that every encouragement is given to applicants to appeal against the local officer's decision.

The Board insists that the relationship with the applicant should be based on visits to the home by the officer, and he is urged to establish a friendly relationship with the families whom he visits. Further he is to draw the attention of all applicants to possible reasons for an increase in the allowance, whether temporary or permanent; and these include travelling expenses to visit a sick relation or special expense on diet for a sick member of the family. The rent allowance is calculated separately, and the Board seeks to avoid the unnecessary breaking up of a comfortable home. Indeed in several cases they claim to have encouraged families to move into more suitable accommodation at an increased rent.* The Board has also been active in encouraging retraining of young applicants for productive work and in forwarding the foundation of unemployment clubs on the lines of our own Mount Street Club. They have made most interesting statistical studies of the employment status of the chronically unemployed in regard both to the period of unemployment and the nature of their former work. Thus it emerges from these studies that some 170,000, or 31 per cent. of the total applicants in 1938, were betewen the ages of 16 and 34 years; and 102,080, or 60 per cent. of these juvenile applicants, had less than one year's employment in the three years preceding 1938. The Board finds that some 25 per cent. of the total applicants attempt to deceive the officer by concealing resources or otherwise misrepresenting their position. This very brief account of the new development in England will give some idea of the possibilities inherent in this

* *Report of the Unemployment Assistance Board:* 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938. H.M. Stationery Office, 3s.

type of institution. It is clear that it does successfully lift the problem of relief out of the political sphere; that it makes a serious attempt to apply constructive methods to the solution of the problem; and that it provides an opportunity for periodic scientific surveys of the facts which are invaluable to the social science worker.

Some interesting experiments in social relief which have, for many years, been in operation in France are worth brief mention. The pawnshops in that country are under municipal control, and the profits derived from their operation are devoted to the relief of the poor. The relief is administered by a charitable committee on which all voluntary societies, including the St. Vincent de Paul Society, have representatives. Family allowances are provided for all workers through industrial pools. This system developed gradually without state interference, but it has recently been extended by the state to all industries.

VIII

It is thus clear that there are available for Ireland a number of models from which to choose, any one of which would be superior to the system at present in force and all of which are far closer to the principles of Catholic charity. It is indeed one of the most disconcerting features of our State that, paying little or no heed to the principles laid down in the Papal Encyclicals, it embarks readily on designs which point clearly to a gradual absorption of all forms of social activity by the State. This cannot be wise either in the long or the short run.

This article does not pretend to be a blueprint of social services in Ireland. Rather, I should hope to have made a case for examination of the poverty and relief questions by a body with powers to collect all the facts and order them in the light of Christian principles. Of one thing, however, I am pretty certain: the problems of want in town and country are two different problems and will need widely different solutions. In the countryside there is nothing which should overstrain or baffle the efforts of a parochial voluntary organisation—receiving, if needs be, grants from the State. In the towns the organisation must necessarily be more professional and must employ many full-time social workers. But I am nevertheless convinced that it could be handled on voluntary lines, if the development of the necessary organisation was encouraged and fostered by the State. The Catholic Social Conference in Dublin and the relief work of the Society of Friends are good examples of what can be done in our country when a lead is given.

But whatever we choose to do, let us at least choose with the fullest possible knowledge of the social and economic facts. That is the first task which has already waited too long.

T. W. T. Dillon

SOCIALIST MYTH AND RUSSIAN REALITY

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE O'BRIEN, D.LITT.

THE economic achievement of Nazi Germany in the six years before the war formed the subject of a recent article in STUDIES.[1] The conclusion arrived at was that Germany had solved many of the problems that beset capitalist countries during the same period. Unemployment was practically abolished without any inflationary consequences. While many of the outward forms of private enterprise were retained, the German economic system, in fact, became more and more socialized and planned. Assuming that the ends of the plan were desirable—which is assuming a great deal that is highly controversial—the planning was successful. Putting aside all considerations of the price paid in political freedom and democratic safeguards, the German economic system must be admitted to have been efficient in the sense that the means adopted were appropriate to the ends desired.

It is interesting to find that this conclusion is accepted by a socialist author, " a member of the Left intelligentsia " who bitterly hates fascism in general and its German manifestation in particular. Mr. Arthur Koestler, the author in question, states: " There is little doubt that Nazi economy moved along the road towards State capitalism, and that even the halfway house they achieved was more efficient and more progressive in the economic sense than *laisser-faire* capitalism."[2] This tribute to the efficiency of National Socialism must command attention, coming as it does from a critic at the completely opposite end of the political spectrum. Mr. Koestler hates Nazi Germany with true communist fervour. One would have thought that a person of his views would have admired the achievements of Germany's great rival in the world of planned economies. Soviet Russia has gone far beyond the halfway house towards State capitalism. All pretence of free enterprise has been abandoned. Measured in terms of economic efficiency Russia is, in Mr. Koestler's opinion, efficient and progressive—" in the same sense as industrialization, rationalization, air-transport and artificial manure." This efficiency has been attained, however, by the sacrifice of everything that orthodox socialists hold in esteem. " Soviet Russia is a State-capitalistic totalitarian autocracy. It is progressive in its economic structure and regressive in every other respect. Politically, culturally, in the relations between rulers and ruled, it is reactionary compared with most capitalist democracies." Mr. Koestler's condemnation of anything Russian is as significant as his praise of anything German. When politicians of the Right condemn

[1] Full Employment in Pre-War Germany. STUDIES, June 1945. p. 163.
[2] *The Yogi and the Commissar* by Arthur Koestler. London: Cape, 10s. 6d.

Russia we may shrug our shoulders, but when a member of the Left intelligentsia joins in their condemnation we must sit up and take notice.

Russia is the paradise for the advocates of planning. All pretence of private enterprise, consumer sovereignty and the profit motive has been completely abandoned. Land and capital have been nationalized. Production is planned by State officials throughout. Burnham's " managerial revolution " has come true. Everything is ruled by the paid—the well-paid—official. It is not only material commodities that are produced according to plan. Publishing houses, theatres, research laboratories, universities and medical services are owned by the State. The author, actor, scientist, professor and physician are civil servants. Scientific research and academic instruction are all controlled. Literary critics must toe the line of ideological correctitude. A " leading literary organizer in Moscow " said to Mr. Koestler : " We build up the reputation of writers whom we think useful, we destroy writers whom we consider harmful ; aesthetic considerations are petty-bourgeois prejudice." The merits and demerits of planning are hotly controverted by economists and politicians. One single experiment may teach more than volumes of abstract discussion. Russia is a vast and thorough experiment in a planned economy. It is pertinent to inquire what lessons are to be learnt from this great experiment. In particular how have the working classes fared ? How far does the socialist myth correspond with the Russian reality ?

In answering this question the first difficulty is to obtain reliable and accurate information about conditions in Russia. The Government has created a Chinese Wall around the country with the double purpose of hiding the outside world from Russia and of hiding Russia from the outside world. Russia is the paradise not only of the planner but also of the extreme autarkist. Hiding the outside world from Russia forms an essential part of the programme of conditioning public opinion on the beauties of communism and the beastliness of capitalism. The Russian people must not learn that quite extensive industrial revolutions have taken place elsewhere. The realities of Russian life are very hard to ascertain. Official statistics are not above suspicion. It was announced in 1930 that " statistics are a weapon in the fight for communism ". Such statistics as are published are incomplete. There are no statistics from which it is possible to measure the standard of living. " The Soviet Union is the only great country in the world which publishes no standard-of-living index, no statistics about the distribution of income groups and spending. Russian statistics make a deafening noise with their figures of industrial production ; about the consumer they are silent." The refusal to participate in the activities of the International Labour Office deprives the outside world of information about labour conditions. The press censorship is complete. Foreign correspondents are concentrated in Moscow, which is far from typical of the country as a whole. Personal

contacts are vigilantly watched. Visitors are only allowed to see what the authorities want them to see. The model schools and hospitals which they are shown may not be representative of the average throughout the country. Hidden Russia is as obscure as the dark side of the moon. The obscurity is deepened by the willingness of the Right to exaggerate the bad elements in Russian life and of the Left to exaggerate the good elements. To one all is black; to the other all is white. Every observer is looking through coloured glasses.

In spite of all this biassed and unbiassed ignorance, it is possible to reach certain broadly true conclusions about Russian economic life. The majority of the conclusions suggest that Russia is becoming less rather than more socialist. The question arises whether these new trends are temporary or permanent. Are they mere tactical manoeuvres on the road to socialism or are they definite departures in the opposite direction? It must be remembered that, to the orthodox marxist, the end justifies the means. This has been shown very clearly in international policy where events have occurred that appear to be totally opposed to communist policy. Foreign politics are opportunist and cynical in every country, but Russian foreign politics are opportunist and cynical to an exceptional degree. The Russian statesman is not hampered by a free press or a vocal public opinion nor is he inhibited by ethical scruples. The unpredictability of the next move is a great advantage to Russian diplomacy. Similarly, in internal policy trends have developed that appear to contradict the ruling orthodoxies. These trends are officially explained and excused as tactical retreats which serve to help the ultimate advance. As long as the end is the right one all means are legitimate, even if they appear peculiar to the outside observer. Mr. Koestler denies that the end of Russian policy is still the emergence of socialism and alleges that the objectionable means pursued do not possess their one possible justification. With the object of proving this case he surveys recent developments in the economic and social structure of Russia. He would be ready to tolerate a lot of unpleasant means if he were sure that they were leading towards socialism, but he is not prepared to tolerate them if they are leading in the opposite direction.

Equality of opportunity has always been advocated by socialists. The institution of inheritance has frequently been attacked because of the inequality of opportunity for which it is responsible. Life insurance is open to attack on similar grounds. Inheritance, through relationship, testament or life insurance, was abolished in Russia in 1919. Old people, invalids and minors affected by this abolition were put entirely in the charge of the State. The Constitution of 1936 re-established inheritance and life insurance. Equality of income has long disappeared. So long as inequality of income prevails, complete equality of opportunity among children is impossible. The inequality of opportunity arising from unequal

incomes has been increased by the re-establishment of inheritance and life insurance. Moreover the orphan children of prominent people are frequently endowed with grants which enable them to secure an education far above the average. This will appear surprising to those who thought that every child in Russia received the same education free of cost. This is far from the case. In 1940 substantial fees were fixed for secondary, technical, vocational and professional schools and even higher fees for universities. It is true that there are scholarships for the poor, but these are less generous and less numerous than in many capitalist countries.

Another cause of inequality of opportunity is the creation of cadet schools with special facilities for officers' sons and of schools reserved for the children of bureaucrats. The children of the workers and peasants tend to remain workers and peasants, whereas the children of the more favoured classes start higher on the ladder. The extreme mobility which existed in the early days of the Revolution no longer exists. The population has become stratified into income classes and this stratification is carried into the next generation. " A hereditary bureaucracy, technocracy and military caste emerges in the framework of a new type of class-society, based no longer on the ownership of the means of production but on control of the levers of the State and following the same trend towards self-perpetuation which characterizes all stable class-rule in history." The analysis of modern society contained in Burnham's *Managerial Revolution* is strikingly correct for Russia, where the dictatorship of the proletariat has been replaced by the dictatorship of the bureaucracy, the new hereditary ruling class. Dr. Julian Huxley, a friendly observer, states that " There is no pretence of equality in the present set-up in Russia. At the moment class privileges are, I should say, more marked than in Britain."[1]

The range of inequality of incomes in Russia is very wide. In the period following the Revolution an attempt was made to maintain complete equality of incomes, but the effort soon broke down. The first deviations took the form of allowances in kind for people in responsible public positions. These priorities and privileges in some cases amounted to exclusive country clubs or private holiday houses. In 1931 the principle of equality of money earnings was openly abolished. Equalitarianism in wages was stated by Stalin to be " alien and detrimental to socialist production ". It was denounced as a " petty-bourgeois deviation ". Since that date inequality between the remuneration of different grades of worker has widened until, to-day, it is probably greater than in capitalist countries. One factor that tended to increase inequality was Stakhanovism, which was the method employed to rationalize Russian industry on modern mechanized lines. The assembly belt system and graduated piece-work wage rates led to feverish competition among workers to win not only

[1] *The Listener*, 26 July 1945, p. 96.

the higher money wages but also the privileges in kind reserved for the "Stakhanovites" or team-leaders. Great inequality of labour incomes was the result of this device.

In 1943 the appearance of the first "proletarian millionaires" was enthusiastically welcomed by the Russian press. To be a millionaire is unobjectionable provided that one's income is not derived from property or profit. The superior position occupied by the children of these people will, however, be just as "unearned" as if their parents had been capitalist instead of proletarian millionaires. It is not only among wage earners that inequality prevails. Great inequality exists among workers on co-operative farms. The first millionaire was director of a State farm. In the Army the spread between privates' and officers' pay is much greater than in the armies of capitalist countries. The ratio of a private's to a subaltern's pay in the British Army is 1 to 4, in the American Army 1 to 3 and in the Russian Army 1 to 100.

The Russian worker definitely does not enjoy equality of income any more than the worker under capitalism. But, it may be argued, he has advantages of other kinds. The knowledge that he is working not for a private employer but for the State, that he has no master except a State official, that he is not helping to provide somebody with an unearned income—all this may make him feel happy and independent. Perhaps there is something in this suggestion. If such a feeling of independence increases the worker's felicity, some allowance must be made for it. It certainly seems to be the only respect in which the Russian is better off than the worker employed by a capitalist. He has no more security of employment. Foremen and factory managers have wide powers of dismissal, which, in certain cases, deprives the worker of his ration card and of his right to a dwelling-place. On the other hand the worker has no right to strike, to leave a job he dislikes or freely to move in search of employment. The right to social services frequently depends on the length of employment in one job, so that a change of employment may involve forfeiting benefits. Statistics of labour and standard of living are grossly deficient, but all the available evidence indicates that hours of work are long and real wages low.

The accumulation of capital needed for industrialization and re-armament involves a great deal of saving. It has been said that, measured by the fraction of the national income that is saved, Russia is the most capitalistic country in the world. A large part of this saving is forced saving attained by keeping down consumption by the workers. The debased condition of labour is possible partly because of the absence of a political opposition and of a free press which could voice the opinion of the workers, and partly because of the change in the nature of the trade unions. With the growth of the Five Year Plans the trade unions became integrated in the bureaucracy; their task was no longer to protect the

interests of the workers but to strengthen labour discipline and to promote productive efficiency. They have no influence in the fixing of wages. The recent history of labour in Russia may be shortly described in two phrases: firstly, the replacement of ideological by pecuniary incentives to increase production; secondly, the replacement of voluntary by enforced labour discipline. In addition to the ordinary workers whose conditions have been described there are large numbers in the Forced Labour Brigades whose position is not far removed from slavery. On this subject the statistical black-out is particularly dark.

There is not much in Mr. Koestler's picture of modern Russia to rejoice the heart of the socialist. The spread between earnings is at least as great as, if not greater than, that in capitalist countries. A privileged class has emerged and has succeeded in making its privileges hereditary. Russia is in no sense a classless society nor is it ruled by the dictatorship of the proletariate. The hours of labour are long, real wages are low, workers possess little security and less freedom. Whatever else Russia may claim to be, it cannot claim to be the socialist Utopia. All the promises of socialism have been belied, all the dreams dissolved. The single advantage which the Russian worker enjoys is that he is not working in the service of a private employer. Whether this rather nebulous and intangible advantage compensates him for his very concrete and tangible disabilities must be left to conjecture. To say that the worker does not work for a private employer is not to say that he is not exploited. The theory of marginal productivity, which is generally accepted by non-marxian economists, proves that, in conditions of competition, every factor of production is rewarded in proportion to its contribution to the productive process. If competition is perfect, one factor cannot exploit another. The worker enjoys the whole produce of his labour. In practice exploitation of workers by employers is, unfortunately, by no means unknown. But exploitation of employers by workers may also occur—when, for example, strong trade unions extort unreasonable terms from badly organized or poor employers. Whenever a factor of production secures more than its marginal contribution to production, exploitation, in the purely economic sense of the word, is present. The Russian worker does not share his produce with an exploiting private employer. He shares it, however, with a host of foremen, managers, bureaucrats, planning agents and other officials. In an authoritarian system of distribution there is no reason to believe that the principle of marginal productivity is at work. It cannot be suggested that the incomes of the vast army of officials are determined by their contribution to the production of the national dividend. All the evidence points to the existence of exploitation and to its tendency to increase.

The history of Russia in the last twenty years is capable of two interpretations. The first is that Russia has abandoned its socialist aspirations

and has become an expansionist, militarist nation exceptionally skilled in the game of power politics. This is the interpretation that Mr. Koestler accepts. The second interpretation is that Russia still moves on the road to socialism and that the deviations from socialist policy are mere temporary expedients capable of being reversed when the appropriate time comes. This interpretation Mr. Koestler refuses to accept on the grounds that " a survey of the relevant trends of development reveals a continuous and coherent movement in a direction opposed to fundamental principles of socialism " and that " even the theoretical formulations of these principles have been abandoned and replaced by a new ideology ". The official apologist of Soviet policy would reply that, in spite of admitted deviations from the true gospel of socialism, Russia remains fundamentally sane and sound in the socialist sense, because the profit motive has been abolished and private property in land and capital no longer exists. In other words, the nationalization of the means of production is in itself a sufficient guarantee for the eventual emergence of a fully socialist society. This is, however, by no means self-evident. Marx and Engels, the evangelists of socialism, denied that nationalization alone guaranteed socialism. Engels remarked that, if this were the case, the regimental tailor must be applauded as a socialist institution. Experience in recent years proves that nationalization and planning may lead equally to socialism and to fascism. Nationalization is a necessary condition for socialism, which cannot be achieved as long as land and capital are in private ownership. But it is not a sufficient condition. What emerges from nationalization depends upon the political and ethical context in which it takes place. In Russia it has led to " a State-Capitalistic totalitarian autocracy, pursuing an expansionist policy, which, though operating with new methods, reflects the old historic aims of Imperial Russia."

The reasons for the failure of the Russian socialist experiment to produce socialism are not hard to find. Russia was at the time of the Revolution a predominantly agricultural country, populated by a peasantry rather than by a proletariate. Lenin's statement that " socialism is Soviets plus electrification " means that socialism is possible only in a modern highly-industrialized country with a predominance of urban industrial workers. The great industrial revolution that has been achieved in Russia has not fundamentally altered the composition of the Russian working-classes who still remain predominantly rural. Even within this unfavourable environment more might have been achieved. The stratification of society and the emergence of a self-perpetuating ruling class were in direct defiance of socialist tenets and did much to deflect policy in the wrong direction. It may have been partly as a consequence of this development that the revolutionary incentives to labour broke down and came to be replaced by pecuniary incentives. Economic competition is the incentive of capitalism. When it is destroyed, new incentives must take its place.

The incentives of the Russian revolution were: collectivism to replace competition, voluntary discipline to replace economic and legal coercion, the dignity of labour to replace dignity of birth or position, international class-solidarity to replace chauvinism. These have gradually withered away. Their place has been taken by a combination of pecuniary incentives and coercion operating in an environment of materialism. As Mr. Koestler very justly remarks, " a society with no incentives and ethical values will, whatever its economic structure, either dissolve into chaos and anarchy or become a dumb mass under the whip ". It is the latter alternative that has been realized in Russia.

The Russian experiment proves again, as has frequently been proved before, that human nature cannot be changed by a change of institutions. It represents the failure of the Commissar who believes in change from without in contrast to the Yogi who believes in change from within. The Commissar believes that " all pests of humanity can and will be cured by Revolution, that is, by a radical reorganization of the production and distribution of goods ". This end justifies the use of all means. Every effort to change the nature of man by Commissar methods has failed. The reasons for the failure of the Russian Commissars are, in Mr. Koestler's opinion, their failure to take account of the irrational and of the spiritual elements in man. The classical economists, owing to their association with utilitarianism, have rightly been accused of over-rationalizing human behaviour. In this, as in so many other respects, socialism has taken its tone from the classical economists. " The ultimate reason for the failure of the Second, Third and Fourth Internationals, and of international socialism in general is their disregard for the irrational factor in the human mind. Socialist doctrine and Leftist propaganda remain based on the assumption that man is an entirely rational being who only needs convincing by logical arguments, evening classes, pamphlets, Penguins etc., to recognize his own interest and to act accordingly." This is perfectly true and it helps to explain the—at any rate, temporary—success of fascism which appeals to irrational elements in man's composition. Socialism inherited a second legacy from classical economics, namely its materialism. Of course, the materialism of classical economics lay only on the surface. The spiritual side of human nature was ignored but not denied. The official philosophy of Russia is definitely materialist, whereas the Russian people, like all other people, have a profound spiritual side to their nature. " The Russian Revolution has failed in its aim to create a new type of human society in a new moral climate. The ultimate reason for its failure was the arid nineteenth century materialism of its doctrine." The crowning of the Orthodox Metropolitan in Moscow Cathedral in 1943 was symbolic; it was " a confession of the Soviet regime's failure to create a new human creed, new ethical values, a new faith for which to live and die."

That the neglect of the spiritual side of human nature was partly responsible for the failure of the Russian revolution to establish true socialism must be admitted and is, indeed, undeniable. It is curious that Mr. Koestler, who allows that it was the case, should fail to examine more closely the claims of Christianity to fill the vacuum. Mr. Koestler has a perfect horror of fascism, which he detects in all sorts of unexpected places. His scent for a fascist is as keen as that of a hound for a fox. He is perfectly right in insisting that free institutions may vanish gradually and imperceptibly, until a fascist system has silently replaced them. "Freedom being a matter of degrees, the great danger for those who have not been immunized by experience is the smoothness of transition to successive degrees of unfreedom." Democratic countries are too much inclined to take their liberties for granted, forgetting that they have been hardly won and may be easily lost. "Those who have had no personal experience of fascism are as unaware of the basic constitutional liberties they enjoy as they are unaware of the composition of the air they breathe. This is perhaps the proudest achievement of the liberal era." In many countries to-day institutions which were taken for granted a few years ago are now the subject of nostalgic yearnings. Freedom of speech and of the press, the rule of law, the right of a majority to change the Government—these and other liberal institutions are everywhere threatened. It is important that people should be ceaselessly vigilant of their freedom. Otherwise something very precious may be filched from them without their knowing it. "The predicament of Western civilization is that it has ceased to be aware of the values which it is in peril of losing."

It is impossible to disagree with Mr. Koestler in his admiration for the free institutions which he regards as in such danger of destruction. What he fails to see is that those institutions have flourished only when there has been an agreed ethical system to direct the behaviour of the individual and of his rulers. Liberalism, in the good sense of that much abused word, is really an outgrowth of Christianity and has never flourished except on Christian soil. It is true that many liberal countries have, to a large degree, ceased to be Christian in faith, but their morals are rooted in many centuries of the Christian tradition. The civilized world is living on its ethical capital. This is, of course, generally agreed and is, indeed, almost commonplace. Mr. Koestler is not unaware of this position. Indeed he appears almost to accept it when he refers to the "two thousand years of Judeo-Christian ethics and a century of Western liberalism" which have left in the countries of Western Europe "a sediment which is not easily washed away by political storms on the surface". But he refuses to draw the logical deductions from what he observes and dismisses Christianity as just another myth. The writer of the review of his book in *The Tablet*[1]

[1] 12 May 1945.

states that " most of the time he is common ground with the Christians whom he likes so little ". That is perfectly true. It is not, however, a matter of very great surprise. Mr. Koestler is one of those who regret the passing of the Christian virtues while rejoicing in the decay of their foundation. He covets the Christian fruit, but despises the Christian tree.

The course away from traditional socialism appears to have been taken in Russia. Where does that course lead? Mr. Koestler, prophesying in terms of decades rather than of years, believes that Burnham's diagnosis may well be true and that the world is entering an era of managerial super-States in which the Commissar, under whatever name he may be described, will rule. In this desert of bureaucracy a few oases of democracy may survive. Mr. Koestler suggests (a suggestion of interest to Irish readers) that these oases will be situated on the periphery of the great fields of force. " It is quite possible that in the coming world of bellicose managerial giant-States of the Burnham pattern such marginal oases will survive; and that, although submitting to the general social-economic trend, they will be able to afford a greater amount of tolerance and old-fashioned humaneness than the main competitors." Ireland may be destined to fill this rôle in the future of Europe. Neutrality in the war may be symbolic of a capacity to resist the pressure of destructive forces let loose in the world. Mr. Koestler suggests that these enclaves of relative liberalism may " to a certain extent influence the climate within the competing giant-States themselves," and he recalls that " in the dark ages between the decline of Rome and the dawn of the Renaissance such oases assured the continuity of civilization." Ireland fulfilled this destiny in the first dark ages. Why should she not fulfil it again in the dark ages that may be coming? If we are to act as a refuge and a missionary of liberal institutions, we must be most vigilant to preserve our own liberties intact. Many enemies of freedom are in our midst. Fascists and crypto-fascists abound. " Fascism cannot be defeated on the battlefield alone; it has to be defeated inside peoples' brains, hearts and glands; for it is merely a new word for a very old state of mind "—a state of mind that may be encountered as frequently in Ireland as elsewhere.

GEORGE O'BRIEN

NEWMAN AND FATHER DOMINIC BARBERI

BY DENIS GWYNN

MANY people must have heard the name of Father Dominic Barberi almost for the first time when they read that, in connection with the centenary of Newman's reception into the Catholic Church, the English bishops had petitioned the Pope that the cause of Father Dominic's beatification should be pressed forward. The bishops of other countries have since united their own petitions in a similar sense; and many admirers of Cardinal Newman must have searched through the books concerning him to obtain fuller information about the Italian Passionist who received him as a Catholic. Their researches can scarcely have been satisfying. The relations between Newman and Father Dominic were so slender and of such short duration that even Newman had little idea of how eagerly Father Dominic had waited and prepared for the chance to render him that supreme service. Readers of Wilfrid Ward's official biography of Newman will find very few references to Father Dominic in its two massive volumes. Indeed most of them suggest that Father Dominic was so incapable of understanding English prejudices that his actions caused positive embarrassment to Newman. This was in fact quite true. Newman was almost morbidly sensitive and he always shrank from publicity; and the gratuitous tribute to his holiness and his learning which Father Dominic published, in reply to those who accused him of insincerity, even drove Newman to begging Bishop Wiseman to restrain him from such writings.

Yet Newman venerated that ungainly, supremely warm-hearted priest for other reasons besides gratitude for his assistance when the crisis came and for the experience of his intense spirituality when they were brought together. He had heard of Father Dominic's heroic and lonely missions in the English towns for several years before he decided to become a Catholic at last. Father Dominic had become a symbolic figure to him to an extent that would never be suspected by those who read his well-known letter to Henry Wilberforce on the day before his submission. "He is to come to Littlemore for the night," Newman wrote on October 7, 1845, "as a guest of one of us whom he has admitted at Aston. He does not know of my intentions, but I shall ask of him admission into the One True Fold of the Redeemer. . . . He is a simple quaint man, an Italian; but a very sharp clever man too in his way. It is an accident his coming here, and I had no thought of applying to him till quite lately, nor should, I suppose, but for this accident."

Newman's young disciple, John Dobree Dalgairns, had invited Father Dominic to spend the night in their hermitage, but Newman was so secretive where his personal feelings were concerned that he did not even let Dalgairns know his intention until he was actually starting out to meet

the coach by which Father Dominic was to arrive at Oxford. Late that night they arrived at Littlemore together on foot, drenched through with rain, and while Father Dominic was drying himself by the fire, Newman appeared and knelt at his feet to make his general confession. Next day Father Dominic received him and several of his companions, before going on to Belgium. He returned a few weeks later for a very brief visit; and they met again for a few days at the end of the year when Newman accepted Father Dominic's urgent invitation to stay with his small community at Aston. Apart from those brief occasions it seems clear that Newman never saw Father Dominic again.

How comes it, then, that in the centenary celebrations of Newman's conversion, Father Dominic has assumed so conspicuous a place? It is only in a close study of Father Dominic's life and letters that the explanation emerges with full force. Newman never knew how closely that humble Italian missionary had been watching every phase of the Oxford Movement; nor how, in the inspired conviction that he would undertake his most unlikely apostolate in England, he had foreseen some direct, mysterious connection between himself and its leaders. What Newman did know—for he mentioned the fact himself in his letter to Henry Wilberforce—was that "Father Dominic has had his thoughts turned to England from a youth, in a distinct and remarkable way. For thirty years he has expected to be sent to England, and about three years since was sent without any act of his own by his superior. He has had little or nothing to do with conversions, but goes on missions and retreats among his own people. I saw him over here for a few minutes on St. John the Baptist's Day last year, when he came to see the chapel." It all seemed so much more accidental than it really was.

Certainly Father Dominic could never have brought it all to pass himself. When he received his first vision which told him he was to preach the gospel in distant lands, he was an illiterate peasant boy with no apparent possibility of even being considered for the priesthood. He had wondered vaguely whether his apostolate was to be in China or in America; and then a second vision had told him quite clearly that he was to become a priest and that his mission was to be in England. Thereafter he never swerved from preparing himself, in absolute humility, for the appointed task. It was his superiors who admitted him for the priesthood, and who later chose him to head the little party who were to found the Passionist mission in England. But it was his self-taught studies as a boy that had impressed his superiors, and later it was he personally who had proposed in the General Chapter of the Passionists that a foundation should be undertaken in England. And later still it was he who had involved himself, in spite of all his natural disadvantages, in sympathetic controversy with the young spokesmen of the Oxford movement; and it was his own perseverance in a long correspondence with J. D. Dalgairns

which enabled him to pay a first visit to Littlemore, so that Newman need have no shyness, when the time came a year later, in begging for reception by him as a Catholic.

Father Dominic had gained the key to Newman's confidence at a time when Newman had refused to allow any personal association with Catholics, because discussion with them had such an unsettling effect upon his convictions while he was trying to see his way clearly. Some of his disciples had become Catholics while Newman's influence at Oxford was at its height, and he soon saw that there could be no tranquillity among them unless he forbade all fraternising. There had been little to fear until 1840, when Mgr. Wiseman returned to England from his rectorship of the English College in Rome to become President of Oscott and coadjutor bishop in the Midlands. The English Catholics generally had shown no sympathy at all towards the revival of Catholic practices and doctrines under the influence of Newman and his friends. In so far as they took notice of the Oxford Movement, they resented and despised these Protestant clergymen who claimed that they were really Catholic. But Wiseman had been almost alone in recognising the earnest sincerity and the superb scholarship of Newman and Pusey, and in the quarterly *Dublin Review*, which he had helped to found some years earlier, he had been contributing close arguments with them. Oscott, of which he was to be President, was not far from Oxford, and he had looked forward to establishing friendly relations with the Tractarians. But Newman showed from the first that he disapproved of such contacts, and he declined all invitations to meet Wiseman. And a few months after Wiseman's return, he published his famous Tract 90 in February 1841, which was intended to establish clearly that the Church of England, in spite of later abuses, had never ceased to be Catholic and that its doctrines could all be sincerely interpreted in a Catholic sense. His Tract, which had been written to strengthen his own convictions and to fortify and reassure all Anglicans who had been leaning towards Rome, was immediately denounced by the heads of Oxford University and Newman had to agree to discontinue the series.

From that date Newman immured himself more than ever, and he soon spent most of his time at Littlemore, a village on the outskirts of Oxford where he had made a little church to serve the poorest part of his fashionable parish of St. Mary's. There was one Catholic layman, the young convert Ambrose Phillipps, who had become closely acquainted with some of Newman's principal disciples and whose intense sympathy for the Catholic revival within the Church of England had won their confidence. Through his friends Phillipps sought to open direct religious discussions with Newman, and he had hoped for such meetings at Oxford just when Newman's Tract 90 created a tumult there. Newman not only refused to meet him, although expressing appreciation of the young man's sympathy. He replied at length to dissuade Phillipps from any

illusion that he was likely to make his submission to the Church of Rome. Newman had already been shaken in his belief that the Church of England occupied the *Via Media*, or middle road, between the errors of Rome and the errors of Protestantism. He was now relying on another theory, that the true Church could be recognised by certain characteristic marks, of which holiness was one. He had satisfied himself that such holiness was manifest within the Church of England as he knew it, whereas he saw no signs of it among the English and Irish Catholics. On the contrary, he held that they were prepared to compromise with Liberals and atheists to advance their own political ends; they were always seeking to discredit and destroy the Church of England, while offering nothing to replace it; and they were making no effort at all to spread the Catholic faith even in the pagan surroundings of contemporary England. In this letter, intended for Ambrose Phillipps, Newman wrote one particularly vivid passage which, though he had no idea of it, was directly prophetic of his own conversion at the hands of Father Dominic Barberi. "If they want to convert England," he wrote, "let them go bare-footed into our manufacturing towns, let them preach to the people like St. Francis Xavier, let them be pelted and trampled on, and I will own that they can do what we cannot. I will confess that they are our betters far."

There had been much truth in Newman's criticisms, and Father Dominic Barberi was himself to suffer acutely from discouragement when soon afterwards he arrived in England to fulfil his life's dream as a missionary. He found that the English Catholics, after living in seclusion for generations, were (as Wiseman himself described them) "just emerging from the catacombs". They almost dreaded any attempt to preach Catholic doctrines openly, for fear of arousing hostility and a renewal of the anti-Catholic laws. For the Church of England they felt a mixture of resentment and contempt, and towards the new movement in Oxford which was trying to restore Catholic doctrines and practices in the Protestant Church they felt only an angry distrust. Yet Father Dominic, with his passionate concern for the conversion of the English people, of whom he knew so little, had been told much about the Tractarians. Their writings seemed to him a portent of the Catholic revival that he longed to hasten. And just when Newman was sending that deliberate, if sorrowful, letter of discouragement to Ambrose Phillipps, one of Newman's young disciples, John Dobree Dalgairns, had published in the *Univers* in Paris a long letter explaining the earnest views of the young Anglo-Catholics in Oxford University. Father Dominic Barberi saw that letter, and at once published a long and detailed reply, expressing his ardent sympathy with the ideals of Newman's movement. His reply resulted in a personal correspondence between him and Dalgairns which continued for years, until it led to that invitation to Littlemore which enabled Newman to become a Catholic in October 1845.

It was through that correspondence, kept alive only by Father Dominic's untiring persistence, that Newman had heard of Father Dominic's sympathy with the Oxford Movement. Still more important, Newman had heard of his brave missions as a pioneer in the towns of the Midlands. There were long intervals in which Dalgairns failed to reply, being immersed in study and in writing; but Father Dominic reported constantly to his rather bewildered superiors in Rome that he was in correspondence with the hermitage at Littlemore and that he took care not to allow the correspondence to drop. The young convert Ambrose Phillipps had been one of his few English friends when he was stationed for a short time in Rome, and Phillipps had helped to decide the Passionists to make a foundation in England. It is very likely that he had shown Father Dominic that letter in which Newman had asked when would the Catholic priests "go bare-footed into the manufacturing towns and preach to the people like St. Francis Xavier." That was precisely what Father Dominic had travelled to England for, and he was the first missionary to attempt preaching publicly in England while wearing the monastic habit of his order, which included sandals. Father Dominic had expected that he would have to suffer much in his English mission, but even he had not been prepared for all the insults and derision and the violent assaults that he encountered during his first years as a missionary. But it must have comforted him at times to know that by his own sufferings he was setting precisely the example and performing the very labours which Newman had demanded, saying that he would acknowledge the greater virtue of those who acted so.

In the letters which Dalgairns wrote to him at long intervals from Littlemore—always in reply to some inquiry or some act of courtesy which Father Dominic had designed in order to keep that precious correspondence alive—there had been mentions of Newman's personal interest in the progress of Father Dominic's mission. The young clergyman had impressed upon him, what was evidently Newman's strong conviction, that the personal example of a Christian life was what mattered more than all else; that fine buildings and ceremonies would never make any real impression upon the English people. Mgr. Wiseman at Oscott had failed in all his generous efforts to establish friendly contact with the Oxford leaders, yet this rugged Italian missionary, speaking English with an accent which was almost unintelligible, had gained the confidence of the strangely secretive little community at Littlemore. And in the summer of 1844, when he had been preaching "to some 500 Protestants in a hayloft" somewhere near Oxford, he had boldly seized his chance of calling in person at the hermitage to meet Dalgairns for the first time. It was only a brief interview, but Newman himself and the others all gave him a friendly welcome, and he left with Dalgairns a theological treatise of his own which he hoped might help in solving their difficulties.

Months passed before Dalgairns wrote again, and Father Dominic must have felt that his uninvited visit had been a disaster. When he did hear again, it was a bitter humiliation to learn from the young man that he " had not yet found time " even to look at Father Dominic's treatise. But the letter concluded with a shy request which showed beyond the slightest doubt that they now regarded him almost as a confessor. On behalf of one of the community, who was obviously Newman himself, Dalgairns asked Father Dominic's help in procuring " shirts or girdles of hair cloth " and " a discipline such as ordinary persons would use ". Once more there was an interval before Dalgairns wrote to express their thanks for Father Dominic's immediate response ; and then many more months of silence until Dalgairns wrote again. This time it was to announce the final news of his own submission. He desired to be received as a Catholic at once, but in utmost secrecy in order to avoid causing pain to his parents before he met them. He begged permission to visit Father Dominic in his Passionist house at Aston Hall, so that he might be received there.

For Father Dominic it was the fulfilment of years of waiting and prayer. Writing immediately to say that he was cancelling his engagements so as to receive Dalgairns when he came, he added his " best respects to the Rev. Mr. Newman, Mr. St. John, and all your holy companions of Littlemore. Dear Littlemore, I love thee ! " he added. " A little more still and we shall see happy results from Littlemore. When the learned and holy Superior of Littlemore will come, then I hope we shall see the beginning of a new era. Yes, we shall see again the happy days of Augustine, of Lanfranc and Thomas." Within ten days Dalgairns had reached Aston, had been received as a Catholic by Father Dominic, and had returned to Littlemore. There most of the community were now dispersed, having gone separately to be received in different places. Newman had been left more isolated than ever, and he was so sensitive that he would not discuss his own position with anyone except St. John, who had now gone to become a Catholic at Prior Park. Not even with Dalgairns would he discuss matters when he returned ; but Dalgairns realised that if Father Dominic could possibly be at Littlemore when the crisis came, that might overcome all difficulties. He had himself told Newman about Father Dominic's missions from time to time : they had even met at Littlemore on that June afternoon in the previous summer : and it was to Father Dominic he had applied in full confidence for help in obtaining a discipline and hair shirts.

With Newman's consent Dalgairns wrote immediately to invite Father Dominic to stay a night at Littlemore, telling him that he might " find something to do " if he would come. It was the climax for which the Italian missionary had hoped and prayed for years, never believing in his humility that he himself was to be the instrument of Newman's

surrender. And even Dalgairns, living in close contact with Newman for the following days, did not know that Newman had decided yet. Father Dominic, when he heard the news as he was dismounting from the top of the coach, answered simply: "God be praised," and they did not speak again till they reached Littlemore. To his General in Rome, when it was all over, he wrote describing what happened and tried to explain the extent of Newman's influence in the Church of England. "He is reputed to be the most learned ecclesiastic in England," wrote Father Dominic. "In my judgment he is one of the most humble and lovable men I have met in my life. All that I have suffered since I left Italy is well compensated by such a happy event as this. I pray that all good Religious everywhere may be spurred on to pray more fervently than ever for our most dear England."

His superiors in Rome had heard so much from Father Dominic about Newman and Littlemore that they could scarcely regard it as an "accident" that he should have arrived there at the critical moment when Newman had decided to become a Catholic; nor were they surprised that Father Dominic had hopes of opening a permanent mission at Littlemore immediately afterwards. And Newman himself, after that brief but intimate acquaintance, became aware of how their lives had been mysteriously linked together before they met. More than thirty years later, when Newman had become a Cardinal and Father Dominic had been buried for some thirty years, the process of his beatification was being undertaken in Rome. Newman was officially invited to testify to his recollection of the humble priest who had received him into the Catholic Church. "Father Dominic was a marvellous missioner and preacher, filled with zeal," he wrote in reply. "He had a great part in my own conversion and in that of others. His very look had about it something holy. When his form came within sight, I was moved to the depths in the strangest way. The gaiety and affability of his manner in the midst of all his sanctity was in itself a holy sermon. No wonder then that I became his convert and his penitent. He was a great lover of England. His sudden death filled me with grief. I hope, and still hope, that Rome will crown him with the aureole of the saints." Few things would have gratified Newman so much as to know that when the centenary of his own conversion is being celebrated in all English-speaking countries as one of the momentous events of the past century, those celebrations should have been made the occasion, by the hierarchies of England and of other countries, for urging new petitions that Father Dominic's heroic virtues should be proclaimed to all the world.

DENIS GWYNN

BIRDS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

BY P. G. KENNEDY, S.J.

PART X.—SANDPIPERS.*

THE RUFF.—It must be remembered that "Sandpiper" is a popular, rather vague and comprehensive title. Originally, according to Willughby in 1676, it was the name given locally to the bird now known as the Common Sandpiper or Summer Snipe. But gradually it acquired a wider significance, and for almost two centuries it has been applied to nearly all the small waders which are not Plover or Snipe and which seem to be of an intermediate standing. The Ruff in appearance and habits does not look like the other sandpipers. But its true relationship to many of the small waders which are called sandpipers has been fully established by the systematists on osteological grounds.

The Ruff is a somewhat rare and irregular passage migrant to this country, occurring chiefly in autumn when many of the birds are immature. Though it has visited all the Provinces and every quarter of the country, it is most frequently found in the Bays of Dublin and Belfast, where according to Ussher and Warren it is probably an annual visitor. That it continues to be a regular visitor to the Dublin coast is borne out by observations of the species in recent years on the North Bull Island.

It is a medium-sized wader with a shorter bill and shorter legs than the Redshank. Though actually a smaller bird than the Redshank, it looks larger in the field, being thicker at the shoulders and with a more upright pose. And yet in winter plumage the two species might very easily be confused if seen only on the ground. In flight, however, the distinctions are obvious enough. The Ruff has a white wing-bar with sepia margining to the wings, so different from the white edging to the wings of the Redshank. It also has a white oval patch on each side of the tail, while the Redshank has a white area right across above the tail.

In the Ruff the sizes of the sexes are very different, the male being always much the larger. In winter both are alike in plumage: the back is ash-coloured with dark spots; the under-parts are white except on the neck and breast, which are ash-brown. In summer plumage the male or Ruff is probably the most variable of birds. It has on its head two bunches of long feathers and on its neck a flowing frill. The tufts and ruff may or may not be of the same colour, and may be purple, red, brown, black or white, and may be plain or variegated with some other colour. The female or Reeve is without the head tufts and frill and is in summer greyish brown spotted with black above and white underneath.

*For other Sandpipers see article in June issue, p. 252.

The Ruff, like the Quail and the Godwits, was formerly taken and kept in captivity for food in England. We read in a diary left by a Lord Torrington in the reign of George III: "There is a Glover of Spalding who fattens those dainty birds called Ruffs and Reeves for the tables of the Great. But the number of the birds is much decreased by the draining of the Fens. However, he sells about 1,200 dozen during the summer. These birds being pinioned are rendered very tame, very fat and very dear." Some of the birds were captured in England, but many were brought from the continent. Thompson tells of three hundred Ruffs in a huge basket which at Rotterdam were put on board a steamer bound for London. "The incessant fighting of the birds proved the grand source of attraction to the passengers during the voyage. Their crib was one great battlefield, in which every individual seemed to be at the same moment engaged and determined to keep up the warfare as long as life itself lasted. It was a continual battle and treading-down of the wounded and dying. About one half of them were slain before the vessel reached London."(*Natural History of Ireland, Vol. II. p.* 234).

Not without reason, therefore, did Linnaeus give to the bird the name *Philomachus pugnax*—a warrior spoiling for a fight. And yet in their natural state of freedom, though in spring there is much show of battle, the birds very seldom come to actual blows. Most of the fighting is sham—a kind of warlike tournament in which the tilt-yard is some knoll or some open space near the nesting ground. Thither all the males resort, each as a rule having his own particular stand on which he displays, flaunting his plumes and his frill. From their stands two or more Ruffs will advance into the arena in all their warlike might, with heads down, frills and tails expanded and wings half open and quivering. It looks as if all is set for a battle to the death. The rivals fly up at each other like fighting cocks about to strike, but when they meet bill to bill, they just indulge in harmless sparring for a while and each returns to his stance unscathed. Sometimes, however, when one Ruff ventures on the ground of another, there is serious fighting, though usually the intruder withdraws at the first show of opposition. The Reeves visit the display ground, generally as spectators. But occasionally one is said to select for her mate the Ruff of her fancy, ignoring the advances of the others. More often the Reeve leaves the show-ground pursued by one or more Ruffs, when it is thought the dominant male becomes her mate by right of conquest.

Mr. C. B. Moffat has written an exceptionally interesting account of four of the species which were in the Dublin Zoological Gardens, and his observations during the spring display go to show that, at least in captivity, the dominant male is the deciding or selecting party, no choice being left to the females. In an open-air enclosure there were two Ruffs and two Reeves. The Ruffs were quite unlike and easy to distinguish, the frill of one being nearly black and that of the other orange-red. "By the

middle of May the two Ruffs had divided the enclosure between them—or rather each had appropriated a quarter, so that they faced one another diagonally. The quarter that belonged to the black-frilled Ruff was also inhabited by both the Reeves, and the red-frilled bird was living in lonely state. Nothing could be clearer than that the black-frilled Ruff was the master-bird. Neither of the two Ruffs, except for feeding purposes, seemed ever to leave his own area ; but the dark bird was fond of menacing his red neighbour. . . Some interesting scenes occurred at feeding-time, as the trough to which all the birds had to resort lay outside both the appropriated areas. . . When the dark Ruff wished to feed, he was accompanied to the trough by both the Reeves. . . He never allowed them to leave his corner by themselves. . . Towards the end of May a revolution occurred in the enclosure. The red Ruff, hitherto the unhappy outcast, was transformed into the master bird. He took possession of the quarter that had hitherto been the black Ruff's, leaving the black Ruff no option but to retreat into the opposite corner, the old residence of the red-frilled bird. I need hardly say that the two Reeves formed part of the exchanged property. The red-frilled Ruff now had their company as completely to himself as it had formerly been his rival's " (*The Irish Naturalist*, March 1924). Mr. Moffat's conjecture for the change of dominance is that the black Ruff had begun to moult while the red bird was still in his fullest vigour. The whole series of observations prove that the Ruff which is physically the superior for the time-being not only monopolizes the Reeves but also occupies that part of the ground which for some reason seems to the birds themselves the most desirable.

The Ruff formerly bred in the fens of England, but there is no evidence of its having ever nested in Ireland. I have seen the species in its breeding ground in Holland, where being strictly protected it is very numerous and very tame. Its breeding range also includes much of northern Europe and north-western Asia. It migrates through Europe and Africa to Cape Province, and in Asia to Iraq, Persia, India, China, Japan and Borneo.

THE COMMON SANDPIPER.—The Common Sandpiper, or Summer Snipe as it is called, usually arrives in this country in the first half of April. This year I saw it at Glen-na-smole on April 9th, which was perhaps earlier than usual on account of the fine spring. By the first week in May pairs are fairly well distributed in almost every county wherever there are rivers, lakes and reservoirs with sandy shores. In July and August the parents and their young move down to the tidal rivers and to the sea coast, and they leave the country in September. Apart from these family groups, it is generally not gregarious, a flock of twenty or thirty being at any time regarded as exceptional, and it does not mix with other waders.

The word " common " is used as a specific or distinguishing title for

many birds—sometimes, to all appearance, quite inappropriately. Thus the Common Gull is much less numerous in many parts of Ireland than the Herring and Black-headed Gulls. So too in the case of the Common Sandpiper, one may tramp for a summer's day by suitable lakes and along the sandy reaches of rivers and meet with not more than two or three pairs, while in winter it is absent except for an occasional vagrant. It may be said to be common in distribution rather than in numbers. For the species is found over the greater part of the Old World, extending in summer across the north of Europe through Asia to Japan. In winter it makes its way from Europe to Madeira, the Canary Islands, Morocco, Egypt and throughout Africa to Cape Province and Madagascar, while in Asia it ranges from South Arabia to India and China, and through the Malay Peninsula to Australia and Tasmania.

The Common Sandpiper is easily recognised as a small wader with bronze brown or olive brown back and pure white under-parts. The sides of the head, neck and upper breast look uniformly brown at a distance, but at close range are seen to be pale buff with pronounced sepia streaks. The sides of the tail coverts and the outer tail feathers are white and a white wing-bar shows in flight. The bill is dark brown and the feet and legs are greenish-grey. This bird can also be readily identified by its flight which is unlike that of any other small wader. When disturbed it circles out low over the water alternating peculiar, flickering wing-beats and short glides on drooping wings. It usually pitches a short distance away. It looks a slender and graceful bird as it stands on a rock in mid-stream, on a wall or an embankment. I have seen it stand perfectly still, but generally it gives the impression of untiring energy with its ceaseless bobbing up and down like a Dipper and jerking its tail like a Wagtail. It runs quickly over the sands and wades into the water in pursuit of its food.

When flushed it utters three or more times a shrill note " twee-wee-wee ". Its song on the breeding ground—delivered in flight, on the ground or on some elevation—is a long rippling whistle which is perhaps best rendered by one of the bird's local names, " Kittie-Needie," repeated quickly two or three times. This song carries far over still water, and I have often heard it across a lake more than a mile wide.

The nest is found in various situations, but generally not far from water. I have seen it in the banks of streams, rivers and lakes, in shingle beds of rivers, in embankments and, at Glen-na-smole, in the wooded slopes adjoining the reservoirs. The nest, a mere hollow in the ground lined with a few grasses, is generally sheltered by some vegetation. The four eggs are laid early in May and are of a cream buff colour, usually spotted with dark markings. Only one brood is reared in the year.

The Summer Snipe is so attractive a bird that it is a favourite not only with naturalists but also with sportsmen. An angler at Brittas, Co.

Dublin, once told me that he looked forward with pleasure every year to the arrival of the Sandpipers on the lake. He knew the other birds on the water and he liked them all : the Swans that nested on the little island ; the Coot and Dabchick diving for their food ; the Mallard drakes keeping warily at a distance from his boat and ever on the alert as if expecting at any moment the coming of their mates, each with a flotilla of ducklings, from their nests on the hill-side ; the Willow Wrens and Reed Sparrows singing in the osiers on the shore. But the Sandpipers were his special delight. He listened for their cheery " Kittie-Needie " as he put out from the boathouse ; he felt their companionship while fishing, as they were never out of hearing—applauding, he liked to think, his skilful hookings, condoning his misses. He always located the nest in the grassy bank just by watching from his boat. He knew when the young in down had left the nest by the fuss and excitement of their parents who were silent only during the passing of the Grey Crows. Both parents attended to the catering, but one was always on watch. Very seldom did he catch a glimpse of the young, as at his approach they " froze " on the shingle, their finely peppered backs of buff and black down looking exactly like the stones on the shore. When he did pick them out, two points struck him : their absurdly large feet and the black line running from the base of the bill through the eye to the neck. They grew apace, gradually sprouting feathers to replace the down. He watched their first attempts at flight ; he noticed their rapid increase in strength and skill until they could travel the whole length of the lake. This he took as the beginning of the end, a sign that all too soon, in company with their parents, they would be moving down to the sea to be in readiness for the autumn migration.

THE SPOTTED SANDPIPER.—According to the records, this bird has visited Ireland only once. It was obtained at Finnea, Co. Westmeath, on February 2, 1899. The specimen, a female, is in the National Museum. It is an American species which nests in Canada and the United States and winters mostly in South America. So closely does it resemble the Common Sandpiper that in winter the two are not separable in the field. In summer, however, the American bird is easily distinguished by the round, black spots on the under-parts.

THE WOOD-SANDPIPER.—The Wood-Sandpiper breeds in northern Europe, ranging south to Denmark, Holland, North Germany, Poland, Serbia and the Sea of Azov. In Asia its breeding grounds extend through Siberia south to Turkestan, and through North Mongolia east to the Commander Islands. In the northern forest-belt it is the most ubiquitous wader during the nesting season, frequenting rivers, lakes and forest pools. It is less plentiful beyond the tree-limit. In the southern part of its summer

inge it favours marshy heaths and scrub-grown peat-moors. Having ested it migrates south through Europe and Asia, and winters in the Mediterranean region, throughout Africa to Cape Province, and from ndia through the Malay Archipelago to Australia, sometimes to Japan nd the Hawaiian Islands.

The Wood-Sandpiper is a very rare vagrant to this country in the utumn passage, having been obtained only seven times. Three have been hot on Calary Bog, Co. Wicklow, the first being on August 23rd 1885. On August 1st 1896, Dr. E. Blake Knox noticed three on the same bog, ne of which he shot on that date and another two days later. The emaining four specimens were got in four different counties: Mayo, ear Lough Cullin, on September 5th 1898; Waterford, near Tramore Bay, on August 25th 1899; Dublin, near Sutton, on August 19th 1901; nd Donegal, on Upper Lough Swilly, on August 17th 1910. It will ave been observed that six of the seven were obtained in August with ne in early September, while there has been no spring record. Apparently he chief migration routes of this species lie outside Ireland, with the utumn passage only occasionally touching our shores, that in spring eing considerably more to the east. This is confirmed by the fact that n England the bird is a fairly regular visitor in autumn while in spring it is much rarer and confined chiefly to the southern half of the east coast.

The Wood-Sandpiper is a little larger than the Common Sandpiper and a little smaller than the Green Sandpiper. But it is more likely to be confused with the latter on account of its white patch above the tail. The white area, however, is less prominent than in the Green Sandpiper which has, in addition to white coverts, a tail mostly white, not barred as in the Wood-Sandpiper. Besides, the Wood-Sandpiper lacks at all seasons the boldly black and white appearance of the Green Sandpiper, while it has the under-side of the wing light greyish, not blackish. Its legs, too, are longer. In summer plumage the back is conspicuously mottled and chequered with white markings, but these are much reduced in winter. No wing-bar shows in flight. When flushed it often flies high, but it has not the towering habit of the Green Sandpiper, rarely zig-zagging and wheeling.

The nest is usually on the ground, a mere hollow lined with grass, in which four eggs are laid. But this species has been known to lay in old nests of other birds, especially in flooded forests near rivers and lakes. Both parents incubate and both have incubation patches. The young are catered for chiefly by the male, the female soon losing interest and leaving the family altogether.

THE GREEN SANDPIPER.—This species is much more common than the last and, from recent observations in Co. Dublin, it appears to be an annual visitor. Except for May, it has been recorded for every month,

if we include the probable July record, but most of the occurrences are from August to March, some birds remaining to winter. It has been often found far inland, but more frequently in the maritime counties. Though it has been observed on or near the coast, it does not remain on the open shore but resorts to inlets, rivers and lakes. In Co. Dublin the Meadows River near Swords, the Baldoyle River and the stream at Portmarnock are favourite haunts.

The Green Sandpiper is somewhat larger, stouter and darker above than the Common Sandpiper. Its back and wings are olive-brown with some flecks of buff or white, and its under-parts are pure white. The upper tail-coverts and most of the tail are white, the central tail feathers having broad, blackish-brown bands towards the tip. This large splash of white on the lower back, contrasting strongly with the dark back and wings, gives the bird on the wing a distinctly black and white appearance. In flight, too, the absence of wing-bars and the sooty axillaries, or under surfaces of the wings, heighten the contrast. The bill, legs and feet are olive green. It is easily flushed, and almost invariably on rising utters a loud, clear " tui-tui-tui ". Sometimes it flies low, but as a rule it rises high, towering through a wide arc with many Snipe-like twists and turns. Some of the birds which I have watched made several short nose-dives in their erratic course. Though easily identified if a good view can be obtained, the bird is so shy and wary that it seldom gives time for more than a fleeting glimpse. It rises unexpectedly and disappears in a flash. But it has the convenient habit of returning to the same spot when the coast is clear, often within half an hour, so that with a little patience identification can be made certain. And then it will haunt the same place day after day for weeks and even months.

The Green Sandpiper breeds in the arctic regions of Europe and Asia, while in Europe its nesting range extends south to North Germany, Poland, The Baltic States, the Crimea and Caucasia, and in Asia from Siberia to Persia, Turkestan and Mongolia. Generally it lays in the old nests of other species, such as Fieldfares, Blackbirds and Thrushes, and in the dreys of squirrels. Normally four eggs are laid and the hatching is done mostly by the female. The young are at first attended by both parents, but by the male alone after about nine days. In winter the species is found in the Mediterranean region and in Africa south to Angola and Portuguese East Africa, and in Asia south to Ceylon and Java and east to Formosa, the Philippines and Borneo.

P. G. Kennedy.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN FIJI 1844-1944

BY CHARLOTTE M. KELLY

A HUNDRED years ago little was known of Fiji beyond the fact that its inhabitants were reputed to be the most ferocious cannibals in the South Seas; and, as a French writer puts it, "*ils n'avaient pas volé leur mauvaise réputation.*" The Cannibal Isles were regarded with horror even by those who themselves had not long renounced the practice of cannibalism. When in 1844 Bishop Pompallier, Vicar Apostolic of Central Occeania, declared his intention of establishing a mission there, he met with instant protest from the Christian chiefs of Wallis. "Fiji! But the devil's children are there!"

The Archipeligo of Fiji, lying between the Polynesian groups of Samoa and Tonga and the Melanesian groups of New Caledonia, New Hebrides and Solomons, is in the line of some of the most important trade routes of the world. Its modern capital, Suva, which has been called the "Clapham Junction of the Pacific," was an important naval base during the war. Yet the history of Fiji dates from comparatively recent times. The earliest mention was in 1643 when Tasman, the Dutch explorer, sighted some of the islands to which he gave the name of Prince William's Islands. More than a century later Cook lay-to off the most southerly, Vatoa, which he christened Turtle. In 1789 Bligh and his eighteen companions, adrift in the launch of the *Bounty*, passed through the group on the famous voyage to Timor, being chased by Fijian canoes near the Yasawas. He returned as Commander of the *Providence* to make further explorations and left his mark on the map in the Bligh Islands.

Shipwrecked sailors, escaped convicts from Botany Bay, adventurers—among them an Irishman, Connell, who gained great influence over the natives of Rewa by teaching them the use of firearms—visited the islands from time to time during the ensuing quarter century. But Fiji, two thousand miles from Australia and over a thousand from New Zealand, remained practically unknown until in 1827 Dumont d'Urville, searching for traces of the lost explorer La Perouse, made a survey of the islands. There are two-hundred-and-fifty of them, varying in size from Viti Levu with its four thousand square miles to a mere coral atoll. They have the typical beauty of the South Sea islands: luxuriant tropical vegetation, deep blue lagoons and golden beaches bordered with cocoanut palms. "So beautiful are the islands," wrote an American traveller of the time, "that I found it hard to believe what I knew to be the truth that they were inhabited by a heathen race of savage cannibals." The coral reefs that surround each island, the numerous uncharted shoals, as well as the

hurricanes that might rage at any time from December to May, caused d'Urville to describe the archipeligo as " the most dangerous in the Pacific ".

Of mixed Polynesian and Melanesian race, the inhabitants of Fiji united the quick intelligence of the former with the savage cruelty of the latter. Cannibalism, which had almost ceased in the other islands, was in Fiji not part of a religious ritual nor an occasional indulgence but an institution. The Fijian eat human flesh because it pleased his taste, and when the supply of conquered enemies failed he was not averse to eating his own relations. Matricide, patricide, infanticide were common, and when the missionaries arrived it was calculated that thousands were being annually exterminated in this way. Terrible were the barbarities inflicted on the victims by their captors, who cut them literally to pieces while still alive and opened their veins to drink their blood. As late as 1877 public feasts of human flesh were held; in 1883, one writer states, cannibalism prevailed everywhere except where Christianity had been embraced; and the last record of its existence dates only from 1894. The religion of the islands was a species of ancestor worship, the gods were malevolent spirits to be regarded with fear, and witchcraft was extensively practised. Such was Fiji a century ago when the Holy See determined to send out missionaries to this hitherto little known part of the world.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the Pacific islands were under the jurisdiction of the Prefect Apostolic of the Island of Reunion. But as the travellers' tales revealed the urgent need for missionary labours in the South Sea islands, Pope Gregory XVI in 1833 gave Eastern Occeania to the charge of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, the Picpus Fathers. Then, two years later, he offered the task of evangelising Western Occeania to the recently established Society of Mary, an offer which its founder, the Venerable Jean-Claude Colin, joyfully accepted. In December 1836 four Marist Fathers and three Brothers sailed from Havre with Bishop Pompallier. Among their number were Père Chanel, future martyr, and Père Bataillon, future Bishop, with whose name the establishment of the Church in Occeania was to be closely associated.

The miraculous conversion of Wallis, the martyrdom of Blessed Pierre Louis Chanel on Futuna, the conquest of Tonga by the prayers of the gentle Père Chevron, and of Vavau by the sufferings of Père Breton whose lonely death after ten years work without a single conversion brought a harvest of souls—these make an epic of heroism that will never be forgotten in the history of the missions.

In 1844 expansion seemed desirable, and Père Bataillon was made Vicar Apostolic of the newly created Vicariate of Central Occeania. A native of Lyons, a man of great energy and ardent zeal, the new Bishop continued the evangelisation of Tonga and sent missionaries to Samoa.

Then his thoughts turned to Fiji, whose two hundred thousand souls were still in the darkness of paganism. The task that confronted him was no light one. Two years previously Bishop Pompallier had attempted to visit Lakemba, one of the outer islands, but had been refused permission to land by the Chief and had had to be content with leaving a catechist, Moisese, there before going on to Tonga. Now Bishop Bataillon made a second attempt, taking with him Père Bréhéret, Père Roulleaux, a Brother and a couple of Wallisian catechists. The sky was dark and threatening as the *Adolphe* dropped anchor, a mist enveloped the island, and they could just distinguish the line of foam that fringed the shore. The pilot landed first to reconnoitre and came back with the news that an English ship had preceded the *Adolphe* to warn the islanders against invasion by " French Papists ". " If the Bishop wants me let him come and find me," was the attitude of the Chief. If he had thought to discourage the newcomers, he was disappointed. Bishop Bataillon was not the man to be put off by such a message. " Certainly I will meet this cannibal on his own ground. God is everywhere." To the captain's protests he replied : " I am a soldier of Christ. It is for me to confront the enemy." His reception was not reassuring. The natives fully armed with tomahawks and rifles surrounded him in ominous silence and there was no sign of Moisese. " Your people can stay here if you wish, but I will give them neither food nor shelter nor protection," pronounced the Chief. On that inhospitable shore the Bishop spent the night ; but, dawn bringing no change in the situation, he was obliged to take his departure.

Bishop Bataillon now decided to venture westward to the larger islands ; but such were the perils of navigating those waters that the captain would go no further than the island of Namuka, forty kilometres to the south. The voyage there proved dangerous, and the Bishop took his part in the work of bringing the ship safely through the reef-infested channels. At Namuka two chiefs gave promise of protection, and it was decided to land. With eager haste a wooden cross ten feet high was constructed by the ship's carpenter and painted white. Then it was lowered into the boat that was to take the missionaries to the shore. As this boat drew away from the *Adolphe* the Bishop, standing on the poop, intoned the *Vexilla Regis* while those on the water replied " O Crux Ave." The scene when they reached the island is best described in the words of the captain of the *Adolphe* : " I saw Père Bréhéret and Père Roulleaux, Frère Annet and the catechists form a procession with some of the natives. Pako (a catechist) was at its head carrying the cross. I watched them stop before a small rising round which knelt the islanders. Père Bréhéret took the cross and, inclining it towards the *Adolphe* in gesture of farewell and then towards the pagan islands in gesture of greeting, raised it to heaven and planted it in the soil of Fiji. At that moment the ship's cannon fired three salvoes, and flags were run up. I

was on my knees beside the Bishop with the crew kneeling round us. Then Monseigneur rose and intoned the *Te Deum*." In such a manner, at nine o'clock on the morning of the 12 August 1844, did the cross come to Fiji.

And for many years the cross was to be the portion of the missionaries. The sails of the *Adolphe* had scarcely disappeared beneath the horizon when a pirogue arrived from Lakemba bringing news of the "Papists'" rebuff there, and the latter had to watch the natives' attitude change from tolerance to hostility. The lack of fresh water on the island and the small number of the islanders made it evident that Namuka could not be suitable for a permanent mission, so it was decided to risk a return to Lakemba. The journey was made in a Fijian canoe and Moisese was discovered. He had endured much persecution for his faith, but had been able to baptize a dying native, the first baptism to take place in Fiji. The missionaries managed to establish themselves at Lakemba at the cost of great suffering and hardship. The word went round the island: "If the Papists ask you for food, give them none," and so they were reduced to searching the woods for roots and disputing with the rats the food left by the natives on the tombs of their ancestors. Several of the missionaries fell ill and were given medical aid by the Wesleyan ministers, who had been established in Fiji since 1835 and had made many converts. Père Bréhéret bears witness to the fact that they were "excessively kind," but the position was not made any easier by the circulation of a brochure published by the Wesleyans in the native tongue in which the Catholic Church was accused of teaching "diabolical doctrine" and was described as "the greatest scourge in existence". Calumny blackened the characters of the missionaries and physical violence threatened them, so that it was an event worth noting in Père Bréhéret's diary that one day he and his companions went out without being insulted.

"We have no consoling news to give you concerning our mission," wrote one of the Fathers to the Founder, "nothing to relate but continual contradiction and suffering. This is our daily bread ever since the moment we stepped ashore; contempt, insults, calumny, persecution, defection practically forced upon converts, want of decent clothing, of food . . . . these things we have to endure and many more." Four years of slow martyrdom went by and Père Mathieu, who visited them on behalf of the Bishop in 1848, wrote: "I found them in a state that brought tears to my eyes. They had nothing but crosses to offer to God. Suffering is their daily portion—almost the only nourishment they get at Lakemba. And the fruit of their mission—three neophytes and eight catechumens."

The Bishop's return in 1851 with six missionaries appeared to be the beginning of better days. Two new missions, M'Ba and Rewa on the big island of Viti Levu, and another on an island off Vanua Levu were established. The King of M'Ba was the famous Cakobau, the Napoleon

of Fiji, whose savagery was a byword even in that world of savages. None of his subjects dare approach him save on hands and knees, and when white men protested against his cannibalistic orgies his reply was: "You white people have oxen . . . my men are my oxen." It was said that when he died he had eaten eight-hundred-and-seventy-two "long pigs". Nevertheless, from Cakobau the Bishop obtained ground for a mission at Levuka on the island of Ovalau, and this was to be the centre of the mission movement for many years.

But these early missions were doomed to failure. Persecution had not lost its vigour, missionaries died or had to be withdrawn owing to ill health, and in 1855 Bishop Bataillon decided reluctantly to give up all the stations except Levuka. Twelve years of superhuman effort and on only one tiny point was the Church established. It was at this moment of depression that Père Bréhéret suggested to his discouraged colleagues gathered at Levuka: "Let us make a boat. Then we can go from island to island, winning souls for God." With much labour—if wood was abundant technical skill was lacking—the *Etoile du Matin* was built, and Père Bréhéret set out on the first of those voyages which were to last for the rest of his life. "Captain Bréhéret" became a legendary figure as he sailed the South Seas, the tiller in one hand, his Rosary in the other. "He is perhaps the most remarkable missionary that ever lived beneath the Occeanian sky," wrote his colleague, Père Favier. "His invincible faith gives him incredible energy; with an even temper, he is always calm and steadfast—like a rock beaten by the waves . . . Neither hunger nor thirst, neither fatigue nor danger of any kind can daunt him. See him as he battles, night and day, with the elements . . . now burnt by the heat of the sun, now drenched by torrential rains, half dead with exhaustion, often within an inch of shipwreck in the midst of those reefs in which our channels abound." When he was asked to write down his experiences, his reply was: "My helm is my pen."

Very slowly the mission began to make progress. The missionaries found themselves at first tolerated, then welcomed. But, as Bishop Bataillon wrote, "the devil who has reigned supreme in these islands is making every effort to retain his kingdom". Neophytes were attacked and beaten to unconsciousness, and persecution was assuming threatening proportions when, by a treaty with France, King Cakobau agreed to recognize religious liberty for his subjects and to ensure the safety of the missionaries. At once the number of catechumens doubled. In 1859 the Bishop revisited the islands and said Pontifical High Mass there for the first time. A year later the first Catholic school was opened at Levuka. A request for missionaries came from Rewa, one of the stations he had been obliged to abandon. "Go tell your King that I will send him two missionaries," was the Bishop's reply. "But let him not forget that, since he asks for them, he must be responsible for their well-being." It

was just fifteen years since the " Papists " had been refused hospitality by the chief of Lakemba.

If active opposition was lessening, there were still many difficulties to be overcome: the influence of the Wesleyans, the character of the Fijians themselves, vacillating, indolent, incapable of prolonged effort. The climate was comparatively healthy and there was no malaria; but the ardours of the mission work may be gauged from the fact that, of the thirty-four Marists sent to Western Occeania since 1844, twenty-five were dead in 1886. When in 1863 Fiji was made a Prefecture Apostolic under Père Bréhéret there were six thousand converts. " We are overwhelmed ! " was the joyful cry of Père Bréhéret. Reinforcements came from other parts of the Vicariate, and Levuka, Solevu, and Rewa formed the nucleus of a growing Catholic community.

The foundation at Melbourne in 1868 of the Polynesian Co. for the settlement of the islands brought an influx of immigrants to Fiji, and many cotton plantations were established; for the American Civil War had increased the value of sea island cotton. With the help of these Europeans King Cakobau and his chiefs attempted to form a constitutional government but the attempt ended in failure and mutual dissatisfaction. Then, in 1874, Fiji was ceded unconditionally to Great Britain, the King sending his war-club to Queen Victoria as a sign that club-rule had gone for ever. The club, restored to Fiji by George V and adorned with a silver crown and doves of peace, is now the mace of the legislative Council. A new era began for the islands and for the Church, though in the epidemic of measles which destroyed half the population about this time two thousand of the nine thousand Catholics perished.

The first Governor, Sir Arthur Gordon, found willing cooperation from the missionaries in his schemes for the education of the natives. A school for catechists was established by Père Bréhéret in 1878, and four years later the Marist Sisters came to Fiji to open schools for girls. (One of these Sisters is still living and has not left the Colony since her arrival there sixty-two years ago). Their coming had a stimulating effect upon the missions and in 1884 a native Sisterhood was started. A year later a station was opened at Suva, the new capital.

Père Bréhéret had been Prefect Apostolic for twenty-four years when advancing years caused him to petition the Holy See to relieve him of his post and to appoint a Bishop in his stead. His request was granted and Fiji became a Vicariate Apostolic in 1887 with Mgr. Julian Vidal as its first Bishop. Père Bréhéret did not relax his missionary labours however, and it was not until 12 August 1898 that, in the midst of a busy morning's work, he was seen to collapse. He died an hour later, just fifty-four years after that fateful landing at Namuka, and his funeral was an occasion for public mourning. " Such men are an honour to humanity " was said of this valiant soldier of Christ.

With the arrival of Mgr. Vidal and the many new missionaries he brought with him, the modern history of Catholic Fiji may be said to start. He set about consolidating existing missions and founding fresh ones, as well as building churches, convents, and schools to meet the needs of the developing colony. Boys' and girls' schools were opened at Suva by the Marist Brothers and the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny, and by 1900 every station had its schools. In 1894 was laid the first stone of the Cathedral of the Sacred Heart, whose twin white towers dominate the capital to-day and are the first sight that meet the approaching traveller's eye.

One of the greatest problems that Bishop Vidal had to face was the Indian population. Coming to work on the sugar and cotton plantations in 1879, the coolies had rapidly increased in number. Conversion was slow among a people who clung tenaciously to their own religious beliefs and customs. The Bishop sent two missionaries to Hindostan to learn the language, and in 1897 the first school for Indian boys was opened. But the problem for the most part remains unsolved. To-day there are ninety thousand Indians in Fiji and they threaten to outnumber the natives. There are at least four distinct tongues used by the different sections of the Indian community in Fiji, who are widely scattered among the islands, but Hindustani is the medium of instruction in most Indian schools. Indians are admitted to the secondary schools and colleges, and the first Fijian-born Indian priest was ordained in 1922. He is still working in Fiji, and another is due for ordination shortly.

The European war of 1914-1918 did not affect Fiji directly; but it made transport difficult, retarded vocations, and put a strain on the ageing Bishop. In 1922 he died after thirty-five arduous years in office—during which time the Prefecture became a Vicariate, while the number of stations grew from eight to eighteen and the Catholic population from six thousand to twelve thousand. Bishop Vidal had a worthy successor in Bishop Nicholas: schools multiplied and a native seminary was established, where four native priests, now ordained, began their studies for the priesthood.

To-day the Church in Fiji is throbbing with life and activity. It has twenty thousand Catholics, twenty-four stations, twenty-eight Marist Fathers (of whom four are Fijian), one Indian secular priest, twenty-two Marist Brothers, and seventy-three missionary Sisters, as well as native Brothers and Sisters and more than four hundred catechists. At Cawaci, besides the native seminary, there is a High School, a Training College and a technical school. In 1911 a Government hospital for lepers was established at Makogai and given to the charge of the Missionary Sisters of the Society of Mary where, in beautiful surroundings and with skilled attention, a high proportion of cures are obtained. A Protestant visitor described it as " a place of quiet and happy efficiency, where nature and

religion work hand in hand with science." In 1936 Confraternities were introduced into Fiji, and in 1941 the first Praesidium of the Legion of Mary was formed.

With the outbreak of war in the Pacific the Fijian Military Forces were reinforced by New Zealand and American troops. Many of these were Catholic, and since their arrival the figures for native converts have grown perceptibly.

Bishop Nicholas died in 1941, and there was an interim of three years during which the affairs of the Vicariate were administered by Father Oreve, Pro-Vicar. Now two important events have just been celebrated: the centenary of the Church in Fiji and the appointment of the third Vicar Apostolic, the Most Reverend Victor M. Foley, S.M., who was consecrated at the Cathedral at Suva on 6 August 1944. Born in England of Irish parents and educated at St. Mary's College, Dundalk, the new Bishop was ordained at Paignton in 1936 and went straight out to Fiji. With him at present are four other missionaries from the Irish Province.

The Catholic missions have made great progress since their inauspicious beginnings on the island of Namuka, but much remains to be done. Twenty thousand Catholics are a small proportion of the two hundred thousand inhabitants of Fiji, of whom eighty-five thousand are Wesleyans and seventy-one thousand Hindus; but the Church embarks on her second century in these islands confident that in God's good time a rich harvest of souls will be well and safely gathered.

CHARLOTTE M. KELLY

THE DIFFERENTIAL OF HUMPTY DUMPTY

OR

ALICE AND THE SCIENTISTS

BY ARTHUR LITTLE, S.J.

MATHEMATICS is the most successful of all disciplines for arriving at knowledge. One reason is that everyone qualified to judge at once agrees with the solution of every mathematical problem correctly solved, and the unqualified know themselves unqualified and accept the word of the experts. Another reason is that, when any real problem soluble by mathematics has been correctly stated and worked, then the predictions of the mathematicians can generally be confirmed by experiment ; you can often actually discover what the mathematician has foretold will be there for you to discover. Mathematics is unique, not indeed in being an infallible way of knowing truth, but in being *obviously* infallible—in having credentials of its infallibility that anyone can discern without much trouble ; it is a form of deductive reasoning that has been rigorously checked by experience.

It would seem however that the success of mathematics must be small because of the unimportance of the information that it can give us. It is concerned solely with the measurement of extension or quantity. Apparently then it can only give us information about the dimensions of bodies in space and their distances or their durations in time. But on reflection we find that weight comes within its scope. And when we measure weight we are actually assessing a *force*, gravitation, by relation to a quantity. And as we proceed we seem to discover gradually that all the aspects of the material world, even if not quantitative in themselves, can be investigated by mathematics because of their proportionate relations to quantity. Even the labouring intelligence of the schoolboy starts subtle motions in his body that can be detected and measured. And I believe that many schoolmasters in America already act on the assumption (not unreasonable too, at least as an initial hypothesis) that these reactions are actually proportioned to the intensity of the act of intelligence itself and thus measure it, that here at last is a sneak whose word can be confidently taken.

And so—though, in spite of the above, mathematical science is limited in scope—its brilliant success within its own sphere has led many to a virtual denial of this limitation. Since, whisper the scientists to themselves, all that we have succeeded in discovering about the world with infallible precision are its measurements, then these are simply all that we have discovered ; since all our attempts to discover something else have failed, it is proved by the whole experience of man that there *is* nothing more

to discover. They admit measures and possibilities of measurement, bu virtually deny that there is anything underlying that is measured. Modern science may be defined as the discovery of further measurabilities by measurement; it tends to deny (though the denial is getting less wide spread) that anything else exists. Clearly, if it be true that science tends to deny the aspects of material things inaccessible to mathematics, then immaterial realities, the spiritual imponderables, must tend to seem still more chimerical to the thorough-going scientist. They are utterly remote from his method, the only method, according to him, of rigorous proof. " Everything " says Max Planck " is either determined or else everything is free "; in other words necessity or contingency is universal. The choice is between pantheism and atheism. You may call the world god or you may deny divinity altogether. It will only be an arbitrary dispute not about a world, but about a word.

This claim of science is challenged in a brilliant pamphlet by Mr. Geoffrey Hoyland, mathematician, scientist, and Quaker, however discon certingly warlike he may show himself regarding the Catholic Church. His challenge does not consist in proving by another method the facts overlooked by science. This has been done before, but without effect for it is futile in practice to disprove the contentions of science by a method unacknowledged by science unless one first attacks the scientific arguments. So Mr. Hoyland levels his attack on the particular mathematical weapon that founds the virtual claim of science to dictatorship. He attacks the calculus. But he does not question its validity, as Berkeley was constrained to do by his philosophy. He asserts that the error is to claim for its conclusions an exhaustiveness that they have not. The differential calculus explores the smallest parts of things (or at least the parts as nearly the smallest as makes no matter); the integral calculus claims to explain the things themselves by reassembling the parts. The error is the tacit supposition that things, even trees and animals, are only heaps, the ignoring of their essential and often vital unity. The calculus is a filter, as Mr Hoyland picturesquely calls it, leaving behind that singleness of form that makes each thing what it is and delivering it in fragments. For the whole is *not* merely the sum of its parts.

But surely we all learned this truth when we were two years old We caught our fly and, applying the principle of the differential calculus pulled it to pieces to find out what it was made of. But when we applied the principle of integral calculus and tried to reconstruct the insect from the pieces, not all our fastidious care to gum the right parts on the right

[1] *The Tyranny of Mathematics*. London: S. C. M. Press. 1945. 1s. 6d.
The writer of the present article does not claim to be a mathematician; he has only had a glimpse of the Promised Land from afar. But he believes that the glimpse has been authentic, not that of a mirage, and suspects that its description may prove more illuminating to intelligent non-mathematicians than the more profound expositions of experts.

places gave us a thing that could walk and fly; something that made the fly a fly had escaped discovery by disappearing for ever. And this doctrine that a heap is not a unity had even been explicitly exemplified to us in the ancient nursery classic of Humpty Dumpty. Once smashed all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't put him together again. It was a long time after that before we were old enough to be simple enough to be duped into believing the Logical Positivists who told us that everything was a scrap-heap.

At this stage it occurred to me to seek further information on the significence of the Humpty Dumpty parable by consulting the deservedly famous commentary in *Through the Looking Glass*. But here I was checked by the well-known suppression in this work of the pages describing the attempt to reconstruct Humpty Dumpty. That these pages formerly existed is clear from the implied promise to tell the whole story in detail that is outlined in the full poem quoted in the text, and also from the fact that the episode of the unsteady soldiers remains incomplete and meaningless in the published edition. For these and other reasons all the great authorities who have spent their whole lives from the age of seven in study of the Alice literature are unanimously agreed that a long passage has here been suppressed.

The reason why it was suppressed is only too clear: the author was himself a secret mathematician. During the day as Lewis Carroll he would play with children in the woods, gather flowers, and tell fairy tales. But in the gloom of night, under the name of the Rev. C. L. Dodgson, he would put on his other personality and his black clothes, and alone in his study would plunge into dark orgies of analytical geometry. Nor could he, like De Quincey, condemn his habit in a period of temporary emancipation, for he never broke himself off the craving. And so, rather than confess his inconsistency, he suppressed the passage condemning his practice.

Readers will probably not care to dwell any longer on this picture. So I shall hasten to the main purpose of this paper. By a rough application of the principle of the integral calculus it has been possible to reconstruct the missing chapter with approximate accuracy from its context in the published edition. Let us presume therefore that the crash betraying the disintegration of Humpty Dumpty has been heard by Alice and that she stands surrounded by the heroes who have fallen in the charge of the very blindly obedient army. Let us presume that this is the real end of Chapter VI, as it probably is, and that then with the following words begins

Chapter VI B

The confusion got worse every moment, and Alice was very glad to jump away from the heaps of fallen men and run back to the wall where

she had left Humpty Dumpty. There she found an Officer with a few men of the advance guard, very battered after their falls.

" The only way to get an army to fight " the Officer was saying " is for the officers to frighten their men from behind and make them run away in the direction of the enemy ; if they get there before the enemy is frightened by *its* officers, then the enemy will run away from them and they win. Victory is being more frightened of your officers than of the enemy."

But Alice was not paying attention. She was looking at the ground where all that remained of her friend lay in two large hollow pieces and a number of small ones.

" O, poor Humpty Dumpty ! " she cried. " I'll never see him again. He's more unsatisfactory than ever."

The Officer was staring in front of him morosely. " Nonsense," he said without turning his head, " you're seeing him now. All you have to do to see him again is to shut your eyes and then open them."

" But I don't see *Humpty Dumpty*," said Alice ; " I only see his—his remains."

" And what more do you want ? " said the Officer impatiently. " You admit, I suppose, that Humpty Dumpty fell to the bottom of the wall ? Well, everything that fell to the bottom is still at the bottom, as you can see for yourself ; and so Humpty Dumpty is at the bottom, only he's a little more scatter-brained now than before—just differently distributed, as you might say."

" Still," said Alice doubtfully, " when he's scattered he doesn't *look* like Humpty Dumpty."

The Officer walked up to her. " Look," he said, " I'll have to teach you that officers know everything ; that means they know more than you know. Now, first of all, won't you admit that the whole of anything is simply all its parts considered as making one thing ? "

" But," said Alice, " how can all the parts be equal to anything if each of the parts is unequal to it ; equality out of inequality is like getting a silken purse out of a sow's ear." (Alice had heard these words before : she could not remember where).

" Bless me," said the Officer, " the child is mad ; she's thinking ! Tell me, you know at least that two and two are four ? "

" Not quite," said Alice, " at any rate not where I come from."

" Well, they are here," rasped the Officer ; " I know because it was on the exam. paper for my final."

" No," said Alice firmly, feeling that she must make a stand. " If they aren't four in my country, they aren't anywhere."

" Ha," cried the Officer triumphantly, " how do you know ? You haven't *been* everywhere, have you ? " Alice murmured " No."

The Officer chuckled. " You had to say that, you know," he said :

" because a person can't be everywhere ; he has to be somewhere. But if you haven't been everywhere, how do you know that two and two make four nowhere ? "

" I don't know *how*," said Alice desperately, " but I do *know*."

" At any rate," the Officer grunted, " there's *something* you don't know. But, tell me, in your country what more do you want for four than two and two ? "

" Why," said Alice briskly, " you want to put them together."

The Officer gaped and Alice heard him whispering to the men : " She has me there : I forgot that." Then he turned to her and said : " At any rate, if we put Humpty Dumpty together, we shall *then* have Humpty Dumpty ? "

" Only," said Alice, " if nothing more has been lost by his fall than his togetherness. If we have Humpty Dumpty once we put these bits together, then he never was anything but a number of bits put into a certain order ; and *I* think he was something more."

" Wait," said the Officer sharply, " I'll show you. Ever heard of Leibniz ? " Alice shook her head.

" Good," said the Officer, brightening up ; " there's something else you don't know, and *I* know it this time ; that makes me an upperhander, which means a person you've got to believe. The kind of thing that Leibniz did was to measure a rate of change that was itself continually changing." (Here he began to speak in a loud voice very quickly and confusedly into Alice's ear). " Now applying the principle of his calculus to a plane surface determined by a quality varying at a continually varying rate ; we wish to find out the variation of the quality at a given point. The independent variable will be the plane surface considered as increasing as it is extended. The quality is its primary function. The derived function will be the rate of change of the quality relative to the extension. To solve, proceed to the limit and ascertain the differential of the derived function by determining the rate of change in an infinitesimal distance. Then the process of integration can begin." He studied Alice with a worried intentness a moment and then said anxiously : " Do you understand that ? "

" Some of it perhaps," said Alice doubtfully, not wishing to be too disappointing.

The Officer sighed and looked depressed. " Too bad," he said. " I *meant* you not to understand any of it."

" Is that why you spoke so quickly ? " asked Alice.

" Of course," he groaned. " It's so easy, you know, that I was afraid you would understand if I spoke slowly. But," he added in an awed whisper, " two and two is hard." Then his face suddenly filled with rage and he shook his fist at Alice shouting : " But I'll puzzle you yet."

Alice was now beginning to see how she could get the information

she wanted. "Perhaps," she answered meekly, "I would understand better if you would only speak more quickly and use bigger words."

"We'll see about that," said the Officer frowning. "Here, try to understand *this* if you can!" (Here he began to speak very slowly and distinctly). "Suppose we consider a frog that is two inches all round but can swell itself out until it is twelve inches all round. We want to know how long it will take it to puff out its chest to the full. Now the difficulty is that the more it swells, the harder it gets to swell and the slower it swells. And so we cannot measure the rate at which it swells. If we ask at what rate of increase per minute it grew from two inches to four inches around the chest, we cannot answer as the rate was getting slower all the time. What Leibniz did was to consider the rate of change in the smallest possible length of time. Here the rate cannot change, for it takes a longer time to change the rate than merely to have a rate—a longer time therefore than the smallest possible time. And so, because the rate is fixed in that smallest part, we can measure it; and we can measure it in the next smallest part that touches the first one, where it is slower; and because it gets slower according to a law, we can calculate what it will be at any future point. Now suppose we consider a bit of Humpty Dumpty. Here we are dealing with a swelled head instead of a swelling chest; going on from this bit he grows in space instead of in time. Now if we can figure out the smallest possible part of this bit, we can calculate what he will be like when he has covered six inches and so on until we know what he will be like when he is complete. Then we shall know how to put him together again and—there you are, aren't you? I hope I make myself sufficiently obscure."

"If you have the stuff," said Alice reflectively, "to make him out of."

"What difference does that make in an abstract question?" replied the Officer testily. "Good gracious, child, can you not be unpractical for once? Well, do you misunderstand me yet?"

"I'm beginning to understand" said Alice.

"Well, that's something" he answered. "A minute ago you seemed to understand something; now you're only beginning to understand. Perhaps" he said hopefully "if I go on explaining, you will soon not understand at all?"

"I can't promise," said Alice, "but I'll do my best."

"You're not a bad child at all," said the Officer. Meanwhile he had picked up a fragment of Humpty Dumpty's remains and was breaking it into smaller portions.

"What are you doing that for?" said Alice in distress.

"Why, looking for the smallest possible part; we must do that if we are to work out what he will look like when he is together again."

"But there isn't a smallest possible part," Alice said. "Every part must have some size and therefore must have a smaller size possible."

The Officer smiled in a superior way. " Amn't I getting nearer every moment to the smallest possible part, and how can I get nearer to what doesn't exist ? "

" But " Alice protested " it will take a long time."

" Years perhaps," said the Officer cheerfully, continuing his work. But I can just manage to afford the time, though I *am* very busy at present."

Then Alice had a bright idea. " But," she cried, " you needn't actually *find* the smallest part. Can't you work out what it would be if you found it, and use the answer to the sum as your unit for figuring out Humpty Dumpty's other parts ? "

The Officer stared at her. " You know," he said, " you really are some use after all. I'd forgotten I could do that." He turned to one of the men and threw the fragment over to him. " Here, Sergeant," he said, " work out the answer to that." The Sergeant made no attempt to catch the piece which fell to the ground. " The adjutant has done it already " he said in a surly voice. " He always wants to be first. Here is his answer." And he held out a large document.

" Then put it aside," said the Officer, " and start putting Humpty Dumpty together. No time is to be gained by waiting."

" You mean," said Alice, " no time is to be lost."

" I said gained," rasped the Officer. " *Is* any time to be gained by waiting ? "

" O, don't let's start over again," said Alice. " But aren't you going to correct the putting together by the answer to the sum ? "

" Of course not," said the Officer, " we're going to correct the answer by putting him together and seeing if the answer fits all tests. Otherwise how shall we know that we have found the right answer ? "

Alice did not know what to say to this, so she kept quiet. Meanwhile in a surprisingly short while all the fragments had been fitted together and held in place by transparent stamp-mounts. Then with great care the soldiers rearranged the whole on top of the wall.

The Officer examined the document. " Perfectly correct," he said, and turned to Alice : " There's Humpty Dumpty for you," he said shrugging his shoulders as if the task had been very easy for a man of his cleverness.

" *That's* not Humpty Dumpty," said Alice with tears in her eyes for her friend. " He's dead."

" Well, what of that ? " asked the Officer peevishly, " Isn't a dead secret more of a secret than any other ? Humpty Dumpty really only comes to himself when he's dead."

" That's not *Humpty Dumpty*," said Alice again, stamping her foot.

" Of course it's Humpty Dumpty," snorted the Officer. " It must be ; we have gathered up all the bits that fell from the wall and put them

together in the right order. Besides, he is exactly the same as the answer to our sum, which told us how to make Humpty Dumpty; and when mathematics says it is, it is."

"I don't care," cried Alice, "Humpty Dumpty could talk and move and that can't."

"Perhaps he's tired," said the Officer. "After all it must be rather fatiguing to be turned into little bits. Give him time and perhaps he'll wake up. Humpty, are you there?" he called out in a friendly tone.

"He's not there," said Alice; "you've nothing there but a collection of the bits of him, and I keep telling you he was more than a collection of bits. He's not just tired; he's dead; he's gone."

And, feeling miserable, she rushed out of the wood.

Here Chapter VII begins with the words:

Alice was very glad to get out of the wood into an open place etc. as in the published text.

ARTHUR LITTLE, S.J.

NOTE FOR PHILOSOPHERS.—Readers who have studied philosophy will have observed that the Officer takes for granted Leibniz's view of the nature of continuous extension rather than the philosophically more correct view of modern mathematicians. For Leibniz extension was actually composed of unextended ultimate parts, and these were his infinitesimals or units of calculating the whole. Nowadays, however, it is generally recognised that there are no ultimate parts. The unit of calculation is designated as that which is smaller than any assignable fraction of the whole.

Such a unit however, because it is of undetermined size, is just as impossible to realise as the Leibnizian infinitesimal. Its only advantages over Leibniz are that it does not deny the extension of any part of the continuum and is not claimed by mathematicians to be capable of realisation. Hence arises the problem of the validity of the calculus even in its own sphere. How can one measure reality with an unreal unit of measurement? How can one construct an actually existing extension by the multiplication of parts none of which can exist? I suggest the following answer:

The modern unit of calculation in the calculus is not a falsity but an abstraction. It includes the truth of matter (even its extension) and nothing but the truth, but deliberately it does not include the whole truth. It disregards the further divisibility of matter beyond a certain point and, on the supposition that it has now got to an indivisible extension, asks what is the state of affairs, the rate of a progress for example, in such a part. The answer cannot be actually verified in any condition of reality, for it depends on the presupposed omission of a necessary condition of matter, in other words on the presupposition of an indivisible extension. But when we calculate what form our conclusions about the unit will take in a larger extension, forthwith we are dealing with a divisible quantity and a possible reality and our conclusions can be perfectly verified. For they have been drawn not about the *indivisibility* precisely of that indivisible extension but about its other aspects all of which are actually true. Hence the conclusions of the differential calculus are unreal almost in the measure that the universal concept of man is unreal (that is they are only fundamentally real). But the conclusions of the integral calculus (the operation that is really important for science) are as real as are men in the concrete

BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF IRISHMEN IN FRANCE

BY DR. BICHARD HAYES

O'Kennedy, Ambrose, ecclesiastic. A member of the Dominican Order, he studied philosophy at Louvain and theology in France. Soon after ordination as a priest he became a lecturer in philosophy at Grenoble and later lecturer in theology at Poitiers. He was affiliated to the French province after obtaining his doctorate at Poitiers. He died of apoplexy in that town in 1704.

O'Leary, Arthur, ecclesiastic. Born near Dunmanway, Co. Cork, in 1729. Emigrating to France he was educated at a Monastery of Capuchin Friars in Saint Malo, where he entered that Order. During the Seven Years War a considerable number of captured prisoners, many of whom were Irish Catholics, were confined at Saint Malo. The French government appointed O'Leary chaplain to the prison camp and hospital of the town. While functioning as such it was suggested to him by the Duc de Choiseul, Minister of Foreign Affairs, that he should persuade the Irish prisoners to transfer their allegiance from England to France. O'Leary, however, refused to entertain the proposal, but continued to hold the chaplaincy till the end of the war in 1763. After living for twenty years in France—where, among various distinguished personages whose intimacy he enjoyed, was Cardinal de Luynes, archbishop of Sens—he returned to Ireland. Later he proceeded to London and became chaplain to the Spanish embassy. He received a pension of £100 yearly for the loyalist tone of his writings on Irish affairs. In 1784 he was offered an extra £100 annual pension on condition of his going to Ireland and giving information to the English government regarding the secret designs of the Catholics there. It is generally believed that he accepted the offer—" consenting for money ", as Lecky states, " to discharge an ignominious office for a Government which distrusted and despised him." He died in London on 1 January 1802.

Olliffe (Mac-Auliffe), Sir Joseph, physician. Born at Cork in 1808. Son of Joseph Olliffe, merchant, by Elizabeth MacCarthy of Sunville, Co. Limerick. He was educated at Paris, where he graduated as master of arts in 1829. He acted as tutor for some time in the family of the Count de Cresnoi, and went through a course of medical studies in the university of Paris, in which he took his medical degree in 1840. He soon acquired an extensive practice, was a Fellow of the Anatomical Institute of Paris and for a time was president of its Medical Society. In 1846 he was created a member of the Legion of Honour, and in 1855 Napoleon III promoted him to the rank of Officer of the same Order.

In 1852 he was appointed physician to the British Embassy in the French capital and was created a knight in the following year. He was the physician and intimate friend of the Duke of Morny, brother of Napoleon III. It was Olliffe who first saw the great possibilities of Deauville in the department of Calvados as a fashionable resort. He imparted his views to the Duke of Morny, and both co-operated in extensive building operations to such an extent that the place became one of the leading holiday resorts of France. Olliffe, who is generally regarded as the founder of Deauville, died on 14 March 1869.

O'MAHONY, BARTHOLOMEW (COUNT), soldier. Born on 5 January 1749 at Castleisland, Co. Kerry. Son of Michael O'Mahony and Helena Holles, and a kinsman of Colonel Daniel O'Mahony the hero of Cremona. (*See* O'MAHONY, DANIEL). He became naturalised in France in 1767 and entered Berwick's Irish regiment, in which he held the rank of captain in 1771 ; he was later transferred to Walsh's corps, becoming its second colonel in 1778. Soon afterwards he was created a Knight of Malta and in 1788, on making a request for letters of nobility, the title of count was conferred on him. Transferred back to Berwick's in 1784, he was its commander in 1791—two years after the outbreak of the Revolution—when the army officers had to choose between remaining in France or joining the émigrés beyond the frontier. At the time O'Mahony's regiment was in garrison at Landau near the Rhine ; he marched towards it one day with a view to crossing it. Captain Oliver Harty (*see* HARTY, OLIVER) challenged his action and, addressing the men and officers, called on them not to desert their adopted country. The result was that most of them refused to accompany their colonel-commandant across the frontier. Entering the English-Irish brigade, formed by Pitt in London, O'Mahony did not return to France till the restoration of the Bourbons, when he was appointed lieutenant-general in the royalist army. He died in 1819.

Count O'Mahony married Marie, daughter of Louis, Marquis de Goury, by whom he had one son who died in 1795. On his marriage he had to give up his benefice as Knight of Malta, but it seems to have been granted to his young son. Rev. Francis Mahony (" Father Prout ") states that £8,000 (the endowment) was lodged in London in 1795 by Count O'Mahony and was recovered for the Order of Malta in 1847. (An uncle and namesake of Count O'Mahony, Dr. Batholomew O'Mahony, son of Owen O'Mahony of Knockavola, Co. Kerry, by Elinor Fitzmaurice, pursued a course of medicine at Paris and became one of the physicians of Louis XVI).

O'MAHONY, DANIEL (COUNT), soldier. Son of Dermod (Darby) O'Mahony of Dromore, Co. Kerry, by Mary Moriarty. After the end

of the Jacobite War in Ireland in 1691, in which he served as captain of the Royal Irish Footguards, he went to France where, holding the rank of major, he was in a short time transferred from the regiment of Limerick to that of Dillon. In the War of the Spanish Succession he served under Villeroy in Italy in 1701, and in the first months of 1702 was commander of Dillon's corps during the absence of its colonel. This Irish regiment formed part of the French garrison of 7,000 men at Cremona in February 1702 when it was attacked and surprised at night by an Austrian force under Prince Eugene. The sleeping garrison, on the alarm being raised, awoke to find a large part of the town occupied by the enemy. Furious fighting followed, and O'Mahony's valour and resourcefulness formed the main factor in saving the town by forcing the Austrians to retreat precipitately at the end of twelve hours. The striking victory saved the French army in Italy, and O'Mahony was selected to bring the news to Versailles to Louis XIV, who raised him to the rank of colonel and gave him a pension of 1,000 livres. From Versailles the gallant soldier, a zealous Jacobite, proceeded to Saint Germain-en-Laye where he was knighted by James III. He returned to the fighting front in Italy where he took part in further engagements, and in 1704 he was recommended by Louis XIV to his grandson, Philip V of Spain, who appointed him to command a regiment of dragoons in that country. O'Mahony spent the remainder of his life in the Spanish service and throughout the War of the Succession had a brilliant record, notably distinguishing himself at the battles of Almanza, Saragossa and Villaviciosa. Many honours were conferred on him, and at his death at Ocana in January 1714 he was a lieutenant-general, count of Spain and commander of the military Order of Saint Jago.

" Le fameux O'Mahoni ", as he was known on the continent, married Cecilia Weld of the old Catholic family of Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire, by whom he had two sons. The younger, Dermod, became Spanish ambassador at Vienna where he died in 1776 ; the elder, James, was an inspector-general of cavalry in the service of Naples, whose grand-daughter married Prince Guistiniani.

O'Mahony, John Francis (Count), soldier. Son of Dermod (Darby) O'Mahony of Dunloe, Co. Kerry, a colonel in Dillon's regiment of the Irish Brigade. On the eve of the Revolution he entered his father's regiment, but as a royalist he left the French service in 1792 and joined the army of the princes beyond the frontier. Two years later he joined the English-Irish brigade, composed of other Irish seceding officers, and fought against the French in Egypt in 1799. After the Peace of Amiens in 1802 he sold his commission in the English army and returned to France. For several years he lived at the gaming tables, but in 1809 he lost all his gains and turned his attention once more to military life.

In that year he was appointed commander of the third battalion of the Irish regiment in the French army. Immediately afterwards it was ordered to Spain, where it took part in the Napoleonic campaign in that country. In 1813 he was promoted to the colonelcy of the Irish regiment, which was then quartered at Antwerp in Flanders. In January of the succeeding year that city was blockaded by English, Prussian and Swedish troops when the great soldier Carnot was its military governor. During the siege he placed O'Mahony under temporary arrest in consequence of some intercepted letters which compromised the Irish officer. On the return of the Bourbons later in the year O'Mahony was created a count and a chevalier of Saint Louis. While an officer of the Irish regiment in France he was very unpopular with his brother officers, a considerable number of whom had taken an active part in the Insurrection of 1798. It has been said of him : " He seems to have served with equal readiness for and against France, for and against England, and under Bourbon, Napoleon and Orleans."

A relative and contemporary, Count Arthur O'Mahony, was a versatile writer on political, military and religious subjects, and co-operated in the editing of royalist and ultramontane journals after the restoration of the Bourbons. Among his works are " Souvenirs politiques " (Avignon 1831), " Un jour de bonheur, ou le Miroir Magique, Vaudeville en un acte " (Rennes 1817), " Avant-propos. Procès de M. l'abbé de Lamennais " (Paris 1826).

Representatives of the family still reside in France at Versailles (where Count Michael O'Mahony was till recently a professor of English tactics and strategy at the Ecole de Guerre) and at Orleans (where M. Jean O'Mahony is a leading lawyer).

O'Malley, Austin (Augustine), soldier and United Irishman. Born at Burrishoole, Co. Mayo, *circa* 1760. Son of Owen O'Malley (representative of a branch of the great family of his name) by Margaret Blake of Galway. On learning of the arrival of a French force at Killala in August 1798, he and his brother with a number of their employés and neighbours at once rode there to join General Humbert, who conferred a commission on him. He showed much valour at the rout of the enemy at Castlebar and, after the disaster at Ballinamuck, escaped to France. There he joined the Irish Legion and, holding the rank of captain, hopefully awaited the sailing of a new expedition to Ireland. This did not materialise, and in the Irish Regiment in the Napoleonic army he went through the campaigns in Spain and Flanders, during which he fought in eighteen battles. Towards the end of the Spanish campaign he was ordered with his battalion to an island off the coast of Holland. Soon after his arrival there in 1812 he married a daughter of the French commander of the island. Within a few years his eyesight began to fail, and he was soon

totally blind. Receiving a pension from the government he retired into private life. Towards the end of 1836 he returned to Ireland and tried, but failed, to recover his paternal property. He died in 1854 and was buried in Burrishoole Abbey. Myles Byrne, a fellow-officer in the French army with whom he was intimately acquainted, describes him as a man of sterling character and as a soldier of valour unsurpassed as a duellist.

O MALLEY, PATRICK, soldier. Elder son of preceding. At the age of nine years he obtained a burse at the military college of La Flèche, from which he proceeded to the military academy of Saint-Cyr to complete his studies. In 1835 he obtained a commission in the 15th léger regiment and in that corps did his first campaigning in Africa. In that country he became proficient in the Arabic language which, combined with the valour inherited from his father, proved useful in many perilous situations there. Receiving rapid promotion, he was lieutenant-colonel when the war with Russia broke out in 1854. Immediately afterwards he was appointed full colonel of the 73rd regiment which he commanded in the Crimea; and he showed special gallantry at the battles of Magenta and Solferino under Marshal MacMahon, for which he was raised to the rank of general of brigade. Some years later he became military commander of the garrison at Marseilles, of which city at the time a fellowcountryman, Monsignor Patrick Cruise, was bishop. In 1868 ill-health compelled him to retire from active service. He suffered much from an unhealed wound received during a campaign in China, and in March 1869 it was complicated with erysipelas, from which he died within a few days. An impressive military service, attended by many notable French officers, took place in Paris at the church of Saint Severin, and he was buried with full military honours in the cemetery of Montparnasse. (He visited Ireland as a young cadet in 1836, when he accompanied his father home after the latter had retired from active service).

O'MEARA, THOMAS (COUNT), soldier. Born at Dunkirk on 4 August 1750. Eldest of the five sons of John O'Meara (a native of Tipperary and a captain in Clare's Irish regiment), all of whom became officers of the Irish Brigade in the French service. In 1758 Thomas O'Meara entered the regiment of Clare and, some years later, was transferred to that of Roscommon. After returning from his first campaign in Corsica he received rapid promotion, and by 1791 he was lieutenant-colonel in the Army of the Rhine. Two years later he was general of brigade in the Army of the North, and on 30 July, when England was at war with Revolutionary France, he was appointed commandant of Dunkirk. Immediately after his appointment that town, with its garrison of 3,000 men, was besieged by an English and allied force of 35,000 under the Duke of York. The Duke summoned the town to surrender as being,

he said, " destitute of any real defence ". O'Meara's reply has becom historic. " Entrusted with the confidence of the French Republic," h said, " I have received your summons to surrender an important town I desire to assure you that I shall defend it with the brave Republican I have the honour to command." Hostilities immediately began, and th Duke, failing to raise the siege, marched away within a week after suffering heavy losses. On the same day that O'Meara refused to surrender, a order was issued from Paris suspending him as an aristocrat and a foreigne from his command. Soon afterwards he was arrested and imprisoned without any specific charge being preferred against him. Released within a few weeks, he was restored to his former rank in the Army of the North Once more, however, he was suspended from military duties after the 1 Vendemiaire on account of suspected anti-republican sentiments. Th suspension was again but temporary, and he soon returned to active service In 1807 he resumed his former position as military governor of Dunkirk and was admitted a member of the Legion of Honour, while Napoleon at the same time created him a baron of the Empire. After forty-two years of active military service he retired into private life in 1810 and died at Orleans on 19 April 1819.

O'MEARA, WILLIAM (BARON), soldier. Brother of preceding. Born at Dunkirk on 1 November 1764. He entered Clare's Irish regiment in France as a cadet and passed after some time into Berwick's, in which corps he went through his first campaign in the Iles-du-Vent. After the outbreak of the Revolution, unlike his brother Thomas, he left France and joined the English-Irish Brigade in the service of George III. In 1801, however, he returned to France and became captain in the Irish Legion under General Arthur O'Connor (*See* O'CONNOR, ARTHUR) in 1804, and in the following year became aide-de-camp to Henry Clarke, Duke of Feltre, in the Grand Army. (O'Meara was a brother-in-law of the Duke, being married to a sister of the Duchess). In 1806 he was promoted to the rank of colonel and became aide-de-camp to Marshal Lannes, beside whom he was wounded on the day the Marshal was killed at the battle of Wagram in 1809; and before the end of the same year he became an officer of the Legion of Honour and was created a Baron of the Empire by Napoleon. The year 1813 saw him a prisoner in the hands of the Russians, and after his release he was appointed commander of the department of Indre in 1815. After a long and brilliant military career he retired from active service with the rank of general of brigade and died at Strasbourg on 11 January 1818.

General O'Meara's twin brother, Daniel, was also an officer of the Irish Brigade in pre-Revolution years. After the dissolution of the Brigade in 1791 he joined the émigrés and entered the English service. Returning to France in 1801, he joined the Irish Legion in 1804 and went

through the Napoleonic campaigns as colonel of the first regiment of the Irish Legion.

O'Molony, John, ecclesiastic. Born in 1617, he was son of Thomas O'Molony (of Clonderalaw, Co. Clare) by Anne MacMahon, and belonged to the Kiltanon branch of his family. In 1642 he went to Paris, of whose university he became a doctor of divinity. In 1659 he was elected Procurator of that section of the university known as the Nation d'Allemagne. High intellectual attainments and nobility of character marked him as the most notable Irishman in the France of his day, and won him the esteem of the leading statesmen and churchmen of that country. He was an intimate friend of Colbert, first minister of France, and of archbishop Harley of Rouen by whom he was appointed canon of the cathedral of that city. The revenues from that office as well as most of those from his family property were given to the relief of the poorer Irish, lay and cleric, who were then crowding into Paris after the Cromwellian confiscations at home. The Jansenist heresy, a subject of much controversy at the period, found in him an ardent opponent. Intensely patriotic, O'Molony was from 1662 to 1666 a chief figure in the movement to establish an independent Ireland with French aid. An expeditionary army of 20,000 men was ready to start out, but at the last moment the adventure, owing to a change in international policy, was abandoned by the French government.

In 1671 O'Molony was consecrated bishop of Killaloe at Paris, and soon after his return home the Irish bishops appointed him their representative in France to treat with the French government regarding the establishment of a new Irish college in Paris. During a later visit to Ireland the storm of persecution broke out so strongly there that he was compelled to seek shelter among friends, and in 1691, after his transference to the see of Limerick, he returned to Paris where he died on 3 September 1702. In his will he bequeathed 1,200 livres for a new Irish college at Paris, 300 livres for the support of students in the Collège des Lombards, and he founded six burses in the college of Louis le Grand for certain Clare and Limerick families to which he was related. He was buried in the Collège des Lombards, and there is in the Irish College, Rue des Irlandais, a memorial slab which preserves the memory of this distinguished Irishman. In his ancestral home at Kiltanon, Co. Clare, there is a marble table with an inlaid group of playing cards which, tradition says, was given to him by Louis XIV in atonement for his majesty's having lost his temper when playing and tearing up the card.

Bishop O'Molony's uncle and namesake, John O'Molony, also followed a distinguished course at the Sorbonne, after which he was appointed in 1615 to the chair of philosophy in the Collège des Grassins at Paris; and five years later he was elected, like his nephew, Procurator of the German

Nation at the university. He was consecrated bishop of Killaloe in 1630 and died in 1651.

O'Moran, James, soldier. Born on 1 May 1739 in the parish of Ross, diocese of Elphin, Co. Roscommon. Educated at the Irish College of Tournai in Belgium, he entered Dillon's Irish regiment in France as a cadet in 1759. He fought in the later stage of the Seven Years War, in which he was noted for his gallantry at the siege of Marburg in 1761. Without court favour or family influence he received rapid promotion and was created a knight of Saint Louis in 1778. He crossed the Atlantic with his regiment to assist in the American War of Independence, and had his leg fractured at the siege of Savannah. On account of this disablement he returned to France, where the rank of colonel was conferred on him. Eager for campaigning he again crossed to America and fought in the later years of the War. On the outbreak of the Revolution in France he remained faithful to his adopted country and in June 1791 he was transferred from Dillon's and appointed colonel-commandant of Berwick's Irish regiment. The war between France and monarchic Europe followed immediately, and he was promoted to the rank of general of brigade and acted as military governor of the important strategic centre of Condé. In September he repulsed the Austrian force which threatened that place, and drove it back over the border. In the following month he marched across the frontier into Belgium, drove the enemy before him and occupied Bon Secours and other towns. In November he occupied Tournai, where his firm but wise administration contrasted with that of most of the Revolutionary officers in other Belgian towns.

Early in 1793 General O'Moran was ordered to take command of French Flanders with Dunkirk for headquarters and with 16,000 men under his command. While carrying out his duties here accusations of disloyalty to the Republic were brought against him, as they were brought against many other gallant officers at the time. Though defended by the illustrious Carnot, who refused to sign a warrant for his arrest, he was suspended from the army in August 1793 and was arraigned before the Revolutionary Tribunal at Paris in March 1794. The chief charge against him was one of plotting against the unity and indivisibility of the Republic by carrying out manoeuvres tending to favour the enemy. Protesting in several letters from prison against his treatment, he wrote in one on the eve of his trial that he had given forty-one years of unbroken and stainless service to France and that there still remained with him the cherished dream of freeing his own native land " from the tyrannical oppression of the savage English government ". His protests were however in vain and he was guillotined on 6 March 1794. This gallant Irish soldier was described by contemporaries as " a model of all the military virtues " and as " one of the most honourable victims of a great and melancholy period "

O'More (O'Moore), Murtagh, soldier. He belonged to the old family of O'Mores, lords of Leix. In 1691 he followed James II to France and, after a short period in the French army, entered the service of the Duc de Lorraine, in which he held the rank of captain. In 1710 he married Françoise, daughter of Jean de Caillou, seigneur de Valmont in Lorraine. They had several children, one of whom, Charles, became with his descendants lords of Valmont.

Many kinsmen of the Leix family are listed as officers of the Irish Brigade in France throughout the eighteenth century. The most notable of them was James O'Moore, a native of Dublin, who entered Berwick's Irish regiment in which, as a cadet, he went through the Seven Years' War (1756-1763). Holding the rank of lieutenant-colonel at the period of the Revolution, he was one of the seceding officers of the Irish Brigade who joined the army of the princes beyond the frontier in 1791 and subsequently entered the English-Irish Brigade. Henry Clarke, Duke of Feltre, discussing that force with Wolfe Tone, told the Irish patriot that these seceding Irish officers were, although brave men, of no military repute with the exception of O'Moore, who was (he declared) the best officer among them. After the Peace of Amiens in 1802 Colonel O'Moore returned to France and died at Fontainebleau in 1813.

O'Neil, Charles, soldier. Born at Calais on 29 September 1770, he was the son of John O'Neil (*see* O'Neil, John), officer of the Irish Brigade. In 1791 he became a lieutenant in Walsh's Irish regiment, of which his father was major and in which he went in the same year to Saint Domingo. Returning to France in 1792 he fought, like his father, in the Revolutionary army against the allied forces of Europe. He was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Fossano in November 1799 and was kept in detention till 1801. From 1804 to 1807 he served on board various ships, and subsequently went through the Peninsular campaign in Spain and Portugal till 1812. At the first siege of Saragossa he was wounded, and at the battle of Salamanca in July 1812 he received a gunshot wound which temporarily disabled him. This necessitated his return to France, but in the campaign of 1814 he acted as commander of a battalion of the National Guard and was employed in the defence of Paris. For his signal bravery at the battle of Saragossa he was made a member of the Legion of Honour and, after the return of the Bourbons, was raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. At the head of the 27th regiment he went through the campaigns of 1823 and 1824 in Spain and, after his return, was appointed chief of the bureau of information at the war office. He occupied this post till the Revolution of July 1830. Retiring from active service in May 1834 he died at Paris in July 1844.

Colonel O'Neil devoted the later years of his life to the collection of material for a history of the Irish Brigades and Regiments in the service

of France and various continental countries, which he intended to publish in French and English. He amassed a considerable amount of material drawn from the archives of several European nations as well as from personal sources, but after his death his manuscripts were lost.

O'Neil, Felix (Phelim), soldier. Born 1671. Son of Ever and Catherine O'Neil of Killitragh, Co. Derry, he was educated like many of his relatives at the College des Grassins in Paris. As an ensign in the O'Neil regiment he fought at the Boyne and Aughrim. Chief of the elder branch of his house, he was dispossessed of his property after the Jacobite War. He went to France with his regiment whose name was changed there to that of Charlemont. From the frustrated invasion of England in 1692 till the Peace of Ryswick in 1697 he served with that corps against Germany in the French army. By 1698 it was so diminished in number that it was amalgamated, with the Queen's regiment of dragoons, into the regiment of Galmoy. In the new corps he went (under the Duke of Vendôme) through the campaign in Italy, where he took part in the battles of Luzzar (1702) and of Cassano (1704). Returning to France he went through the Flanders campaign and was killed at Malplaquet, where ninety-three other Irish officers fell on the field. Three months after his death Louis XIV, in consideration of his services, settled a pension of 200 livres on his widow and children. His sons became officers in the French army, and their descendants settled in Portugal where they rose to eminence at court and in the military service. One of them, Count Hugh O'Neil de Tyrone, who took a keen interest in Irish affairs, died at Lisbon in 1943. In 1901, by a pact entered into before a public notary at Paris, the two French branches of the family (one settled in Paris and the other settled in the French island of Martinique) agreed that the title of " The O'Neil " was the prerogative of the Portuguese branch of the family residing at Lisbon—which, as has been stated, was descended from Felix O'Neil.

A kinsman and namesake, Felix O'Neil, born at Rome, was the son of a brigadier in the military service of Spain where he was killed in action. Felix O'Neil was, like his father, in the Spanish army, which he left in 1744 and, coming to France, joined Lally's regiment. He was sent by the Duc de Richelieu in March 1746 to assist Prince Charles Edward in Scotland. One of the latter's most loyal and devoted adherents, he shared the privations during his wanderings in the Highlands after Culloden. After the Prince's rescue and escape to France he was captured and imprisoned, but in February 1747 was released on the claim of the Marquis d'Eguilles that he was a French officer. Returning to France he wrote an interesting " Journal " of his experiences with the Prince in the Highlands—it is published in " The Lyon ".

Richard Hayes

CARDINAL NEWMAN AND DR. CHARLES RUSSELL

BY DISTRICT JUSTICE J. M. FLOOD

READERS of the *Apologia* will always remember the remarkable tribute, in connection with his change of communion, paid by Newman to Dr. Russell. He mentions him as the " dear friend who had, perhaps, more to do with my conversion than anyone else ". This record of the decisive influence exercised upon Newman by an Irish priest who was remote from the Oxford of the time—a record written, as it was, by a master of language who always measured his words—enables us to understand that the person who earned it must have been no ordinary man. The shortest account of Dr. Russell's life and writings will corroborate this conclusion. The fact that, because of the modesty which was one of his most prominent and endearing characteristics, Dr. Russell did not leave behind him any ambitious work of scholarship or erudition—his valuable and learned contributions were nearly all to the reviews and magazines of the period—is perhaps the reason for the comparative oblivion which has shrouded the reputation which, as a writer and a scholar, he enjoyed amongst his contemporaries. Those who have looked through the *Dublin Review* and other publications for over thirty years and have seen the numerous articles from his pen on a wide variety of subjects—church history, theology, antiquities, belles-lettres, Irish history—will have a feeling of surprise at the extent of his knowledge and a feeling of regret that this knowledge did not find expression in some work of a more permanent character.

Charles Russell was born at Killough, County Down, in 1812, and was descended from a family that had long been resident in the place. During the religious persecution of the seventeenth century and the operation of the Penal Laws, the Russells had clung tenaciously to the ancient faith and, like others, had suffered in consequence. Of those who were born during Dr. Russell's lifetime, a nephew, Charles, first practised as a solicitor in Belfast and afterwards as a barrister in England, where he soon became known as one of the greatest and most brilliant advocates of his time. His eminence at the bar was afterwards fittingly recognised by his appointment as Lord Chief Justice and by his elevation to the peerage as Lord Russell of Killowen. Another nephew, Matthew, became a distinguished member of the Jesuit Order, and won reputation as a poet and writer. He was the founder and editor, till his death in 1912, of the *Irish Monthly*, a magazine in which many of our young Irish writers—Oscar Wilde, W. B. Yeats, Katherine Tynan and others—first found encouragement and publication. The tie that bound the editor of the magazine to his contributors was a very close and friendly one, and

many Irish aspirants to literary fame in the last quarter of the nineteenth century have acknowledged the ever-kindly help and assistance they received from Father " Matt " Russell.

Dr. Russell received his early education at Drogheda Grammar School, at this time one of the best schools of its kind in Ireland. He entered Maynooth as a student in 1826, having barely completed his fourteenth year, and early letters indicate that, apart from professional subjects, his study was principally devoted to making himself proficient in languages—French, Italian, and afterwards German. Having completed his theological course in 1832, he was nominated to proceed to the Dunboyne Establishment in recognition of the brilliancy which he had shown as a student. Whilst still a sub-deacon, he was appointed to the Chair of Humanities at Maynooth in 1835. He was ordained priest in 1836. The standing which he had acquired in his College and in Rome is evidenced by the fact that in 1843, or only seven years after his ordination, Pope Gregory XVI appointed him Bishop of Ceylon. With the modesty and self-effacement which distinguished him throughout his lifetime, Russell felt that he was unfitted to discharge the duties and responsibilities of the episcopacy, and he respectfully begged leave to decline the appointment. It was only after long delay, a visit to Rome, and much entreaty on his part that his request that he might be permitted to remain in Maynooth was acceded to. (It may also be noted here that, at a later stage in his life, when he was requested to accept a nomination to the bishopric of his native diocese, and at another time, to the archbishopric of Armagh, he refused to allow his name to be put forward). He was appointed to the Chair of Ecclesiastical History in Maynooth in 1845, and he held this position for twelve years until his appointment in 1857 as President of the College in succession to Dr. Renehan.

Dr. Russell was intimately connected with the *Dublin Review* from its foundation in 1836, and for many years acted with Dr. Wiseman as its co-editor. For the twenty years before 1857, when his appointment as President of a large ecclesiastical college left him but little leisure for literary work, he contributed to each number of the review—often three or four articles, as well as notes on books. He also wrote frequently for the *Edinburgh Review*. One of his articles to the latter described the career and extraordinary linguistic attainments of the celebrated Cardinal Mezzofanti, who had succeeded the learned Cardinal Mai as librarian in the Vatican and whom Russell had known well at Rome. Mezzofanti's European reputation was founded on his phenomenal knowledge of different languages ; towards the end of his life he was reported to be able to understand and to speak in fifty-eight different tongues. Byron had described him as a " walking polyglot " and " a master of languages," and Russell's account of him awakened such general interest that he was induced to expand it into a book, *The Life of Mezzofanti*, which was

translated into Italian and accepted by Mezzofanti's countrymen as the standard life of the Cardinal. Russell showed his own linguistic attainments by translation from the Italian and German. Leibniz's System of Theology and Canon Schmidt's stories received English renderings at his hands. He was also a contributor to the *North British Review* and to *Household Words* under the editorship of Charles Dickens. His reputation as an authority on archaeological subjects stood high, and he was invited to write the article dealing with palimpsests and papyrus for the ninth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. His published studies on certain phases of the history of his own country led to his appointment as one of the Irish members of the Historical Manuscripts Commission in 1869. In this capacity he issued, in conjunction with Prendergast, a report on the Carte MSS. in the Bodleian, and compiled the Calendar of State Papers relating to Ireland for the reign of James I. He wrote most of the articles dealing with the Catholic Church and with Irish history and topography in *Chambers' Encyclopaedia*. Apart from his professional and archaeological interests, Russell's articles often dealt with subjects of purely literary character, and his last two contributions to the *Dublin Review* were a history of the Sonnet—which, at the time of its publication, was the most complete treatise on the subject that had been written in English.

It was, however, the singular charm of his character rather than his brilliant intellectual gifts that endeared Russell to those who knew him. Newman commemorates the gentleness and mildness of his disposition, and the entire freedom he showed from anything approaching to disputatiousness. It is in almost the same words that another intimate friend describes Russell, applying to him the description given of a monk in a mediaeval Latin poem: "*Ultra modum placidus, dulcis et benignus.*" Dr. Russell's outward manner, as he tells us, reflected the serenity of a soul which was possessed by the Holy Spirit: "*Blandus et affabilis et amari dignus, in se Sancti Spiritus possedebat pignus.*" Lord O'Hagan goes on to speak of Dr. Russell as a gentleman in the highest and truest sense of the word, always showing a stately but kindly courtesy to those with whom he was brought into intercourse. He appeared to be ever thoughtful for others, whilst forgetful in what concerned himself. Lord O'Hagan had never met anyone who so thoroughly realised, in his whole life and conversation, the perfection of that virtue which the Apostle Paul had described as greater than any other. He was never heard to speak an uncharitable word of anyone, and he was always prompt to put the best construction on human conduct, keeping silent when he could not heartily approve. Though he had a clear insight into human character and a quick perception of faults and shortcomings, he was slow to attach blame and was most ready to make allowances for error. To those who came to him for help, he had a hand "open as day for melting charity".

The close friendship that existed between Newman and Russell—

maintained, as it was, until his death—is perhaps the most interesting episode in his career ; since, with comparatively few exceptions, Newman formed no intimate friendships in his later life, and can only be said to have been truly attached to those who—like Bowden, Hurrell Froude, Ambrose St. John and Hope-Scott—were associated with old memories of Oxford life. It had its origin at the time when Dr. Russell was assisting Dr. Wiseman in the editorship of the *Dublin Review*. He had shown in his articles a sympathy with the leaders of the Oxford Movement and an understanding of their avowed aim in seeking to restore Catholic belief and practice in England, and his reputation stood high at the University, so that prominent men among the Tractarians often applied to him for advice regarding points of controversy. His first direct contact with Newman was made on the publication of Tract 90 in March 1841. Dr. Russell realised that Newman, whilst acting in perfect good faith, had been misled by a mistranslation of Bishop Taylor to misstate the belief of Catholics regarding the doctrine of Transsubstantiation. He, therefore, wrote to him explaining his mistake. The wholly friendly spirit in which the letters were written and the good understanding which was established from the first, between Russell and Newman, is evident from the letters themselves. Russell wrote to Newman :—

" The amiable and unassuming spirit which pervades all your writings induces me to hope that the following observations, though they come from a humble Catholic priest, will not appear at least offensively obtrusive. If any apology is necessary, I trust I shall not offend your delicacy by pleading the kind and benevolent spirit which I cannot help reading in all, especially your most recent publications. I write in no vain or forward spirit. I have not communicated my intention to anyone. I have not seen you, nor do I see any reason to hope for that honour. And yet I cannot bring myself to look upon you as a complete stranger. I have long regarded with the deepest interest the remarkable movement that originated in your exertions. I can scarcely account to myself for the strangely powerful impulse by which I am drawn towards yourself, personally a stranger, in all except your admirable writings. It grieves me to observe that, amid the varied and profound erudition in all that concerns your own Church which your books display, there is to be met with much misapprehension of the doctrines and practices which I have been taught from childhood to venerate and which, were they indeed as you represent them, I should abhor as fervently as you yourself do."

Newman wrote in reply : " Nothing can be kinder or more considerate than the tone of your letter, for which I sincerely thank you. It will relieve you to know that I do *not* account your communion as holding Transsubstantiation in the shocking sense which we both repudiate, but I impute that idea of it to our Articles." In forwarding to Dr. Wiseman this reply from Newman, Dr. Russell wrote :—

I can hardly account to myself for the impulse by which I was induced to write to Mr. Newman. It was on Holy Thursday. I was just after celebrating the public services of the day ; the thought came upon me that, perhaps, I might do some good by writing in a friendly spirit on that portion of his Tract which regarded the

mystery of the day—Transsubstantiation. I acted on the impulse and showed him how far on that point he had misconceived us; how Bishop Taylor, whom he quotes, misstated Bellarmine; and, above all, how literally the very strongest phrases employed in the retractation of Berengarius, which he also brings forward, are copied from the Fathers, especially St. John Chrysostom. I referred him to Veron and Bossuet to see how far, provided the "really" "truly" "substantially" be secured we may go in speaking of "sacramental" and "spiritual" presence, as opposed to "carnal" and "natural," and I further took the liberty of requesting permission, if he had not Veron, to send him a copy." ". . . You have the result enclosed, and it is a complete confirmation of all your Lordship's information. There is a frankness and cordiality in the tone of the letter, which augurs happily; and the difficulties in the way of perfect union in doctrine and practice are smoothed down to an extent for which my most sanguine hopes had not prepared me."

The letters which passed between Newman and Dr. Russell inclined the latter to pay a visit to Oxford in the following summer. "He called upon me," writes Newman in the *Apologia*, "in the summer of 1841 and I think I took him over some of the buildings of the University. He called again another summer on his way from Dublin to London." The date of the second visit is noted by Newman in a diary where he recorded: "Walked into Oxford on August 1st 1843, to lionise Dr. Russell of Maynooth." In recording what passed between them on the occasion of these two meetings, Newman continues in the *Apologia*: "I do not recollect that he said a word on the subject of religion on either occasion. He sent me at different times several letters; he was always gentle, mild, unobtrusive, uncontroversial. He let me alone."

Newman's kindly reception of Dr. Russell at Oxford and the good understanding that sprang up, apparently almost immediately, between the two men appears all the more strange when we recall the failure that had attended a previous attempt to induce him to meet an English Catholic priest there. About a year before, the Rev. George Spencer, brother of Lord Spencer and a distinguished convert, had visited the University on the invitation of a friend of Newman's, Mr. Palmer of Magdalen College. Newman was invited to meet him at dinner, but refused to do so, considering that "it would not be right in the case of one *in loco apostatae* who had done despite to our orders." He was at length induced by Palmer to allow Father Spencer to call upon him, and they met and talked for an hour in Newman's rooms. The impression made by the visit was not wholly favourable, and Newman describes Father Spencer as "a gentlemanlike, mild and pleasing man, but sadly smooth". Newman noted, however, that Father Spencer, like Dr. Russell, did not touch upon controversial topics.

The success that had attended the letters which passed between Newman and Russell appears to have incited Dr. Wiseman to join in the fray. Great and significant as were the results of the Oxford Movement, Wiseman, with his sanguine and, it must be confessed, rather flamboyant temperament, saw in the events which had happened after his return to

England from Rome in 1840 the auguries of a swiftly approaching millennium in which almost the entire body of the Anglican clergy would make their submission to the Catholic Church. He did all he could to bring about the desired result, for which he fondly and sincerely hoped and prayed. Amongst other things, he prepared a long communication to Cardinal Mai in which he set forth his own views regarding happenings in England, in the hope that the Pope would be moved to give expression to sentiments that might in some way be held to be an approval of these views. Then, Russell having succeeded, as is evident, contrary to his hopes and expectations in turning the hostile flank, Dr. Wiseman thought that an admirable occasion had presented itself for securing the enemy's utter discomfiture by the use of his own heavy artillery. To Newman, therefore, he also addressed a letter regarding points that had been controverted in the correspondence with Russell. He can hardly have handled these with the skill and dexterity displayed by the Maynooth Professor, as Newman's reply caused him much disappointment and chagrin. " I received a most distressing letter from Newman," he told Mr. Phillips, " which has thrown me on my back and painfully dispirited me ; so that I have kept back a long letter which I had written to Cardinal Mai, for fear I may be myself deceived and may be misguiding the Holy See."

Newman, in recording the assistance he received from Dr. Russell, mentions that he gave him one or two books—" Veron's Rule of Faith, and some treatises on the Wallenburghs was one ; a volume of St. Alfonso Liguori's sermons was another." Newman confessed that the writings of St. Alfonso, or such of them as he had previously known from the extracts made from them, had prejudiced him as much against the Roman Church as anything else, on account of what he considered the excessive devotion shown to the Mother of God. He found nothing whatever of this kind in the volume which Dr. Russell had sent to him, and he wrote asking whether anything had been omitted in the translation from the original Italian. " I only wish," he told Russell, " that your Church was more known among us by such writings. You will not interest us in her till we see her, not in politics, but in her true function of exhorting, teaching and guiding. I wish there were a chance of making the leading men among you understand what I believe is no novel thought to yourself. It is not by learned discussions or acute arguments on reports of miracles that the heart of England can be gained. It is by men ' approving themselves, like the Apostles, Ministers of Christ.' As to your question, whether the volume you have sent me is not calculated to remove my apprehensions that another gospel is substituted for the true one in your practical instructions, before I can answer it in any way, I ought to know how far the sermons which it comprises are *selected* from a number, or whether they are the whole, or such as the whole, which has been published of

the author's. I assure you, or at least I trust, that if it is ever clearly brought home to me that I have been wrong in what I have said on this subject, my public avowal of that conviction will only be a question of time with me."

Russell was able to satisfy Newman regarding the question on which he had sought information, and at a later date, as illustrative of the popular belief of Catholics concerning the Blessed Virgin, he sent him a huge bundle of cheap books of devotion, of all sorts, such as then were to be found in the booksellers' shops in Rome. On looking them over, Newman was quite astonished to find how different they were from what he had fancied, and how little there was in them to which he could really object. He has discussed these popular publications in his *Essay on Development* and has shown that their teaching concerning the high prerogatives of the Mother of God were not such as to obscure the divine glory of her Son.

Wiseman wrote to Dr. Russell in November 1845 describing the scene in the little chapel at Oscott when Newman received the sacrament of Confirmation. "On All Saints, Newman, Oakeley and the others were confirmed and we had ten quondam Anglicans in the Chapel. Has this ever happened before since the Reformation? Newman's plans are not determined nor will they be until his book (*Essay on Development*) is published. But he opened his mind completely to me—and I assure you the Church has not received at any time a convert who has joined us in more docility and simplicity of faith than Newman." A year later Wiseman, who realised the influence which Russell was able to exercise upon the Oxford converts by his sympathy and understanding, and the necessity for maintaining an *entente* between the old Catholics and those who had joined the Church as a result of the Tractarian movement, wrote to Russell to dissuade him from retiring from the editorship of the *Dublin Review*. "A report has reached me," he told him, "that you are thinking of retiring from the editorship of the *Review*, and I lose not a post in writing to you not to think of such a step, especially at the present moment. We are sure to have an accession of new writers from among the converts—Ward and Marshall are writing, and probably Oakeley will do the same. It is of great importance that the Catholic element of the *Review* should be kept together as much as possible, and as strong an infusion of old Catholicism as possible be kept in it. This I mean for the sake of keeping up confidence from the Catholic body, which will be jealous of seeing the *Review* pass too much into neophyte hands."

In 1848 another link was forged in the chain which bound Newman and Russell together. Whilst Newman was at Santa Croce in Rome pursuing his studies for the priesthood, a friend in England sent him a copy of a story which had just been published there directed against the Oxford converts to Catholicism. Newman described the story as being

in its contents as wantonly and preposterously fanciful as it was injurious to those whose motives and actions it professed to represent. Realising that a formal criticism or a grave notice of the story would be out of place, he resolved to answer it by writing a second story. This he determined " should be drawn up with a strict regard to truth and probability, and with at least some personal knowledge of Oxford, as well as some perception of the various aspects of the religious phenomenon which the work in question handled so rudely and unskilfully." He was especially desirous of dissipating the fog of pomposity and solemn pretence which the authors of the story had thrown around the personages introduced into it, by showing, as in a specimen, " that those who were smitten with the love of the Catholic Church were nevertheless able to write common-sense prose as other men."

The result was Newman's story of Oxford life, *Loss and Gain*. The conversion of the principal character described in the book was in almost every circumstance very different from his own, and Newman expressly tells us that his story was not founded on fact. It did not represent the history of any individual mind amongst the recent converts, and all the chief characters were imaginary. Whilst he disclaimed any personal allusion, Newman made free use of sayings and doings which were characteristic of the time and place in which the scene of the story was laid. Newman, it will be remembered, had lived for almost thirty years in the University, and few of his contemporaries possessed a deeper love or knowledge of Oxford. Thus it was that, drawing upon his own experiences, he was able to invent and describe a series of incidents which are full of delicate and happy sketches of Oxford life and manners.

The book was at first published anonymously ; but afterwards, when Newman came to issue it under his own name, he felt that he could not dedicate it to anyone more fittingly than to Dr. Russell, in recognition of the interest which he had taken in Oxford matters at the time of the story, and the benefits which Newman personally derived from that interest. For these reasons Newman, as he tells us, was desirous of prefixing Dr. Russell's name to a story " which, whatever its faults, is at least a more intelligible and exact representation of the thoughts, sentiments and aspirations then and there prevailing, than was to be found in the anti-Catholic pamphlets, charges, sermons, reviews and story-books of the day."

Dr. Russell was anxious that Newman should pay him a visit at Maynooth on his return from Rome in 1848, but they did not meet there until Newman came to Ireland in 1852 as Rector of the projected Catholic University. Newman's residence in Ireland cemented his friendship with Russell, although the latter was without enthusiasm for the project which Newman had been brought over to forward ; he thought that the best method of obtaining higher education for Catholics was to be sought

n establishing some *modus vivendi* with the Colleges which had already been established by Sir Robert Peel. He wrote to Newman in 1853: I explained to you when we last met, how I myself had felt on the subject of the University and how despondently I had looked upon its prospects." Newman himself noted in his memoranda at the time: "Men like Dr. Murray and Dr. Russell were of the most cultivated class in Ireland. . . . Of course, as good Catholics, such men would not be slow to do all they could for any object in which the Holy Father had set his heart; but they had an omen of failure damping all their endeavours, if any of them were called to take part in the University."

After Newman had left Ireland, he kept up his friendship with Dr. Russell, and the letters that passed between them mark the most important events in his subsequent career. When he wrote his *Apologia* in 1864, Ward, his biographer, tells us that although the work was received with a chorus of praise by representative Catholic scholars, the lucid exposition in the last part of the book, of the Church, as viewed historically, provoked censure from some unhistorical minds among the theological critics. Such criticisms induced Newman, as he told Dr. Russell, to go into the passages criticised, with expert theologians, and to successfully justify his meaning. "I have altered some things," he wrote to Russell, "and, perhaps, as you say, have thereby anticipated your criticisms. But I have altered only with the purpose of expressing my own meaning more exactly. This is all I have to aim at; because I have reason to know that, after a severe, not to say hostile scrutiny, I have been found to be without matter of legitimate offence. For a day like this, in which such serious efforts are made to narrow that liberty of thought and speech which is open to a Catholic, I am indisposed to suppress my own judgment in order to satisfy objectors. Amongst such persons, of course, I do not include *you*; but, using the same frankness which you so kindly claim in writing to me, I will express my belief that you are tender towards others, in the remarks which you ask me to make, rather than actually displeased with me yourself."

Again, when Newman wrote his reply to Gladstone's pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees, Russell seems to have had some fears lest the outspoken frankness shown by Newman regarding very difficult matters to which the controversy gave rise might awaken criticism from certain Catholic writers of the time. He was, therefore, glad to be able to tell Newman that all the Irish clergy whom he had met were unanimously in his favour. "My friend," Dr. Russell of Maynooth, wrote Newman to a correspondent in April 1875, "who had been frightened at the possible effect of some of my pages, writes to me, after being present at a great gathering of bishops and priests from all parts of Ireland, on the occasion of Archbishop Leahy's funeral, that I had nothing to fear, for there was but one unanimous voice there, and that was in my favour."

Although Dr. Russell was not a regular or frequent correspondent of Newman's, the two men were, from their first meeting, bound together by deep mutual ties of sympathy and respect; and Russell's letters, though few, were addressed to Newman on occasions when he deemed that his advice could be most useful. They always kept in touch, and long consultations when they met supplied the place of letters. After Russell's death in 1880, Newman noted: "Dr. Russell was never a regular correspondent of mine, though now and then letters passed between us. His letters were generally to the effect that he was coming to England or passing near Birmingham on a certain day, and would I give him a night's lodging, which I was very glad to do. On these occasions we conversed together for long hours. This superseded correspondence."

J. M. Flood

SOME IRISH BARDIC POEMS

EDITED BY LAMBERT MCKENNA, S.J.

LXXV

TOMÁS DESERVES THE TITLE OF "BREAGHACH"

1. Tánag d'Fhánaid an einigh
Magh Aoi [mo] lorg láindeimhin;
glór mín dlighim re gach ndreim
sirim gach tír fo thuairim.

2. Céillidh gach aon bhíos i mbroid
[. . . . . deach] fear ag Fánoid
mór broid gach dheighfhir re dán
goid an einigh don abhrán.

3. Is é . . . . .

4. Le ríoghaibh . . . . .

5. Is iad . . . . .

6. Sgárlóid ór is eich is ba
duasa [gach] aosa dána
a n-éadáil mhór—ní muirn bheag—
cuirn agus ór is airgead.

7. Cliar ag . . .
. . . . .
. . . . . binn dá bhádhadh
tinn lem chridhe is comhthlámhadh.

8. [Do-rinneadh] creach [nach cóir dhi]
—ní théid rinn anadh [uirre]—
dá dtrian bhó is each is arradh ;
ní mó creach dá gcualamar.

9. Dá dtrian ionnmhais Inse Fáil
fheacht eile rob í ar n-éadáil ;
ba fairbríogh, ba boing re baois,
boill na n-airdríogh ro iarrmaois.

10. Maol Seachlainn Gabhrán do ghuin
aonshúil Eochadha d'iarraidh ;
gor shir sinn saoghul Mo-Bhí
nír daoradh inn fa éinní.

11. Sa Bhréifne ní beag an rath
ag cloinn Bhriain mhóir mheic Eachach
re lá, gan deibheach re dáimh,
a-tá an t-eineach ar admháil.

12. Oireacht meanmnach Mhaighe Sléacht,
Teallach n-Eachach na n-airdéacht,
síothmhagh ar a sill gach neach
do díochradh inn an t-eineach.

13. Do creachadh [i n-]Inis Fháil
re fios an einigh d'aghbháil
an fhéile [ma n-uair do chrodh]
[do]-chuaidh Éire as a hionadh.

14. Teallach n-Eachach na n-arm nglas
[gan] an eineach ná an ionnmhas,
deighfhir gan eallach gan ór,
teallach an einigh dh' adógh.

15. Tomás mhac Briain bhriseas cath
is é triath Teallaigh Eachach ;
fear grádha inn [n-a] aireacht
dána linn a lorgaireacht.

16. Ní fhuil más fhíor don fhior sgeoil
—nocho triall i dtír n-aineoil—
ó bhord [Mhuaidhe is Mhuighe Aoi]
uainne acht madh uidhe aonlaoi.

17. Dodhola ar fud na Fódla
ar gcíos [cáir dá] chomhfhógra ;
sgéal truagh mar tharla an t-eineach
ag sluagh Bhanbha is beigeineach.

18. 'N-a chion féin fuair a ghabháil
ag Mág shoichleach Shamhradháin ;
ón té gar chóir a chagar
nocho dóigh é d'fhuaslagudh.

19. Easbhaidh bhó is ionnmhuis is each
ar a thír tug an t-eineach
—téigheadh fa chrodh mar [ro] chleacht—
's nír ghon éinfhear don oireacht.

20. Is ríoghdha rugadh an bhreath
ag mac Bhriain Bheinne Coilceach,
ár ar chrodh gé do chuir sin,
is gan dol fa fhuil an einigh.

21. Fíor mo ghuth re géig bhFinne
—maith fuigheall na fírinne—
" Do-ghéabh loghadh ar brú bháis
acht go molar thú, a Thomáis."

22. Teallach n-Eachach na n-each ngeal
teine bheo nachar báidheadh ;
bristear ar chách gach cath leo
a rath go bráth bidh bithbheo.

23. Mac meic Dhonnchaidh Dúin Uisnigh
fhadós teine an teallaighsin ;
a bhronnadh mar ghual ngairthe
connadh buan a beathaighthe.

24. Athair Tomáis tug gach maidhm
Brian Breaghach rob é a fhorainm;
ba Brian Breaghach im cheann gcreach
an seadhach fial seang suirgheach.

25. Ríoghraidh Teamhrach tuaithe Breagh
is iad sgath gléire Gaoidheal;
ar fhud Bhanbha cian ro clas
a dtarrla i mBrian dá mbreaghas.

26. Breaghdhacht tar gach neach fo nimh
is [don] ríoghraidhsin ráidhtir;
a rádh re neach im ní olc
ní hí ar mbreath ar an mbreaghocht.

27. Is í an bhreaghdhacht gi bé i mbeath
gaisgeadh is uaill is eineach;
ag sin triar nar thrí lochta
do bhí i mBrian na breaghdhochta.

28. Ceirde a athar ó [do] fhás
meabhrach a-táid ag Tomás;
an triur ro bhaoi i mBrian ón bhrugh
dlaoi ar an triar [nocha] thugsun.

29. Gaisgeadh is eineach is uaill
san fhearchoin éachtaigh armruaidh;
n-a dhiaidh leanas—'s ní dá locht—
breaghas Briain is a bheodhocht.

30. An fód fíreonach i bhfuil
is dá cheinéal cleath Lughmhaigh;
suithneart san úir as ar fhás
do chruithneacht a túir Tomás.

31. Ríoghan chongháireach caithmheach
a thír duasbhog deaghaithneach;
a fiodh ná a talamh ní thug
a taradh acht d'fhior fhialbhug.

32. A thuath ní théid ar a muin
marcach ainfhial nach easguir;
tír na ngeileach 's na ngreagh seang
fear gan eineach ní fhuilngeann.

33. Dá thír is fearta féile
freasdal curadh Coirrshléibhe
iodhna a thuath nar chnaoi bha chradh
is gnaoi í Dhuach fan domhan.

34. Liaide uisge a ól go beacht
dála an uarán gá oireacht;
bronnadh cruidh gan chruas do chách
is suas do chuir a chonách.

35. Eineach orra gá fhuráil
is binn le síol Samhradháin;
neach do mhéadaigh miadh na ndámh
gá riar ag géagaibh Gabhrán.

36. Ní uil is ní bhia is dá mbeath
fear don aicme gan eineach
—comhartha a síl is sé riamh—
ní díbh é dámadh ainfhial.

37. Gach [cuaine] thaobhthrom thorrach
gealál déadbhán dearclonnach;
an tír i n-ionbhaidh a hoir
bídh re hiongnaibh gá hiarraidh.

38. Mórsháith tánaisde a thíre
beag nar bháidh clú a choimhdhíne;
docar do dhamhna faoi fás
is an ghnaoi tarrla ar Tomás.

39. Mairg do-ní fraochdhacht ná fearg
ris an ngruadh gcorcra gcaoillearg;
mo ghéanar neach do-ní tlás
dá mbeath ar a thí Tomás.

40. Mac Briain Mhéig Shamhradhán shaoir
a lucht deabhtha ro dhiansgaoil,
gach greas dá ghreasaibh re gha
gá mheas re treasaibh Tána. Tánag

41. Nualaith Bhreagh, buime na gcliar,
bainmheirleach einigh Oirghiall
ar muin mhná Eine n-a heoch
a-tá a heire don eineoch.

42. An t-eineach n-a fhior ghrádha
gun gheanmnaidh réidh rosgmhálla ;
a crodh mar ro chleacht ro chaith
nó gor ghabh neart ag Nualaith.

43. Inghean Mhéig Uidhir ucht bán
glac mhéirgheal amlas uchtán
gach eang greanta ó ghéis Chabha
mar shneachta ar éis fhearthana. Tánag

44. Tánag d'athchur Fhódla air
Aodh Ó Domhnaill Dúin Bhalair
gealltair do rígh Fáil i bhfad
cáin as gach thír a dtánag.
Tanag

Translation

1. I come from generous Fána, Magh Aoi my fixed course (?) ; I have right to gentle reception from every folk and seek it in each land.

2. Sensible he who in trouble . . . . ; 'tis hard on poets that hospitality is not now given to song.

6. Scarlet and gold and steeds and kine were poets' rewards ; their great booty—mark of love for them !—was cups and gold and silver.

8. An unjust *creach* was taken by them—we never heard of a bigger—two-thirds of all kine and steeds and chattels ; no harm for me to dwell on it now !

9. Of old our booty was two-thirds of the wealth of Inis Fáil ; we demanded pieces of kings' bodies—'twas arrogance, nay madness !

10. That Maoilsheachlainn of Gabhrán should be wounded, that Eochaidh's eye should be demanded of him—for naught were we condemned till we demanded the life of Mobhí !

11. In Bréifne—great good fortune !—among the race of Brian son of Eochaidh, generosity was professed in all their time and never strife with poets.

12. Magh Sléacht's spirited folk, doughty Teallach n-Eachach, peaceful plain attracting all eyes—from it has hospitality been driven.

13. In the effort to attain (perfection of) hospitality, Generosity, owing to all the wealth it called for (?), was destroyed in Inis Fáil ; Éire has lost her rightful estate.

14. Blue-bladed Teallach n-Eachach is now without hospitality or wealth ; the hearth, once blazing with hospitality, now means heroes without kine or gold.

15. Ever-victorious Tomás, son of Brian, is Lord of Teallach n-Eachach ; though I am a poet at his court, I feel it over-bold to follow him abroad.

16. 'Tis only, I am told, a single day's journey for me to go (to him) from the banks of the Muaidh and from Magh Aoi, and 'twould be no journey into strange country !

17. Our rightful fees being now forbidden, 'tis hard for us, poets, to travel through Fódla ; sad the state in which Generosity lies, now that Banbha's host shows niggardliness.

18. Through its own fault (*i.e.* over-lavishness) Generosity (banished by other princes) finds herself captured by joyous Mág Shamhradháin ; from the hands of him who has good right to blame her (as she has impoverished him) she is hardly likely to escape.

19. Hospitality brought on his land dearth of kine and wealth and steeds, but injured no man of his folk ; let him therefore draw on his kine as always.

20. Princely was the conduct adopted by the son of Brian of Beann Coilceach, his not attacking the life-blood of Hospitality, though this wrought havoc on his wealth.

21. True is all I say—'tis good to speak the truth ever—of this Tree of the Finn ; when facing death I shall get indulgence (*i.e.* be found innocent of falsehood) if I give thee (only) praise, O Tomás.

22. Teallach n-Eachach of the bright steeds is a living fire unquenchable ; all foes are overcome by them, their fortune shall ever endure.

23. The grandson of Donnchadh of Dún Uisnigh makes that hearth-fire blaze ; his generosity (hot) as flaming coal is the plenteous firewood kindling it.

24. Brian Breaghach was the nick-name of Tomás' ever-victorious father ; this well-reputed generous graceful loving hero (Tomás) will be a Brian Breaghach as regards raiding.

25. The kings of Teamhair of the Tuath of Breagha were the choice of the flower of the Gaoidhil ; long has their Breagha-quality which is in Brian been famous throughout Banbha.

26. To this line of kings beyond all men on earth is that quality ascribed ; to ascribe it to anyone for some evil trait is not my idea of it !

27. This Breagha-quality means in its possessor gallantry, pride and hospitality ; these were the three things—no defects surely !—to be seen in Brian of the Breagha-nature.

28. All his life long his father's qualities have been recalled in Tomás ; the three qualities in Brian of the Brugh, he (Tomás) never failed to show.

29. Gallantry, hospitality and pride dwell in this doughty red-sworded wolf ; even Brian's Breagha-nature and vigour—and this is not to depreciate them—were inferior to his.

30. That trusty land where Lughmhagh's Pillar dwells—he is formed of its substance ; fertility is in the soil whence he comes, 'tis of its wheat that Tomás is formed.

31. As a lavish queen with busy court is his land, generous of gifts and full of friends ; only to such a generous hero have his wood and soil given their fruit.

32. On that land of his no unworthy rider can mount without being overthrown ; that land of bright steeds and studs of graceful horses suffers no rider on it who is ungenerous.

33. The careful rule of Coirrshliabh's Hero means that his land produces miracles of lavishness ; his land's fertility decreasing not beneath his cattle shows the world how great favour Duach's scion enjoys.

34. The way the well treats his folk is that the drinking of its water makes it flow the more abundantly ; his lavish bestowal of kine on all folk has only increased his wealth.

35. Samhradháin's race like folk to urge them to generous deeds ; whoever increases poets' honour is cared for by the Branches of Gabhrán.

6. There lives not, nor shall ever live, any man of their race without generosity; it is the badge of their race; did such an ungenerous man exist he would thereby be shown not to belong to their race!

7. Every dog-pack is pregnant and fertile, (its) young pups bright, white-toothed, eager-eyed; at ploughing-time the earth is attacked with harrows.

8. He has a worthy *tanist* for his land, though he almost throws into the shade the glory of that companion (?); so great is Tomás' glory that 'tis hard for an heir to grow glorious beneath him!

9. Woe to him who indulges in wrath or anger against the red fine-shaped cheek (of Tomás); well for the man who shows himself yielding if Tomás be against him.

10. Noble Brian Mág Shamhradháin's son fiercely scatters his foes; every deed of prowess done by his spear is like the fights in the Táin.

11. Nualaidh of the Breagha, nurse of poets, lady-plunderer of Oirghialla's hospitable wealth, as heavy a burden of hospitality as she can bear rides on the shoulders of that Princess of Eine.

12. Hospitality is now as an attendant on that chaste, generous, noble-eyed lady; it spent her fortune according to her constant wish till in the end it got full power over her.

13. Mág Uidhir's white-breasted daughter whose bright-fingered hand adorns (Tomás') corslet—every cloth embroidered by that Swan of Cobha is like snow after rain.

14. I come urging Fódla's rule on Aodh Ó Domhnaill of Dún Balair; rent from every land I visited is promised of old to this King of Fál.

NOTES

Mag. MS., p. 45 1*b*. mo *abest* *d*. tu. 2*a*. -igh *b*. gidh . . . leach 3-5 *Mostly illeg.* 6*b*. gach *abest* 7*d*. *leg*. -shlámhadh ? 8*a*. Da indeadh; nacoir di (?) *b*. eirbhi (?) *d*. gualabhair 9*c*. bha fair. 10*a*. da guin *c*. shir sin sa 11*a*. a rath *b*. a cloind; eath. 12*a*. *leg*. Mha. ? *b*. -thach *c*. ar an shill *d*. da 13*a*. Da; i n- *abest* . eli; man fuair docrodh (?) *d*. da; eriu; thin. 14*a*. neath. *b*. *illeg*.; nan in. 15*b*. eathach *c*. na *indist*. 16*b*. a tir *c*. *indist*. . ach; uighi 17*a*. Da dola *b*. ar cis chaich da comhfuagra (?) *c*. ruadh; tarrlla *d*. sluadh; bigeanach 18*b*. ig mag (?); -dhan *c*. agadh *d*. duaslu. 19*b*. thug *c*. crodh; a cl. *d*. dandoir. 20*b*. Br. be. co. *c*. da *d*. innenich 21*a*. findi 22*a*. neath *b*. beo . arrath gu 23*a*. dhuin *c*. br.; gu. *d*. -aithi 24*a*. maighm . orainm *c*. bha; greach *d*. seagh. 25*a*. breadh *b*. sgaith; -gheal . ud; -bhan; re *d*. darrla 26*a*. -ghdha ar gach *b*. on righraighsin . ri *d*. ni thi; bredocht 27*a*. As i; -agacht; gebe *d*. da; -dhachta 28*a*. do *abest* *c*. robhi; brudh *d*. a tr. ni tu. 29*b*. sa *d*. brogos; gocht 30*a*. bhuil *b*. cin.; ludbhaidh *c*. as *d*. da cr. a tu. 1*c*. na ta *d*. ach 32*a*. tu. *c*. na greadh *d*. -lngnend 33*c*. lna i tu.; cnai; cr. 34*a*. gu cru. du ca. *d*. asuas da cu. 35*a*. orro; rail *b*. -dan *c*. miadaich; mbaidh *d*. a ge. 37*a*. cluain *c*. tir; thoir *d*. tingnaibh; *iarr*. 38*a*. Mor saith *b*. baidh *c*. onna *d*. is a gn. 39*a*. fraechacht *b*. cho. ngelearg *c*. magnenar oa. mheic 41*a*. gliar *b*. -meirrleach *c*. eoch *d*. a teiri 42*b*. eigh *c*. ra cle. 43*a*. mhegughir *c*. cabha *d*. neachta 44*c*. i; fhad *d*. tan.

IRISH MARITIME HISTORY

EARLY PERIOD TO NORSE INVASIONS

BY SEAMUS O NEILL, M.A.

FROM early times considerable maritime activity was maintained between Ireland and the western coast of the continent, especially Gaul and Spain. This activity was largely brought about during the bronze age by the trade in tin, a metal of great importance as an alloy in the manufacture of bronze before the discovery of iron. The main—perhaps the sole—source of tin for the Mediterranean world was Cornwall. Ireland not only took her share of tin, but was drawn into the sphere of continental commerce. This was due to the fact that the earliest tin trade route was from Cornwall to Brittany, and along the coasts of Gaul and Spain to the Straits of Gibraltar. A strong current carries ships swiftly from Bordeaux to the south coast of Ireland. Consequently, to the ancient mariners of the Mediterranean Ireland seemed nearer than Britain. They usually refer to Ireland as lying between Spain and Britain—Hibernia insula inter Britanniam et Hispaniam sita (Orosius I.2). Ireland, it is safe to assume, paid for her tin in gold. Indeed Ireland seems to have supplied Western Europe with gold during the bronze age. Our first references in literature to these islands are connected with the tin trade. They are not always reliable, being for the most part accounts set down by writers at second-hand and often bearing the marks of travellers' tales.

I

The dwellers along the Atlantic seaboard of the Continent won the admiration of Mediterranean writers for their skill and daring in seamanship. Rufius Festus Avienus (A.D. 366)—probably quoting Himilco, a Carthaginian geographer of the fifth or sixth century B.C.—writes: "Zeal for business displays itself on all the hills, and in their famous skiffs they sail widely over the turbid gulf and the abyss of the monster-infested ocean. These people have no knowledge of building ships of pine; they do not follow the common practice of shaping boats from fir; but—a thing to marvel at—they always construct their ships of skins sewn together, and often in a hide they speed over the vast deep." This is the first reference to the coracle still in use, especially along the western coast of Ireland. The phrase "and often in a hide" is not poetic, but accurate. A coracle of one hide is mentioned frequently in Irish writings.

Caius Julius Solinus (A.D. 253)[1] says: "The sea lying between

[1] *Collectanea rerum memorabilium*, Cap. XXII, ed. Mommsen.

reland and Britain is stormy and restless during the whole year, and can e navigated only for a very few days. The natives sail in boats of wicker-ork covered with the hides of oxen. When the voyage is delayed by ny kind of storm, those wishing to sail abstain from food. Those who ave made a trustworthy reckoning have estimated the width of the channel t one hundred and fifty miles." Hence we learn that the use of the oracle was common to the Celtic peoples of Ireland and the Continent t this period. When Solinus remarks that the sea between Ireland and ritain is stormy and restless during the whole year, he is merely expressing ie typical Mediterranean view of northern seas. Caesar, in describing is sea-fight with the Veneti[1], readily admits their superiority on the open ea and states that the Romans, who were accustomed to sail on an enclosed ea, were at a great disadvantage on the broad waters of the ocean. The eneti were accustomed, Caesar says, to sail across to Britain. It is certain iat the mariners of these times were loath to risk the danger of wintry eas in their frail crafts. The Greeks and Romans had their shipping-eason, and so we may infer had the Irish, for an old Irish poem begins Sam ethrach "—" a ship-full summer "—showing that the Irish too ooked forward to increased voyaging in summer.[2]

The intercourse between Ireland and Gaul continued to develop. he trade in wine became very important. Irish dogs were exported o the continent. St. Patrick fled from Ireland in an Irish ship trading ith the continent; her cargo was dogs. St. Patrick tells how he and the ew wandered in the desert for twenty-nine days. They were starving; nd then, God helping, they chanced on a herd of pigs from which they rovided for themselves and for their dogs—et canes eorum repleti sunt. t is obvious that they did not wish to kill their dogs, even though they ere starving, because the dogs were valuable cargo. Symmachus (A.D. 93) speaks of Irish dogs, " Scottici canes," performing in the circus at ome, seven of which " so astonished Rome that it was thought that ey must have been conveyed thither in iron cages " (*Epistola* ii). These ogs were no doubt the famous Irish wolf-hound, which were a royal ift for centuries.

When St. Columbanus was expelled from Burgundy he found a ship Nantes engaged in the Irish trade—quae vexerat commercia cum ibernia (Jonas).

It is generally accepted that Gaulish scholars sought refuge from the tacks of the barbarians in Ireland. St. Patrick seems to refer to them hen he complains, in his *Confession*, of the scholars who looked askance his lack of learning. The Leyden Glossary, which dates to the sixth seventh century, refers to the flight of learned men from Gaul to Ireland. eland must have been well known to them as a haven of succour in a

[1] *De Bello Gallico*, (III).
[2] *Zeitschrift für celtische Philologie*, XVII. 275.

troubled world. The occurrence of the word " Bordgal "—the Irish form of Burdigala, Bordeaux—as a place-name in Westmeath and Kilkenny and as a common noun in the sense of " meeting place, place of assembly," also bears testimony to Gaulish influence in Ireland, as does the use of the word Gall, a Gaul, for foreigner.

The Irish were wont to harass the inhabitants of Britain during the Roman occupation of the island, and their onslaughts were intensified as Roman power began to wane. The poet Claudius Claudianus (A.D. 396—403) referring to these raids has the well-known lines

" — totam cum Scottus Hivernen
Movit et infesto spumavit remige Tethys." [1]

" —when the Irishman moved all Ireland and the sea foamed with his hostile oars." This we might regard as a pretty poetic hyperbole, if we were not in possession of other evidence which testifies to the magnitude of these incursions of the Irish. St. Patrick in his *Confession* says that he was taken captive along with " tot millia hominum "—with " so many thousands of men." Niall of the Nine Hostages was killed in the English channel ; and Nath–I likewise fell overseas.

Nevertheless the Romans in Britain were by no means overawed by the prowess of the Irish. Tacitus the Roman historian, in his biography of his father-in-law Agricola (cap. 254), writes concerning Ireland : " The interior parts are little known, but through commercial intercourse and the merchants there is better knowledge of the harbours and approaches. Agricola had received one of their petty kings, expelled in a local struggle, and under the guise of friendship retained him to be made use of, should the opportunity offer. I have often heard Agricola say that Ireland could be invaded and conquered with one legion and a moderate number of auxiliaries."

The Irish gradually discontinued these raids into Britain. Gildas, the earliest British source of information on this subject, says that they continued until 446 A.D. Kenney suggests that the Christianising of Ireland was responsible for the ending of hostilities, and it is easy to show that he is correct in his assumption. That St. Patrick did his utmost to put an end to the warrings between the two countries we know from his epistle to Coroticus a British chieftain, demanding the return of captives whom Coroticus had taken in Ireland, as well as from the pastoral letter issued by Patrick and his contemporaries Auxilius and Iserninus in which rules are laid down to govern the collection of money for the ransom of captives. That the Church continued for centuries this work of freeing captives we infer from an entry in the Annals of Ulster A.D. 686, which states that Adomnanus brought back captives to Ireland—Adomnanus captivos reduxit ad Hiberniam.

[1] *De Consulatu Stilichonis* II. 251-2.

II

As we have seen, the piratical raids of the Irish into Britain became rarer as the fifth century lengthened. But more gentle sea-rovers began to leave the harbours of Ireland. Monks set out in their frail coracles bringing Christianity to the pagan peoples of North Britain, Scotland and the Western Isles, and soon to the pagans of the Continent. In 562 Colum Cille founded his monastery on the Isle of Iona; and as the fame of the monastery grew, a constant flow of intercourse was maintained between that little island and the outside world. Although the island was granted by Conall Mac Comgaill king of Dalriada and although the work of its monks lay more amongst the inhabitants of Scotland and Britain than among the Irish, the founder of the monastery and his successors, it is quite clear, always regarded Ireland as the homeland of the settlement in Iona. Visitors from Ireland arrived very frequently at Iona (Adamnan). In his eulogy of Colum Cille in the *Amra*, Dallán Forgaill says he was skilled in the coursing of the sea—" robo éolach i rrith renis." [1]

The system of lake-dwellings in Ireland led to much activity on the inland waters. And, with the introduction of Christianity and the spread of monasticism, this activity increased; for the monks often established their houses on islands in lakes and by the banks of rivers. Civilization has followed the waterways, and in Ireland it is interesting to note how the monasteries sprang up along the rivers and lakes. Thus placed, they proved easy prey to the marauding Norsemen, who sailed up the rivers in their swift boats. A glance at Kenney's " Ecclesiastical Map of Ireland " in the early Middle Ages shows how the larger monastic settlements clustered around the water-ways. Around the rivers Nore, Barrow, and Suir we have the following: Cill Chainnigh, Tech Moling, Ros-Glaisi, Tech Mochua, Cell Abbain, Glenn-Uissen, Disert-Oengusa, Cul-Bendchur, etc. Along the Shannon stand: Inis Cathaig (right at the mouth of the Shannon and one of the first to suffer at the hands of the Norsemen), Iléll-Dá-Lua, Inis-Celtra, Tír-dá-Glas, Cluain-Ferta, Cluain-Moccu-Nois, Ros-Comáin; Nóen-Druim on the now-called Mahee Island in Loch nCuan (Strangford Lough) and Mag-Bile (Moville) on Lough Foyle; others cluster around the country through which the Bann flows.

The spirit of extreme asceticism, which took such a firm hold on the members of the early Irish church, often caused clerics to seek retreats from the distractions of the world on lonely islands and remote places of the earth. Cormac Ua Liathain was one of the earliest of these saintly mariners whose voyage of exploration is recorded[2]. The tale of his hardships on the sea is no doubt a record of experience. Cormac set out in his curach (*navis*), was blown northwards for fourteen days and nights under full sail (*plenis velis*). He was willing to let the wind cast him

[1] *Lebor na hUidre* 30. (ed. Best and Bergin).
[2] *Vita Sancti Columbae*, Reeves, p. 166.

whither it would, for there was no reason why he should not have lowered the sails and put out the oars. Perhaps he did not take any oars with him, as it was often the custom with Irish monks to place themselves at the mercy of God's waves. This custom arose from the ancient Irish pagan punishment of casting criminals adrift. (Vide *Eriu* xi, M. Byrne).

According to Adamnan Colum Cille by his prayers saved Cormac and his venturesome band from drowning. When the little sea-beasts attacked the skin of the coracle and threatened to hole it, the wind changed, miraculously bearing Cormac and his crew from danger. One can almost see a reproach in the words " ultra humani excursus modum ". In this description of Cormac's voyage we see how utterly exposed to the vagaries of the wind these ancient mariners were, the art of tacking being then unknown. We have a description of how Brendan was borne by a steady wind against an island which he wished to avoid (*Betha Brenainn* p. 71, ed. Plummer).

These sea-wanderings of the monks gave rise to the later " Iomramha " or tales of their voyages which were formed on the pattern of the earlier pagan " Immrama "—" The Voyage of Bran " and " The Voyage of Máel Dúin." Indeed it is likely that the Brendan legend is founded on that of Máel Dúin ; one might almost regard it as a Christianised version of the older tale.

As early as the eleventh or twelfth century we have satirical verses which ridicule the Brendan legend, and the popular notion that St. Brendan was the discoverer of America is one that cannot be upheld. Still, a glance at *Navigatio Brendani* is sufficient to show that it is the composition of a man or men who knew the wonders and terrors of the ocean. There is no doubt that Brendan was a mariner and, it is highly probable, a venturesome one like Cormac O Liathain. In his Life of Colum Cille Adamnan tells us that Brendan visited Colum Cille on the island of Hinba. The Voyage of Brendan became one of the most popular tales in mediaeval times. It was translated into the principal languages of Europe, and the existence of his island was firmly believed in. It appears on mediaeval charts and, as late as 1492, on Behaim's Globe. Expeditions were fitted out to discover the island, and the tale thus did much to inspire the discoveries of early modern times.

The story of Brendan's sea-wanderings became the epic of those Irish monks who spread their sails over every tide. Cormac O Liathain might have become the central-figure. It is certain that the tale of his voyage in northern seas left its mark on the Immrama. When we read in *Immram Ua Corra* that sea-beasts threatened to sink the coracle, we certainly have something reminiscent of a similar incident recorded by Adamnan in his account of Cormac's voyage. The Columban foundation did come to have its own voyage-tale, *Echtra Clerech Choluim Cille*, a fact which in itself demonstrates the affinity between the monastic life of the

eriod and that of the sea. In few books will you find so many references the sea and sea-faring as in Adamnan's Life of Colum Cille. In it damnan mentions nine different kinds of vessels. Many of these frail afts perished in the turbulent waters that swirl around the rocky coasts Scotland and Iona. Adamnan tells us how one day, when Colum ille was crossing the channel between the mainland of Ireland and Rathlin, e bones of the saints who had been lost in Brecan's Cauldron were rown up to the surface by the churning currents. In the Annals of lster, 748, we read of the drowning of the monks of Iona. We have nple evidence to show that these Irish Monks were much interested in e exploration of the physical world. Adamnan himself, although Abbot Iona and therefore bound by his responsibility to be critical, was more an ready to give ear to travellers' tales and to gather an account of e Holy Land from his visitor Arculf, which he set down in writing *De Locis Sanctis*, a work which was to remain famous for centuries. e also mentions Gaulish sailors who came to the island, no doubt inging wine. He tells too of one Baitan who sailed forth to seek a litude in the ocean, but failed to discover one to his liking. In a similar anner St. Brendan of the *Vita* fails on his first voyage to discover his isle. e returns to his foster-mother St. Ita, who tells him to build a wooden- aft instead of the one made from the skins of God's animal-creatures. e does so, sets forth a second time, and finds his island.

Irish monks sailed to Iceland. Of that there is no doubt. Dicuil e Geographer records that he conversed with the clerics who had remained the island from February 1 to August 1, 795 A.D. He mentions that ose writers who imagine the sea around Iceland to be always frozen are istaken, for Irish monks sailed there in a month of cold. One day's il farther north brought them to the frozen sea. To support Dicuil's idence we have the testimony of the *Landnámabók* that the first Northmen reach Iceland found there Irish books, bells, and croziers. Dicuil also fers to other islands in the northern ocean to which Irish monks were customed to sail: "There are several other islands in the ocean to the rth of Britain which can be reached in a voyage of two days and two ghts with a favourable breeze. A certain trustworthy monk told me that reached one of them by sailing for two summer days and one night a vessel with two benches of rowers. Some of these islands are very all and separated by narrow straits. In these islands, for almost a ndred years, there dwelt hermits who sailed there from our own eland." More interesting still is Dicuil's account of the voyage made a fellow-monk, Fidelis, from Ireland to the Holy Land. Fidelis and s companions sailed up the Nile and crossed by the ancient canal to the d Sea.

St. Columbanus, who left Bangor in 590 or 591, was an intrepid veller, and he made his journeys on the great water-ways of Europe.

We can follow him down the Moselle to the Rhine, up the Rhine to Mainz and Basel, and thence by the Aare and Limmat to Zürich. It is most likely that it was on this voyage he composed his famous boating song to encourage his rowers against the swift-flowing Rhine.

III

We have seen how the coming of Christianity checked the raids which the Irish were wont to conduct into Britain. Still, we have ample evidence that, in the period from the beginning of the Christian era in Ireland to the beginning of the Norse attacks, Irish lay-mariners were active on the sea. Commerce was developing—wine, salt and iron being imported. Merchants brought Gaulish wine up the Shannon to Clonmacnois (Mercatores cum vino Gallorum venerunt ad sanctum Kiaranum)[1]. The Laws mention cargoes of foreign nuts, foreign goblets, Welsh horses, in addition to iron, salt and hides. I am not sure if we may assume that traffic in all these commodities was common at the period in question; probably it was. It is evident that Welsh horses were valued and imported at a later period (Annals of Ulster, 1029). Towns and cities being unknown in ancient Ireland, exchange of goods took place at the Feiseanna or great fairs. Some of these were Aonach Carmain, held every three years, Aonach Tailteann, also held every three years, the High-King presiding—when Ruaidhre O Conchubhair held it for the last time (1169) the line of chariots extended for six miles—Aonach Muirtheimhne, Aonach Ailbhe, Aonach Cuile, Aonach Oirmhumhan, held at Nenagh. We may assume that all these fairs were attended by foreign merchants eager to barter. A poem in the Book of Leinster (215 19a) on Aonach Carmain refers to foreign merchants selling gold and silver (marggad Gall 7 deorad ic creicc oir 7 argait). Dicuil specifically refers to lay-mariners who accompanied Fidelis on his voyage to Egypt (*clerici et laici*). And Adamnan makes frequent mention of sailors, men who were sailors by calling. The Annals of Ulster record (A.D. 736) that Faelbe, the son of Guaire, was drowned in the depths of the sea with his sailors (*cum suis nautis*) to the number of 22.

It is no straining of the imagination to suggest that the sea-wanderings of the monks inspired emulation in the lay-mariners of the time. The Annals of Ulster state that Colman Beg, son of Diarmat, and Conall, son of Comgall King of Dalriada led a fleet into the Western World (Iardomhan *i.e.* Sol and Islay) in the year 567. Hennessy, in his edition of the Annals of Ulster, remarks: "But it is strange that Colman Beg, whose territory lay very near the centre of Eire, was adventurous to engage in maritime warfare." Not at all, if we consider that Colman's territory lay near to the Shannon and its lakes on which Colman must have often sailed. The fact that part of the kingdom of Dalriata lay in Scotland led to much activity in

[1] *Vitae Sanctorum Hiberniae: Vita S. Ciarani* (ed. Plummer i).

orthern waters. The *Amra* shows that at the time of the Convention Dromceat (573) these maritime states maintained fleets. Aedhan the n of Gabran, king of Scottish Dalriata, led an expedition to the Orkneys 580 A.D.

Flaithbhertach king of Ireland sent for a fleet to Dalriata in Scotland assist him in a campaign against the Ciannachta and Cenel Eoghain the year 728 (Annals of Four Masters). The fleet came, a battle was ught at Inis Oinae (Owen), and a great number of those opposed to aithbertach were killed, while many were drowned in the Bann. This ent is dated 733 in Tigernach. In the Annals of Ulster (755) we read at a fleet of the Delbhna was wrecked on Loch Ree, twenty-nine of the irty vessels being lost.

In 795 the invasion of Ireland by the Norsemen began with an attack the island of " Reachra ". With that invasion a new chapter in the aritime history of Ireland was opened, which was not to be closed till ian Boroimhe broke the power of the Norsemen in 1014 at Clontarf. it that is a long story for which there is not space here.

SEAMUS O NEILL

REVIEWS

Apologetics

BROADCAST TALKS. By C. S. Lewis. London: Geoffrey Bles. 1942. Pp. 64. 2s. 6d.
CHRISTIAN BEHAVIOUR. By C. S. Lewis. London: Geoffrey Bles. 1943. Pp. 64. 2s. 6d.
BEYOND PERSONALITY. By C. S. Lewis. London: Geoffrey Bles. 1944 Pp. 64. 2s. 6d.

If the boy was father to the man, C. S. Lewis must have enjoyed his language classes at school. For he excels in the difficult art of translation. Only at the moment his concern is not with Livy or Caesar, but with the esoteric language of theology. In translating it into everyday language he has few equals; he is the envy of the clergyman's Saturday night. And if at times he does meet with failure, it is not that his power of rendering is at fault, but that the text supplied him is garbled and corrupt. Before the palimpsests of Canterbury and Lambeth, Mr. Lewis may well pray in the motto of his university: *Dominus illuminatio mea!*

The contents of the three booklets under review have been delivered as broadcast talks at varying intervals during the past four years. The reader, therefore, should not be surprised at a certain scrappiness in form. Rather he may admire the unity which the books achieve—especially if *Beyond Personality* is read in the second place, and not placed third as in the order of the broadcasts. *Broadcast Talks*, reviewed in Studies March 1943, states the case for an objective moral law and gives an introductory outline of Christianity. *Beyond Personality* is a development of this outline, occupied mainly with the idea of God and with sanctifying grace, though this is not the terminology the author adopts. The Being Who is beyond personality can be but dimly perceived as in a mirror here below. It is Mr. Lewis's highest praise that, momentarily at least, our vision is all the clearer and surer for the angle at which he holds the mirror. His chapters on the Blessed Trinity are indeed admirable; and we hope that no one will be misled into taking his advice to skip chapter three on the ground that it is too hard. It is most helpful. The ensuing chapters on our incorporation into Christ are good as far as they go. But they could go much further. Mr. Lewis leaves Lutheran theology very far behind indeed. But it is somewhat unfortunate that he should choose to describe Christ's action in us by the words " good infection ". They are uncomfortably reminiscent of extrinsic justification. Again a writer who is trying to describe " the Body of Christ, which is the Church," and yet must always talk of " the Churches " is carrying an impossible handicap. There is not a single reference to a visible magisterium, and only in *Broadcast Talks* is there any mention of the Eucharist. " You'll find this again and again about anything that is really Christian " Mr. Lewis says on page 18 of *Christian Behaviour*, " that everyone is attracted by bits of it and wants to pick out these bits and leave the rest. That is why we don't get much further." May it be suggested in all charity that that is precisely why Mr. Lewis himself does not get further. Pope Pius XII, in the encyclical *Mystici Corporis Christi*, is uncompromisingly blunt on the subject of such picking and choosing. " They, therefore, walk the path of dangerous error who believe that they can accept Christ as the Head of the Church, while they reject genuine loyalty to His Vicar on earth. They have taken away the visible head, broken the visible bonds of unity, and they leave the Mystical Body of the Redeemer in such obscurity and so maimed that those who are seeking the haven of eternal salvation cannot see it and cannot find it."

In *Christian Behaviour* the C. S. Lewis of *The Screwtape Letters* comes into his own again. There is the same wit and verve and sparkle, though we miss the

quancy of Screwtape's exasperated correspondence with his apprentice nephew. r. Lewis does not present Christian morality as the whimsical laws of a policeman-od. He sees that God wants " more than obedience to a set of rules, that He illy wants people of a different sort ". Nor is He " the sort of person who is ways snooping round to see if anyone is enjoying himself and then trying to stop ' He cares little for bargains and examinations passed by cramming, with extra rks for answering through the medium of piosity. And ultimately we shall d that all that our child's mind fancies as lost, He has stored for us at home. People often think of Christian morality as a kind of bargain in which God says : f you keep a lot of rules, I'll reward you ; and if you don't, I'll do the other ng.' I don't think that is the best way of looking at it. I'd much rather say it every time you make a choice you are turning the central part of you, the part you that chooses, into something a little different from what it was before. And, ing your life as a whole, with all your innumerable choices, all your life long u are slowly turning this central thing either into a heavenly creature or into a dish creature."

Rightly he puts the choices which are motivated by pride as those which will ost surely change us into such creatures of hell. His treatment of this vice " which mes direct from hell " is excellent. On charity and marriage he has much that shrewd and topical ; though it is a shock to note that he does not recognise the nd of marriage as being by nature intrinsically indissoluble. And the master-key it, here as elsewhere, would open unsuspected treasures to Mr. Lewis is not yet his hand. It is again the full doctrine of the Mystical Body. Readers of Wingfield ope's *Life Together* or Father Mersch's *Love, Marriage and Chastity* will find that, once, Mr. Lewis's sparkling diamonds have more kinship with Woolworth's n with Amsterdam.

However there are diamonds enough of the genuine sort to be picked on many page. Mr. Lewis, like Shakespeare, is " full of quotations ". " If everything ms to come simply by signing cheques, you may forget that you are at every oment totally dependent on God." " I'm afraid the only safe rule (for charity) to give more than you can spare." " I've found that when Freud is talking on a ject I know something about, he is very ignorant." " A woman who devotes her thoughts to clothes or bridge or her dog is being just as ' intemperate ' as neone who gets drunk every evening." " When Christianity tells you to feed hungry, it doesn't give you lessons in cookery."

The next edition of the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* should find a place Mr. C. S. Lewis.

D. O'S.

Architecture and Other Arts

RITISH ARCHITECTS AND CRAFTSMEN. A Survey of Taste, Design and Style during Three Centuries 1600 to 1830. By Sacheverell Sitwell. London : Batsford. 1945. 21s.

when at the obsequies of kings of the *ancien régime* the embalmers made division tween their praecordia and nobler parts and sent them this way and that, the art in its enamelled casket to the Val de Grace or some favoured shrine, the body St. Denis, leaving the ignoble rest to a common grave, so the Sitwells in the face a Europe in dissolution, with frankincense and myrrh and not without bitter es, are packing what worth-while is left of that beloved cadaver into their storied, parate urns. They are of those writers for whom a visible world existed and they ipe, with more than Gautier's care, their verse or prose into the likeness of what

they would commemorate. The poet works over her burnished lines, tooling them to the texture of her admired Augustans. Osbert elaborates or chastens his prose in measure with baroque exuberance or the fading decencies of some peeling Scarborough terrace. But to Sacheverell Sitwell the baroque is as much a state of mind ; in wider flight he has followed it from China to Mexico, through time and space and in whatever forms of life and art it has fantastically crystallised itself. His prose follows with deliberate instancy its sudden ascensions and improvised cadenzas. Faced with its virtuosity, if one had not already had the actual sight of the Zwinger or the work of Asam or Permoser, one might doubt if such miracles could ever have existed outside his ordered phantasmagoria of words. Already in 1929 Mr. Sitwell had seen the ruins of our sad days gilded with their own setting sun and wrote of the emphatic shades of the night which lay ahead. Now, when of Dresden the written word alone in great part remains, turning back to his own country and to his favourite period he gathers up with ardour and piety its relics and its titles to civilised life.

This book will be deservedly the most widely read of all Mr. Sitwell's works and none-the-less because his publisher has collaborated *con amore* in equipping it with fine illustrations on a scale which at any date would be regarded as generous, but which in present conditions is astonishing. Mr. Sitwell has set out to survey three centuries of English architecture and the crafts attendant upon it. In the treatment of a subject from which it is not easy to escape a certain monotony, he has triumphantly managed to maintain a clear, full and factual narrative while not merely preserving but giving free rein to his own predilections. They are well known. He confesses a religion that stems from Tiepolo. His loves are rooted in the baroque of Italy and South Germany, and if their expression glows with the exuberance of that art his judgments will not, for that reason alone, be impugned since they are bottomed on a wider experience of continental work than is at the disposition of those who find them eccentric. To the insular much is eccentric, and in the eyes of many the insularity of English art criticism makes it negligible.

Mr. Sitwell approaches his task—and who in these days will blame him?—in a spirit of patriotism. He is searching for the national genius expressed in architecture and its lesser arts. He formulates this aim, but his findings are not so definitely expressed. They are to be discovered, partly in *obiter dicta* but mainly through an accumulation of diverse instances brilliantly, sometimes challengingly, described. This genius exists, it would appear, not in any creative force, not in original conceptions, but in certain details, the result of climate and the social order ; in a feeling for the picturesque, which is of its nature a derivative, and principally in a capacity to absorb and modify continental influences. The succession of fine craftsmen who are far from being docile imitators is his country's best title to a place in the arts. I do not think that Mr. Sitwell has done the less service to his country or to the European tradition of commonalty in the arts in identifying its artistic progress—sometimes at a considerable distance in time—with the art of Italy, France and the Low Countries.

Mr. Sitwell's survey is bounded in time by Gothic and neo-Gothic ; from the days when Perpendicular Gothic was insensibly being softened by the Renaissance to the period whose turrets and battlements are manned by Mr. John Betjeman and Mr. John Piper. He finds a national style emerging from the lesser instances of early Gothic ; his formula for its major examples is : the greater the work, the more Continental its affinities. Tudor work is a complex of Italian, French and Flemish influences, and its craftsmen were equally mixed in origin, the strong native element showing itself, as in Knole and Compton Wyngates, in the capacity to build lovely houses less distinguished for their fine architectural ordonnance than for seemly congruity with use and the landscape in which they are set.

His main narrative hinges on Inigo Jones, Wren, Vanbrugh, Hawksmoor, Gibbs, at and Robert Adam, and these studies are paralleled with ample references to rich undergrowth of craftsmen who worked under their shadow—bookbinders tapestry weavers as well as silver- and iron-smiths, stuccodores and cabinet xers. A chief interest in Mr. Sitwell's book lies in his isolating the personal ent placed by these architects on their eclectic borrowings. Where these deriva- is are from the baroque Mr. Sitwell writes with special enthusiasm, and his quent and perceptive chapter on Vanbrugh will advance the growing regard in ich this architect is held.

Mr. Sitwell prefers the age of poetry to the age of reason and finds the golden of English architecture in the reign of Charles II—an architecture warmer and re original than eighteenth-century Palladianism, with a shaping imagination at k for which the instructed competence of the next period was an insufficient stitute. He places Vanbrugh amongst the first three of English architects. The xy solidity and indeterminate duration which Dr. Johnson found in Durham thedral has an equivalent in Vanbrugh's cyclopean style. Obsessed with the antic, as Mr. Sitwell writes, he built houses upon the scale of Piranesi's grandiose ons. But quick though Mr. Sitwell may be to throw into relief some baroque ail, it can hardly be successfully argued that the true character of the baroque xemplified fully in Vanbrugh or in the important building of any English architect. nbrugh has the baroque sense of mass, but not its movement or its brio of swinging ves. Italian influence had too far receded before French taste. There is little the true dynamism of baroque in either Wren or Vanbrugh and still less of its ntaneity.

This was also the epoch of great craftsmen. "We are not" says Mr. Sitwell o expect great paintings or great statuary, for these are not in the English genius"; in this as in the eighteenth century the scores of artists whose identity the earches of Mrs. Esdaile and Miss Jourdain are now revealing were elaborating ems of interior decoration of exceptional beauty. Mr. Sitwell's text and his ious illustrations furnish a brilliant interpretation to all this work. His survey kes one poignantly regret the absence of a similar commentary on the sister arts this country. Even to a greater extent than in England the reckless attribution foreign names to native craftsmen, the existence in private hands and remote es of their unrecorded work have resulted in injustice and neglect.

Mr. Sitwell's chapter on the Palladian period has a special interest for Irish ders. It is our loss that the affair of Munich prevented, I imagine, a more complete independent examination of our architecture and threw Mr. Sitwell back upon tten material and a characteristic re-creation of eighteenth-century Dublin from lton's prints. In the present state of native research books are unreliable. While erefore nothing is lacking in appreciation—"Dublin artisans at this date were ond to none in Europe . . . . Street after street in Dublin recalls, but surpasses thing that is left in London"—some of his Irish references are inexact. Occasion- it is only an error in local nomenclature. The reference Pl 135 and at p. 141 uld be to the Casino at Marino and Pl 139 is *recte* 16 Middle Gardiner Street. in the interest of future editions the following corrections or additions may be ed. The Royal Hospital, Kilmainham (p. 50), was built by Sir William Robinson, Irish Surveyor General. The fact that Wren held the corresponding post in gland has led to a common misattribution. David Bindon's share in Russ- ough deserves mention with Cassels'. There is no evidence that the Francinis e responsible for its stuccowork (Pl 99 and p. 142). Stylistically it is quite ikely; the Russborough work is dissimilar from their only known work at Carton at 85 Stephen's Green and Riverstown, and they were not the only stuccodores any means who worked for Cassels. Nor is it likely that they worked in Tyrone

House (p. 142). This work, which resembles closely 9 Cavendish Row, should (I believe) be attributed to Robert West. Neither the Francinis nor Robert West, nor Lee had any share in Cramillion's Rotunda Chapel ceiling (p. 115). Elsewhere in the hospital building Lee played an insignificant and John West no part at all. Robert West and Michael Stapleton, master builders as well as stuccodores—architects of 86 Stephen's Green and Belvedere House, Dublin, respectively—John Ensor, John Reid, the Thorpes, Pemberton are names amongst many others which answer Mr. Sitwell's question on p. 142. Richard Mack (pp. 143, 144) is a slip for Robert Mack. Neither he nor Richard Johnston was English (p. 143). Nor did Richard Johnston build the Rotunda; that was John Ensor's work. It is hardly correct to say that Gandon completed and made into a whole the Parliament House or Bank of Ireland (p. 143). That remained for Francis Johnston, Richard Johnston's more distinguished brother, concerning whom Mr. Sitwell is unfortunately silent. Nor is the House of Lords portico Ionic. The reference to Edward Smyth's work on the Bank might be filled out with advantage as well as the mention of Wyatt's work in Ireland. Mr. Sitwell says that Castlecoole is his only house in Ireland (p. 165). He worked in Ireland in connection with other architects—Cooley, Stapleton, Penrose. I am not prepared to say whether his work went beyond plans and detail drawings, of which some are extant here; but his name is, with respectable authority, associated with Ardbraccan, Avondale, Slane Castle and Mountkennedy House, though not in all cases with the entire building.

These errata, such as they are, occur in many Irish books. They reflect on our own habit of indiscriminate borrowing and subtract nothing at all from the essential value of the present work. I know no book on its subject in which a copious matter is presented in so agreeable a format and with such entertaining, intelligent commentary.

C. P. CURRAN

JACK B. YEATS. By Thomas MacGreevy. With 20 illustrations. Dublin: Victor Waddington. 1945. 7s. 6d. Special Edition 12s. 6d.

A NOTABLE feature in the British publishing world during the war years has been the number of plentifully illustrated monographs on contemporary British painters and on even single pictures in English galleries. It is nothing to the credit of Irish publishing that we are still without any handbook to our galleries and that we owe the present work to the intelligent initiative of a new firm. I hope that its success will secure for us from its writer the book on the National Gallery which he is so peculiarly qualified to write.

To write with balance, proportion and precision on a living artist is not easy. His work is incomplete, its examples are scattered in private hands, the opportunity for detailed comparison or for estimate in bulk is difficult to come by. It is a tribute to Mr. MacGreevy's judgment and to his intimate and retentive familiarity with Mr. Yeats's painting that his present essay, written for the most part six years ago, stands the test of and, in retrospect, provides an admirable guide to the recent memorable collective exhibition. The writer exactly describes this book as an appreciation and interpretation. He gives us just sufficient biographical and factual detail to ballast his spread of sail and not so much as to localize unduly the course he sets himself. If he defines imagination as primarily the faculty of relating the ephemeral to the unchanging and finds Mr. Yeats always possessed of that faculty, so one may also say that Mr. MacGreevy is conspicuously in possession of the faculty of imaginative criticism: not that his judgments are not always directed to concrete instances or ever attempt to evade a specific issue, but that he loves to relate his particular judgments to the classics of art, to essential aesthetic principles and indeed to the principles of social order.

However willingly and seductively Mr. MacGreevy yields and invites you to eld to the appeal of form and colour, his pen with an equal adroitness can take a arper edge. What begins as an aesthetic criticism may end in a world commentary. his is far from impairing the integrity of his purely artistic judgment. He has formidable *künst-historische* arsenal from which to draw; and when I find this ocedure adopted for the first time in regard not merely to any Irish painter but ecially to Mr. Yeats, I find it not without an ironical side. For Jack Yeats wrote 1922: "When looking at a picture, we should for the time forget all the other ctures we have seen." The injunction is, I suppose, true enough, because a patient d docile submission is a first requisite to receive a perfect impression; but the ained mind can hold many things in suspense before coming to judgment, and in circumstance can I imagine Mr. MacGreevy forgetting any picture he has seen.

There are twenty illustrations to this book, which alone make it desirable. There e many score judgments and *obiter dicta* which make it equally worth having. ot all will be accepted without further debate, but it is a matter of complete satisfac- n to find the greatest of Irish painters discussed worthily, without provinciality d in an atmosphere of serene intelligence.

Let me turn back on some of its pages briefly to indicate some of its conclusions. r. MacGreevy stresses first the humanist, even classical temper of Jack Yeats's inting. He finds him the first true painter of the *petit peuple* of Ireland, identifying mself with their life without condescension, and aware that the humanities are ore important than the rags or brocades which clothe them. In this I think Mr. acGreevy is just. He makes it evident that Jack Yeats is not a *genre* painter in e sense of Ostade or Jan Steen, but that his identification is so intimate and complete to constitute him our national painter in the full sense—in the sense in which embrandt, Velasquez and Watteau are national painters. An ingenious comparison Watteau and Yeats will be read with pleasure and perhaps by some with surprise the juxtaposition of the fastidious painting of aristocratic life with the resolutely dependent, individual life which fills so many of Jack Yeats's canvases. In coming in some ways the consummate expression of the soul of his people, Mr. eats also severs himself from other painters of Irish birth whose art was no more an a province of English art.

Like all the rest of us who, *pace* Mr. Yeats, have looked at too many pictures, r. MacGreevy finds it hard to discern outside influences on the painter's develop- ent, but cannot help making conjectures if only to discard them. Mr. Yeats is truly of his age, his course of incessant creation running parallel with many modern asters, that at the recent retrospective exhibition one cheated oneself into finding is or that resemblance with some passage of painting of other masters. They came t from imitation, nor even from an unconscious influence, but from the independent, herent and logical development of his technical practice. But while Mr. Mac reevy finds no trace of even remotely approximate imitation, he dallies with the rmise that, when Jack Yeats was an art student in London, Constable's technique landscape was a point of departure—not an objective but a point of departure— r Yeats was concerned with human values and Constable was not. Even with this mitation I find it a theory difficult to accept. One might say the same of Turner's etworth interior—if, indeed, it hung in the London National Gallery when Yeats as a student. Whatever resemblance in sparkling vivacity there may be in the onstable and Yeats landscapes, it is not found in Yeats's earliest landscapes, where e might reasonably look for it, but in his maturity when he had passed beyond e malleable age. His earliest work with descriptive, somewhat stylised landscape ckgrounds show, I would rather imagine, traces of the decorative-romantic wood- ocks of the 90's.

Continuing to emphasize Jack Yeats's concern with human values, there follow

some admirable pages on the relative balance of landscape and figure in Renaissance and modern painting. They end with the clearly formulated and well-supported claim that nobody before Yeats had juxtaposed landscape and figure without subduing the character of either to that of the other or at least had maintained the equal juxtaposition so consistently. "Association and apartness at one and the same time have never been so clearly stated in terms of art." It is a bold claim and a nice point for debate when one thinks of certain works of Giorgione, but Mr. MacGreevy appears to have most of the argument on his side when he makes it an affair of consistent practice.

Yeats will live as one of the great masters of colour. Joined with his sense of life, both in its accidental as well as in its more permanent expression, his control of rich and profound colour harmonies constitutes him the great artist he is. Mr. Mac Greevy, in the present book, shows himself the truthful and sensitive recorder of this art. Attentive audiences listened to him with pleasure and profit on these topics during a memorable three weeks at the exhibition this summer in the National College of Art and to his personal interpretations of certain masterpieces which were there shown. What he then said, eloquently and acutely, they will be glad to have more completely and permanently set down and in the full context of European art in this admirable monograph.

C. P. CURRAN

ARCHAEOLOGY

THE PLACE-NAMES OF THE CO. WICKLOW. I. The Barony of Ballinacor North. By Liam Price. Dublin: The Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies. 1945. Pp. 54. 2s.

IRISH interest in places, in the great world abroad and in the narrower area of the island home, is evident from early times. Adamnan wrote what proved to be a popular tract on the sacred shrines of the Holy Land. Vergil of Aghaboe and Salzburg caused excitement among contemporaries by teaching the existence of Antipodes. Dícuill compiled in A.D. 825 a general geography of the known world under the title *De Mensura Orbis Terrae.* In this he refers to a six months stay of certain of his holy countrymen in Iceland in the year 795. A similar work in Irish was composed by the *fer légind* of Rosscarbery, Co. Cork, Airbertach Mac Cossedobráin, before his death in 1017. Dealing with Ireland alone, it is remarkable that in the sagas and romantic tales the attention paid to topography is considerable. As time went on, the origin of each famous place-name, from Tara downwards, was "explained" by the learned, and the whole material was gathered into a bulky national collection called the *Dindsenchus.*

Mr. Price is as far apart as the Poles from his mediaeval forerunners; for they drew chiefly on legend for their stories, whilst he keeps strictly to reliable sources. It is unfortunate that in very many cases these are of no great antiquity. This is easy enough to understand, for the regions that comprise the present Co. Wicklow lay all outside the main current of Leinster secular history. Evidence in proof of this statement is forthcoming in the term *Fortuatha Laigen,* the name of the state which formed the backbone of the county. Within the Fortuatha, however, stood the monastery of Glenndaloch, one of the most distinguished ecclesiastical sites in the whole country. Some places in this area are referred to in the Martyrologies and in the Lives of the founder, St. Kevin. In the Féil-Sgríbhinn Eóin Mhic Néill Mr. Price showed that the Saint's original settlement was not where the Round Tower and the cluster of churches now stand, but at Dísert Chaoimhghin, beside

Upper Lake. Near by was the old cemetery, later known as the *rig-fhearta* oyal graves ".

If the kings buried in this sacred spot could be identified, our knowledge of nster history would be increased. In the twelfth century one branch of the th Leinster dynasty, the sept Uí Muiredaig, whose leading family was O'Toole, trolled the monastery, as we see from the promotion of St. Laurence to the patial chair at an unusually early age. Another branch of the same dynasty, the t Uí Faeláin, whose ruling family was O'Byrne, became powerful also in Co. cklow, and place-names help in fixing the lands which they occupied. But enmalure is first mentioned in the middle of the thirteenth century, and the m of the word for long is such that the original Irish name remains uncertain. st of the place-names discussed in this brochure are found, for the first time, documents of the sixteenth or later centuries, and very few can be traced back n to the twelfth century. In recent studies published in the Proceedings of the yal Irish Academy Mr. Price pointed out that the same is true of the place-names the Newcastle and Arklow baronies.

When the list of place-names for the county is complete, Mr. Price promises provide a full index and a general introduction. How valuable such a treatise m the pen of a master is likely to be can be judged by anybody who reads the st interesting introductions to the sections already published.

J. R.

Biography

GUSTINE'S QUEST OF WISDOM. By Vernon J. Bourke, Ph.D. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Co. 1945. $3.00.

ORE than twenty years ago M. Gilson accepted a post as visiting professor to the iversity of Harvard; and this first visit to America was followed by others. ose who have read his preface to *L'Introduction à l' étude de S. Augustin* (1929) l remember his tribute to the young American students in whose company and endly collaboration he had come to understand how strong is the appeal of St. gustine's thought to the modern world. The author of this fine biography was e of the young men whom Gilson inspired. As a student of the University of ronto he won distinction there in the Faculty of Philosophy; Gilson's later ection in the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies helped to turn his thoughts the master from whom Western European thought has learned so much. For past fifteen years Dr. Bourke has been a faculty member of the Department of ilosophy at St. Louis University and has given regular courses on the philosophy St. Augustine. This book is thus the fruit of study that has been prolonged for best part of twenty years; and as such must command our respect. It is also exceedingly welcome addition to the few volumes available for English-speaking dents who wish to gain some insight into the mind of a great Doctor of the Church.

The plan of the book is biographical, but the main interest is everywhere concen- ted on the development of St. Augustine's thought. Towards the end of World r I a French scholar, M. Alfaric, who had done important work on the surviving nichee texts, published his *L'Evolution intellectuelle de S. Augustin*, in which he sed once more the problem of development from Manichee and Neo-platonist ginnings to a Christianity which (so M. Alfaric held) was no more than a superficial eptance of Christian dogma, without at first any real comprehension or assent. French Jesuit, Père C. Boyer, replied in his *L'Idée de vérité dans la philosophie S. Augustin* (1921); and M. Gilson has discussed these problems, which are tly psychological, partly metaphysical, in his *Introduction*. We may leave the

detailed discussion of the evidence, which is mainly to be found in Augustine's earliest dialogues, to more expert scholars. Here it will be sufficient to note that Dr. Bourke has not limited his narrative to a critical analysis of the saint's conversion. He gives us an exceedingly helpful and scholarly account of the North African background to Augustine's childhood and early years, with what the average reader will, I expect, find a satisfying account of the actual crisis of conversion. Two stages must, of course, be distinguished: the earlier intellectual conversion, in which the propaideutic influence of Neo-platonist thought was admittedly the most powerful of various forces at work in the young man's mind; and the moral crisis, of which the saint himself has told the story with supreme literary power in the eighth book of his *Confession*.

The *Confession* must always remain the ultimate source from which biographers reconstruct the story of these early years. But the work of French archaeologists and historians has done much to make the local background more vivid, and the intellectual challenge of Alfaric's radical re-telling of an old story has compelled more recent critics to question and re-interpret texts which were too often copied or translated, without further comment, by the older biographers. In its main lines however, the story up to the date of Augustine's baptism at Milan (387) is familiar to all and needs little alteration by the critics. More light has been shed on the happy weeks at Cassiciacum which preceded the baptism—a brief spiritual honeymoon during which the keenest intellect of the age had time to make contact with Christian thought and tradition, whilst one of the most ardent in the long line of Christian mystics began to feel more and more strongly the compelling power of God's grace. Dr. Bourke tells the story well. One minor detail has irritated me and may irritate others. The saint's mother has been familiar to generations of devout souls as St. Monica. The oldest Latin manuscripts spell the name as Monnica, and that fact was worth recording in a footnote. But if Augustinus is rightly styled Augustine throughout this biography, why should not Monnica be left as Monica? This single instance of a too pedantic scholarship should not deter readers who will find that Dr. Bourke has a firm grasp of human nature, and never allows his mastery of detail to obscure the great but essentially simple story which he has undertaken to tell.

Book I gives us the years of Augustine's work as student and master of rhetoric. Book II the various stages of the double conversion. Book III tells the story of Augustine's active work as bishop of his diocese and as Catholic champion against Donatists and Pelagians. The work had begun in Hippo, where Augustine founded his first permanent monastery some years before his consecration. His episcopal charge began in 395, four years after his return to Africa. The controversy with the Donatists went on, almost without intermission, until the final suppression of the sect by imperial edict in 412. The controversy with the Pelagians had begun about a year before this date, and ended only with Augustine's death in 430. Dr. Bourke steers clear of the controversies concerning Pelagius and Ireland. On page 175 he suggests " that the cognomen *Brito* may mean that Pelagius was of British origin . . . or that he was French, a Breton." But I know of no authority for this latter interpretation in the period before the collapse of Roman power in Gaul. There were no " Bretons " then.

There is no lack of material for these two chapters. The saint's letters and sermons supplement the evidence of his many treatises; and new material has come to light in recent years by the discovery of hitherto unknown sermons of St. Augustine by the French Benedictine scholar, Dom Germain Morin. Here, as in the earlier sections of his book, Dr. Bourke makes full use of the new material, and has succeeded in giving his readers a very vivid description of St. Augustine's active work as bishop and fearless controversialist. Unwearying zeal and unsurpassed insight into the

implications of Christian dogma were Augustine's greatest assets in these long-
vn struggles. He is at his best in the great controversy with the Pelagians, for
uman soul had ever a more vivid sense of the workings of Divine Grace. But
own earlier professional training as student and master of rhetoric gave him
ll times an assured superiority in public debate, and his adversaries were plainly
ctant to meet him face to face. The Donatist controversy in particular might
er have been ended by imperial edict in 412, were it not for the skill and patience
which Augustine succeeded in trapping his opponents into arguments which
le it possible, after many fruitless sessions, to state the Catholic case in full and
s bring forth arguments which the Donatists had eluded for days on end by
skilful use of technical subterfuges. What were you to do with a body of some
hundred and fifty schismatic bishops who stubbornly refused to be seated in
presence of their opponents, on the ground that Holy Writ forbids the just
sit down with the wicked? Two hundred and eighty Catholic bishops were
s compelled, for three weary days of argument, to remain standing face to face
nst their rivals.

The last section of this work is perhaps the most impressive as proof of the
nor's familiarity with the whole corpus of Augustine's works. A story is always
er to tell when there is action and resistance; but it is not so easy to tell the
er story of a soul's development. Dr. Bourke has devoted three long chapters
Book IV to the development of Augustine's thought in the years of his mature
id. In " God and my Soul " he analyses the saint's *De Trinitate*—a work which
an immense influence on the development of medieval philosophy and theology,
gustine here expounds his famous theory of the *vestigia Trinitatis* in God's handi-
k, the human soul. The fifteen books of this long and difficult treatise have been
popular in modern times, and it is noteworthy that Dr. Bourke has had to use
text of the seventeenth-century St. Maur edition. No text has yet appeared
he critical Vienna corpus of the saint's writings; the best modern commentary
be found in Gilson's *Introduction*. Dr. Bourke passes an interesting judgment
this connection: that St. Bonaventure's *Itinerarium mentis in Deum* " has best
ght the spirit of the Augustinian quest of God ". But it would be impossible
overrate the high significance of the *De Trinitate* in the history of the Schools.
nry of Ghent, for example, no less than Thomas and Duns Scotus, was powerfully
uenced by the saint's lofty metaphysic and most subtle psychological analysis.
e medieval theories of *intellectus agens*, which differ so strikingly from one exponent
another, can only be grasped by those who appreciate the lasting influence of
gustinian thought in this field of Christian philosophy. Dr. Bourke goes patiently
ough the entire treatise and does his best to make these *arcana* easier of access
the modern student.

The next chapter (" God and the Created World ") discusses the famous theory
creation which Augustine has expounded most fully in his *De Genesi ad Litteram*.
w aspects of the great doctor's thought have proved so modern in their power
suggestive speculation as the Augustinian theory of *rationes seminales*; and it
not so long since a Louvain professor made startling use of this thesis to claim
rwinism as a natural and Christian interpretation of the problem of creation.
. Bourke contents himself with a straightforward statement of the saint's own
ching. Here, as in the *De Trinitate*, Augustine's thought moves ever upward
vards God as Creator. The two works were composed together over a period of
ne seventeen years from 400 onwards, and give us insight into the inner life and
ught of a great Christian bishop and doctor.

A third chapter (" God and Society ") gives a similarly detailed analysis of a
rk that many scholars have claimed as Augustine's masterpiece. The *De Civitate*
certainly reveals Augustine's mind in its most mature development. The treatise

was not begun until a year or two after the sack of Rome by the Goths in 410, and it concludes with a sublime statement of Christian peace as the goal of human social life which is only too tragically appropriate to the world's present plight. Dr. Bourke supplements his analysis of an epoch-making work by parallel quotations from some of the saint's sermons. For Augustine, perhaps the greatest of all Christian preachers, was inevitably drawn to expatiate on this most Christian message to the pagan world of his own day.

Dr. Bourke is breaking new ground as a biographer in these last chapters, for there has been a tendency among earlier critics to halt at the dramatic moment of Augustine's conversion. Inquiry into the later development of the saint's mind is usually postponed or never attempted. Dr. Bourke's comment on this curious fact is worth quoting as a sample of his own acute insight (page 202): "The reason for this omission is inherent in the facts of Augustine's life. After he found Christ, his intellectual progress was no longer forward to new things, but upward to higher things. Augustine, the Christian, developed mentally by an ever-increasing penetration into the truths and mysteries of Catholic doctrine. Before his conversion and consequent ordination, the direction of his thought was horizontal; after his unquiet heart found its rest in Christ, his advance was vertical." In this year, during which we are commemorating the conversion of another great Christian thinker, it is instructive to compare and contrast the processes of two famous conversions, both of which were followed by long years of fearless and memorable controversy. But the moral crisis, which had so profound an influence on Augustine's thought, is far less marked in Newman's case; and it is obvious that Newman, as an Anglican, had a far deeper understanding of Christian truths before the actual date of his submission than had Augustine in his Neo-platonist years. The sudden shock to Augustine's habits of life coincided with a new awareness of revealed truth to which he had hitherto been blind; and this twofold pre-disposition made it humanly possible for Divine Grace to convert a dissolute and restless inquirer into the sublimest of Christian theologians and the most human of Christian mystics. For Augustine the saint never loses his identity with Augustine the sinner; and that inner continuity or consistency has given him a strange power, strong to-day as fifteen hundred years ago, over human souls.

A. G.

TOO SMALL A WORLD. The Life of Mother Cabrini. By Theodore Maynard. Milwaukee: Bruce. 1945. Pp. 335. $2.50.

THE Cabrinis came of unadventurous farmer stock rooted in the pasture-lands of the Lombardy plain. But their thirteenth child Francesca, born in 1850, had the soul of a missionary. As a little girl, she filled paper boats with flowers—they were her missionaries—and set them adrift on the rapid current of the Venera. As a grown woman, the foundress and first General of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, she sent missionaries sailing on the seven seas and rivalled by her own travels the journeyings of her patron Xavier. As indomitable in spirit as she was frail in body, she marked the institute she had founded with the imprint of her altogether charming and saintly personality; and before her death in Chicago in 1917, she had dotted the world with hospitals, orphanages and schools. Twenty-one years later she was beatified by Pope Pius XI, who had known her when he was Prefect of the Ambrosian in Milan. She is the first citizen of the United States of America to be raised to the honours of the altar.

Mother Cabrini placed no bounds to her zeal. But it is for her work for the millions of Italian immigrants in the United States that her name will ever be remembered. The plight of the Italian workingman in the great American cities when Francesca Cabrini landed in 1889 would demand the pen of a Dickens or the

ush of a Goya for its description. Despised, exploited, shunned, these " white ggers " lived and died like animals in the insanitary slums of the Little Italies. nd their souls fared little better than their bodies. In New Orleans they had one riest to every thirty thousand. In New York nineteen Italian priests had a flock a quarter of a million. The irreligious spore of Mazzini and Cavour throve in ich a miasma. The Little Italies were little hells.

Into this inferno came the Church and Italy in the guise of Mother Cabrini id her smiling nuns. The good they did is beyond human reckoning. In slums id brothels, in lumber camps, in mines and in prisons, they renewed the face of is Italy beyond the sea. Sing Sing itself was the first of the prisons to open its ates to them, and among the illuminated addresses received by the foundress on ie twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of her institute was one from its grateful inhabitants.

Amid her stupendous travels and ceaseless activity, Mother Cabrini's soul was ways in her hands. She never fussed, never lost her sense of humour ; and though ie guarded the secret of her soul with jealous care, her high degree of union with od was obvious to all who met her. She never acted until she had prayed, and then ie acted with startling decision. Her trust in Providence put the worldy wisdom f her advisers to shame. She invaded the land of the Almighty Dollar with no noney and with but a few words of English. She began the building of the Columbus Hospital in New York with 250 dollars. And for the beginning of the chool for the poor Italian children of Newark her sole capital was sixty cents ! he never equated the virtue of prudence with Safety First. To a priest who emonstrated with her for undertaking work with such slender funds, she replied : Don't worry, Father. If I were to think too much about procuring the means, ie Lord would withhold His graces." Through all her long life she hoped mightily n God and never once was she confounded.

The tale of this heroic woman's grand achievements loses nothing in Mr. Maynard's skilled hands. It is a great story greatly told.

D. O'S.

VOLTAIRE : MYTH AND REALITY. By Kathleen O'Flaherty, M.A., Ph.D. ; Cork University Press ; Oxford : Blackwell. 1945. Pp. viii + 169. 10s. 6d.

THE wide scope, which its title seems to indicate, is hardly attained in this rather breathless essay upon the meaner and more contemptible sides of Voltaire's character nd the use he made of his extraordinary gifts. While Dr. O'Flaherty's conclusions re sound, and while we must bear in mind that she warns us towards the end of ier treatise (p. 141) that her task was to show Voltaire only in " his most unfavourable ight," the polemical, even rhetorical, tone of much of the work is to its disadvantage. One might ask and wonder how poor Voltaire, whom one had thought to be as a thinker and philosopher ' as dead as mutton,' could excite such scorn and indignation, ntil one realises that the vials of the author's wrath are being emptied on " certain nodern critics " : clearly, Mr. Alfred Noyes's *apologia* for Voltaire is what has oused Dr. O'Flaherty to battle, and mercilessly, and justly, does she smite him hip nd thigh ; she " checks up on " (p. 96) his references and, most effectively, proceeds o " debunk " (p. 164) him.

The endless confrontation of phrase after phrase from, mainly, the voluminous *Correspondence* becomes tedious and tends to give a lack of balance to Dr. O'Flaherty's work. This is true, especially, of the earlier chapters. The annihilation of Noyes—who, admittedly, exaggerates the element of " smoking-room stories " and " amusements " among Voltaire's sallies, and even obscenities, in his endeavour to

whitewash his subject—tends to lead Dr. O'Flaherty to lose all sense of humour and to castigate harshly what need only raise a smile; the citation (p. 20) from a letter to D'Alembert: "I greatly love truth, but I love martyrdom not at all," is surely a mere quip—like Panurge's courage to endure all except blows—and is hardly the best text on which to base an exposition of Voltaire's human weakness. On the other hand, the learned figure of speech, or the irony, which characterises Voltaire "as having been slightly allergic to truth" (p. 17) is, perhaps unconsciously, amusing in its context. Dr. O'Flaherty, surely, exaggerates the influence of Voltaire when she styles him "the man who did more than any other to destroy the old ways" (p. 1); were this true, all the armoury which she brings to bear upon his strength and upon his weaknesses would be justified. She comes nearer the truth when, later in her work (p. 49), she, in effect, explains that Voltaire is a great journalist. That is, in modern terms, a fair enough appraisal of Voltaire's rôle in his *Letters*; and who, except Mr. Noyes, is prepared to go back over the dead files of the *ephemerae* of two centuries ago and treat as gospel, or deep philosophy, the random jottings of a journalist?

Dr. O'Flaherty's *saeva indignatio* and her *pudeur* seem to lead her into inconsistency or, rather, a lack of proportion. She prides herself on sparing us the grossest of Voltaire's obscenities where an incidental reference leads her to show how he traduced the Irish Catholics (p. 99); but she does not exhibit the same restraint where even more sacred subjects are concerned.

The more solid parts of the book, expecially from Chapter VI to the end, are excellent. It is clear that Dr. O'Flaherty is steeped in her subject, and "the more general view of the man" which she promises to give us (p. 137) will be awaited with interest. Her undoubted competence and wide learning in the domain of the French 18th century point to her as a writer of quite unusual qualifications to give a full-length portrait of her subject.

LOUIS P. ROCHE

FOUR VICTORIAN LADIES OF WILTSHIRE. By Edith Olivier. London: Faber and Faber. 1945. 12s. 6d.

THIS slender booklet is not as sensational as "An Adventure" by Miss Moberley, one of its four ladies, introduced by this author to a fascinated public some time ago. But it is interesting and as fashionable now as the Versailles ghost story was then. Anthony Trollope for example, the contemporary and friend of Miss Moberley, has become so much the vogue that his chronicles have a waiting list in libraries that cater for the high and the middle brow. Our reactions in this island to Victoria and the Victorian era are other. And yet I remember when a picture of Gladstone partnered one of Robert Emmet in most Irish farm- or country town-house parlours. Are we, too, not celebrating, as well as the neighbour island, the Newman centenary which is just now attracting to us across one more sea a Spanish Prince of the Church, delegate to Beaumont? Both Newman and Manning touched the life of at least one of Miss Olivier's ladies when her friends, Lady Herbert of Lea and Lady Mary Herbert, followed the two Cardinals into the Catholic Church. May I add here that I think the author's comments on that are Victorian in a sense in which that word is out-moded.

From what cause soever, it looks as if the Victorian Age was staging a comeback in literature—even if it be only of the biographical kind. What Osbert Sitwell calls its static character (though this raised doubts in the mind of its Laureate), as well as the seemingly indefinite prolongation of its halcyon days, have produced a certain nostalgia in the Georgians. This is probably their reaction from the dynamics of two catastrophic wars. Be that as it may, it brings into relief the virtues of that late golden age, comfortably blurring its faults. Twentieth century "progress"

en to involve the loss of much that was precious. Loss and gain generally nce one another in our imperfect life, but very few of us are big enough to see life whole. If we did, there would be less mutual destruction and less tendency he part of the conservative survivors to extol the past at the expense of the ent. This by no means implies that the past should not be preserved. There ld be an end to everything we value in civilisation, if the past did not join with present to beget the future.

I am not quite sure whether Miss Olivier has, in her introductory essay, a thesis : ure : should it or should it not be organised ? I do not think she has proved hing, by her book, against the striving of present-day educationalists who must r—as why should they not ?—for the masses. Her charming vignettes, which pletely justify her book, are of a class no more mass-produced to-day than they in the reign of England's first Empire Queen.

Of Miss Olivier's attractive four, one—Mrs. Percy Wyndham—has a more than ing interest for Irish readers. She was the grand-daughter of Pamela and of d Edward Fitzgerald, and she became the mother of a charming family which uded such well-known figures in English life as Lady Glenconner (afterwards y Grey) and George Wyndham of the Wyndham Land Acts fame. Her beauty, ch she passed on to her children, her wit and charm, her great heart, her artistic e and her spirituality put her above and beyond her age. Apart from the fact many streams—French, Norman, Irish, Scottish—combined to form the river ner blood, a combination that is not unusual in the aristocracy of a country, e seems to have been in her something unique, making a label—victorian or rwise—out of place. We are grateful to Miss Olivier for giving us the reproduc- of the lovely Orpen portrait. Her book-title prevented her from supplementing ith the famous Sargent group, showing the mother's charm and beauty living in three daughters, " The Three Graces ". This was the canvas that Osbert Sitwell little boy saw in Sargent's studio when he and his brother and sister sat with r parents—so painfully posed after an equally painfully imposed model !

Echoes of the Wyndhams reached me years ago through the late Katharine an, who knew them well and loved them all. I remember, about the same time, ing from Miss Gleeson of Dun Emer of the help she got for her struggling pet Weaving Industry in the early years of the century when Lady Glenconner one of her enthusiastic London buyers and promoters. Not for nothing had ela's grand-daughter educated the hearts as well as the eyes of her daughters ! Miss Olivier say that the leisure of these favourites of fortune was not trained ? t we should collaborate to give the less fortunate adolescents of a not so aristocratic some substitute for such training seems only fair. Nor does " Dopo Lavoro " Organisation der Freizeit " seem to me so noisome, if it is animated once more he Benedictine spirit which Miss Olivier seems to approve for the mediaeval ld, even if she rejects it for her own.

MARY M. MACKEN

E ADVENTURES OF EDWARD WOGAN. By Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice. London : Routledge. 1945. 10s. 6d. net.

's book on a soldier's career by a soldier is, as one expects, straightforward, y and forcible. Against the background of current history General Maurice ches the remarkable adventures of an Irish officer during the Civil War of the nteenth century in England and Ireland. Edward Wogan belonged to the old holic family of his name settled in County Kildare since the thirteenth century, y of whom played a notable part in Irish affairs. Some were swordsmen of wn, like that Richard Wogan who joined the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes in the

insurrection against the English in 1578 and was condemned of high treason. And the romantic story of another kinsman—the knight-errant Sir Charles who liberated the Princess Clementina—still holds the popular imagination after more than two hundred years.

Edward Wogan, the hero of this book, exemplifies the family tradition for gallantry and perilous adventure, and General Maurice limns for us in its pages a fearless and resourceful soldier. Born in 1622 in Kildare, he was but a boy when the Insurrection of 1641 blazed out and foreign settlers were driven from their ill-gotten lands by the Ulster Irish. Soon afterwards, with the approach of English and Scottish forces, fears of reprisals arose among the Irish of the Pale. It was the reason that in 1642 young Wogan was hurried away by his mother to relatives in Pembrokeshire. There a cousin was an officer in the Parliamentary Army, and after some time Edward, with his natural urge to adventure, joined him in a dragoon regiment against the Royalists. It is difficult to understand how an Irish Catholic could see his way to give his services to an army sworn to be avenged on papists. General Maurice's theory seems to account for the anomaly—grumbles against the English Government, he says, were common in Wogan's home in Ireland where the King was synonymous with the Government.

General Maurice traces the career of his hero through the various stages of the Civil War in England from 1644 to 1647. In this account he is helped by the vivid narrative of his adventures left by Wogan, which is a special feature of this book. Early in 1648, when the King's fortunes were at their lowest, Wogan changed sides and joined the Royalists—an act which gained him the title of " renegado " from Cromwell. Coming to Ireland, he joined Ormond who conferred on him the rank of colonel of a regiment of horse. In his native country, where he maintained his repute for gallantry, he was taken prisoner by Cromwell, but he escaped from Cork jail. He went to Paris and in 1651 made his way to Scotland, during which he helped to save the life of Charles II at Worcester. Compelled to seek refuge in France once more, he later returned to England in disguise, raised a regiment of horse with which he made many successful raids into the Lowlands. In January 1654, when he was but twenty-eight years old, a fatal sword thrust while leading a charge ended a brilliant military career.

We have in this book a lively narrative of an Irish soldier whose life of curious adventure is often reminiscent of that of his kinsman Sir Charles Wogan. Rescuing from comparative oblivion a fellowcountryman of renown, it should have a special appeal for Irish readers. One or two minor corrections would be desirable in a second edition—Faughart, where Edward Bruce was killed in 1318, is written Fenghart. And the name Beggar's Bush (site for generations of a military barracks) is stated by General Maurice to be a corruption of Bagotrath—" an example," he writes, " of the English soldier's unique way of translating difficult names into his vernacular " !

R. H.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

COUNTIES OF CONTENTION. By Benedict Kiely. Cork: The Mercier Press. 1945. 7s. 6d. net.

PERHAPS a good part of the trouble about Partition is that so little has been written about it from the Nationalist side. Too often it is merely the subject of propagandist asseverations having very little contact with reality or base in reason. Mr. Benedict Kiely is a young Ulsterman who has made a close study of Partition, its origin, history, and present effects. He belongs to a generation which is too young to have been entangled in the noisy controversies from which it had its first beginning and through

ich it became frozen into its apparent insolubility. His book is an attempt at air summary, in which he tries to see the existing situation against a background past and present reality. It deserves to be widely read and sympathetically died, because only from knowledge and a clear grasp of truth can any solution the problem ever be hoped for. The end of the war and the advent to power England of a Government whose members have never been implicated in the lemics of the " Ulster " question may open up fresh opportunities for a new and re realistic approach to it, in which both sides (or all sides, for in Anglo-Irish litics there are at least three sides to every question) may be prepared to shed me of their preconceptions and prejudices. If such a chance comes, young men e Mr. Kiely may get their opportunity to be more constructive than their forbears d elders.

One reader at least must express the regretful feeling that Mr. Kiely wields iterary style which does not entirely suit his theme. It is the style of a novelist, scriptive and discursive, with a strong feeling for " atmosphere " and imagery. owadays the novelists, who a generation ago were rare creatures in Ireland, seem have got all over everything, so that ordinary folk are in danger of getting myopia m being forced to see the whole world and every corner of it through their strangely ted spectacles. The art of the novelist is a rather special danger to the writer on litical questions. Mr. Kiely, for instance, obviously wishes to write dispassionately, t his style is so charged with feeling as to run counter to his wishes at every turn. also leads him to blur his outlines a good deal, being impressionist rather than listic ; and sharpness of outline is very necessary in politics, most especially in aling with a question like Partition, where the clues, to speak the language of detective-story, have been " hogged " by propagandists, and where the public her doesn't want to hear the story at all or only wants to listen to one ancient mophone-record of it.

The early chapters are particularly full of this kind of impressionist writing. ly when Mr. Kiely comes at last to Carson, after many picturesque turns and ny peeps into unnecessary interiors, do we feel that we have the broad road under The narrative starts with Carson speaking at a great Belfast meeting in 1911, en flashes back to his early career and to Lord Randolph Churchill, then forward ain to Winston Churchill's famous Belfast visit, after which it settles down to l the long sad story of Redmond, the Rebellion, the Convention, and what came er. In his ninth chapter, Mr. Kiely comes to the actual genesis of Partition elf in the speech of Agar-Robartes in the House of Commons in 1912. Perhaps e most interesting part of the book is the little-known story of how the area to excluded from the Home Rule Act was finally fixed at six counties. At first rson asked for all Ulster, and one cannot but wonder how things would have gone ne had got what he asked. The decision to exclude only six counties was apparently e finally to Lloyd George, and is of course the kernel of the whole problem. tionalist opinion was helpless because Nationalists were tied to the dogma of an livisible Ireland ; and Carson took full advantage of their inability to manoeuvre.

There is much in the book on which more hard thinking and plain speaking e necessary than Mr. Kiely allows. One such question is 1916 and what led up it ; Mr. Kiely gives us a highly-coloured impression of Pearse's doctrine, but es not examine or criticise it. Another is the series of problems raised by the ent war. Mr. Kiely quotes the pamphlet *Orange Terror* at length and reproduces liscussion in Stormont on it ; but the whole of this problem is bound up with that physical resistance to the Northern Government. Mr. Kiely lets us see that he approves of force, but fails to draw the inferences to which his disapproval must d. Neutrality raises a host of further problems, which are not faced, as they ust be before Partition is solved. Finally, Mr. Kiely refrains from offering any

plan of his own towards its solution. Perhaps he may do so in a further book, written more for the ear of the ordinary political animal.

M. T.

THE ENGLISH WAY. By Pierre Maillaud. Oxford University Press. 1945. 10s. 6d. net.

THE author of this grave, wise, and well-written book is a French Protestant who has lived in England for over fourteen years. From June 1940 he was one of the French team of the B.B.C. His book is introduced by Mr. Raymond Mortimer, who, incidentally, makes the strange assertion that " the influence of intellectuals has been smaller in England during the last twenty-five years than ever before in our history." As a Protestant Frenchman, M. Maillaud is probably better placed than most of his compatriots to understand the English. Sympathetic insight into the characters of other peoples is not very common with French writers, but M. Maillaud seems to possess it to a really high degree. It is even more difficult to depict a whole nation, no matter how broad the canvas or how bold the strokes, than it is to enter into the mind of an individual. This book, opening with a chapter on the English road and an invocation of Chesterton's " rolling English drunkard," gets near enough to success to be at any rate extremely readable.

Though divided into eight parts, its main themes are really two: the English character and the English state. The latter half of the book is a kind of critical commentary, from a patriotic but friendly Frenchman's point of view, on the foreign policy of the Conservatives from 1931 to 1939 and on Churchill's conduct of the war. M. Maillaud, rather unexpectedly, sees much similarity between the English and his own people. Their differences, when not purely superficial, spring, he thinks, from such simple historical or geographical factors as England's long immunity from invasion or the fact that she is an island. His early chapters are a slow, careful and penetrating study of many diverse English types, leading imperceptibly but firmly to a series of well-based generalisations, such as that England's insularity is not really that of an island, that her society, with its varied gradations and codes of behaviour, is more important to her than state machinery, that her common people still have an enormous respect for law and tradition, and that her success springs from an absence of ideology, from great gifts of adaptation and improvisation, and from a confidence based on a very long tradition of success in the past. On his way he cites many particular instances from his own experience, tells many anecdotes and repeats many good sayings, without ever departing from his own peculiar note of friendly gravity.

In a chapter entitled " Imperial Dilemmas " he comes to deal with Ireland; and here he finds the same national characteristic on both sides of the Border, in Lord Craigavon as well as in Mr. de Valera. It is an attitude of adamantine rigidity which he finds in strange contrast with the flexibility of English political thought. The Irish reader may perhaps be tempted to believe that the rigidity is more the quality of particular persons than of the nation as a whole. Even more than in England, character in this country is conditioned by history; and the national struggle, prolonged and embittered by the absence in the English of just that flexibility which M. Maillaud finds so prominent in them, might be said to have projected shadows of itself on futurity, which last on long after it has ended. His description of Lord Craigavon touches on the essence of the man and the situation. " There certainly was in him, as in many Ulstermen, a touch of that naïve unquestioning imperialism which had been both the strength and the limitation of some late English Victorians and which has lingered in Northern Ireland." A good deal might in fact be said for the view that Irish intransigence is an inheritance from

Ireland's English ascendancy in the past; while the flexibility of England, especially in the recent war, most probably arose from the fact that she had more accurate information about Ireland than ever before, because she no longer relied on the version of Irish affairs presented to her by her own local partisans.

Two principal ideas disengage themselves from M. Maillaud's book as a whole, and they are interconnected. They are the idea that England, in spite of everything, belongs to Western Europe and has preserved certain European values lost elsewhere; and the idea that her world-wide interests and connections are in a sense a danger to her because they tend to pull her away from Europe. The values she has preserved are, in particular, diversity and individualism. M. Maillaud devotes some pages to a sympathetic analysis of Lord Hewart's famous book, *The New Despotism*, and it may be assumed that he would scarcely be enthusiastic about the promise of procedure by Enabling Acts, which would sterilise Parliament. England's value to Europe, he holds, lies precisely in her tradition of diversity and independence from ideologies or from State control; and he regrets that for years before the war her preoccupation with the Dominions tended to pull her away from her true European position, to which the attack on Poland finally brought her back. The war, he insists, was not ideological, but a defensive struggle, and the future will depend on whether England can both maintain her own character and remain European.

M. T.

NATIONALISM AND AFTER. By Edward Hallett Carr. London: Macmillan. 1945. 3s. 6d. net.

THE BALTIC NATIONS. By F. W. Pick. London: Boreas Publishing Co. 1945. 7s. 6d.

PROFESSOR CARR is well known for the vigour and realism of his writings on international politics. He has, indeed, been accused of excessive realism and even of a cynical admiration for mere force. This accusation at any rate does not affect the literary merit of his writing, which is unfailingly and always refreshingly clear, purposeful, and pointed, without oratorical flights or exaggerations.

Nationalism And After may be found readable also even by those who condemn its author's realism, because its thesis is essentially sound and moderate. Indeed this little book of seventy-four pages may be warmly recommended to everyone who wishes for an able, succinct account of the present position of a problem which will long continue to trouble the whole world. It is divided into two fairly equal parts. The first sketches the history of nationalism since it emerged, after the Reformation, from the dissolution of medieval unity. This history is seen to have gone through three periods to date; the last section is concerned with the question whether a new period is on the point of beginning.

The second half of the book develops from a suggested affirmative answer to this question. Professor Carr examines in it the new forms of organisation in the international field which are now arising out of the chaos of the past decade. In his view of these new forms he follows pretty closely on lines of thought already worked out by writers for the Royal Institute of International Affairs during the course of the war. Briefly, he holds that while the national State, as a unit of peaceful organisation, has largely broken down, the prospects of anything like a single world State are still remote, and that it is not yet even certain that the world is going to settle down into an uneasy division between four or five enormous multi-national power-units. His suggestion, which is closely similar to others made by American publicists such as Professor David Mitrany and Dr. Carl Becker, is that an intermediate, and ultimately safer, type of organisation may be found in the creation of a number of international institutions for limited special purposes—on

the lines, for example, of the Latin monetary union or the international European railway union.

This suggestion is reinforced by drawing attention to the fact that at the time when the national principle worked best, in the late nineteenth century, it did so because it rested on an unseen financial and economic world-system, with its centre in London. This was the " second period " of nationalism ; its machinery collapsed with the war of 1914-18, and the " third period " was one of unbridled national competition on totalitarian lines, which brought us to our present pass. Enough has perhaps been said to show that Professor Carr's book has many interesting and stimulating ideas and is worthy of the attention of everyone who is awake to the crucial importance of the problem with which it deals.

Dr. Pick's book may seem a little dear for its hundred and seventy-two pages, but it fills a real want and does so in a very praiseworthy manner. Its subject is the three small nations, of such differing origins and linguistic character, numbering all told some six million people, Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia. Of these, the first two speak a language akin to, but not identical with, Slav, the third one akin to Finnish. On the other hand the relations of Latvia and Esthonia, which are mainly Lutheran, are with Sweden and Finland, those of Lithuania with Poland, with which she was for long dynastically united and whose religion she shares. All three have for centuries been a battleground between Scandinavian, German, Pole, and Russian. As in Poland's case, their emergence after 1918 as independent nations was due to the simultaneous collapse of Hohenzollern Germany and Romanov Russia. In the recent war their fate has been reversed, and now they are swallowed up in the Soviet Leviathan. Dr. Pick gives a fascinating account of their picturesque history, with a good bibliography for each chapter. His book begins and ends with an exhortation to Englishmen to make some effort to secure that these admirable little nations shall be given the right to at least a peaceful and regulated form of subordinate independence, which they are now far from enjoying at the hands of England's ally. M. T.

MEMOIRS

LEFT HAND : RIGHT HAND. By Osbert Sitwell. London : Macmillan. 1945. 15s.

THE title of this first volume of Sir Osbert Sitwell's autobiography is pleasantly like many selected by him for his books. It has a "curiosa felicitas " characteristic of the Sitwell Trio and of their artistry, which no sane critic denies. This title serves the author as a stimulus perhaps, as well as giving a hint to the reader to see in this worth-while volume not merely a family or personal record but primarily a work of art in which Left Hand and Right Hand—that which fate gave the artist and that which he forged for himself—are delicately balanced. In this sense too, perhaps, the book is inscribed, not to his forbears collectively nor to anyone of them individually, but to his brother and sister, fellow-workers in the same field. Their story is as surely interwoven in the book's texture as their poems in its text or their book titles in its chapter headings. Their claim is, as professedly as his, to the rank of artists ; amateurs in the true sense, they have become expert craftworkers through many years of labour and leisure for their chosen task.

When Osbert Sitwell records his aristocratic lineage through seven centuries of English—transfused with Irish and Scottish—blood, he attaches to it no more significance than is its due. Indeed he stresses the advantage of the English over any foreign aristocracy in that, marriages being more freely entered upon among them, the blood stream is enriched. He held it to be so in the presence, among his

estors, of a Scottish mason and his gardener father. The main interest of the ily's history for him, as perhaps also for the discriminating reader, is as the sing ground of three such dissimilar artists as his sister Edith, he himself and his ther Sacheverell. Their triple flowering, and not any potential military or itical greatness which his father may have visioned for his descendants, was the lution up to which the " fragile crimson tree " of their blood had been working a hundred years.

Artists in any and every field are own brothers to Osbert Sitwell, if indeed they not his saints and mystics in the only communion he seems to recognise. For t is his Absolute—" the dividing line between man and the ape ". Perhaps the preme proof of—shall I call it—his priestship in this creed was given to Sitwell ders last year in the author's *Letter to my Son* congratulating not only the boy t himself also on the former's choice of art as a career. He as a father exhorts n to fight, for his generation and in the name of art, for man's right to liberty d leisure against the idea of " ant labour in an awful paradise ". That letter had roughout a note of challenge from the individual as creative potential against llectivism or totalitarianism of any and every brand. It is a note echoed in this graphy of an aristocrat who admits only one fence in his field full of folk : " that nich exists between those who create, whatever may be the form of their creation, d those who do not, who absorb." Osbert Sitwell has never experienced the nsation of being separate from the working-classes, he and they drawing their ength from the same soil. And he adds with pardonable pride : " My friends cognise it." If, as the author interestingly suggests, this synthesis of art and life, difficult for others to achieve, is to any extent due to the origin of the Sitwells d their seven hundred years old North Country roots, these are surely worth udy in an age when not only have roots ceased to be fashionable but when—perhaps a reaction of revenge for our folly—a catastrophic war threatens well nigh universal rooting.

The author tells us in his revealing and dignified introduction that his intention to " beguile rather than improve " the reader. Let him straightaway take a double w from at least one such. He has done both with me. In an age which has esented us with so many portraits, male and female, of the artist as young man, ung woman or young dog, I am grateful to the aristocrat who, as well as giving a respite from complexes, " leaves the skeletons in their cupboards and the flesh its clothing ". Such procedure is as refreshingly old-fashioned as the restraint nich " will not tell the reader everything ." I have only one regret in the face of is achievement (" Gothic " rather than " surrealist because, though " complicated surface," it is " crowned with turrets and pinnacles " and full of others besides e author and his brother and sister, " giving scenes and divertissements, crowded ith people of every sort ") ; it is a regret that Art and not its Supreme Source is e author's Absolute. Otherwise he reads to me like a parfitte knight, which is his haucer's way of spelling a Christian gentleman.

MARY M. MACKEN

HOUSE IN BRYANSTON SQUARE. By Algernon Cecil. London : Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1944. 16s.

HIS interesting book, first published in November 1944 and reprinted in March 945, has a positive significance to which the cover title gives but little clue until e eye catches the quotation from Plato on the title-page : " The unexamined life not worth a man's while." The author is a philosopher as well as a historian. e set out to do and does much more than re-capture atmosphere or live again a fe that had vanished, if indeed anything ever vanishes that memory chooses to reserve. However accidental the causes that gave rise to this book—the death of

a beloved wife, the bombing of London, an unnecessary war—its issues are ultima and fundamental. The author's criticism of the cataclysmic happenings of ou time derive from a consciousness of the spreading lack of Christian responsibili towards a Divine Ruler. His hopes revolve round the possibility of the revi of " the sense of providential direction and design " in a world now so grave threatened by its *homo sapiens*.

Algernon Cecil is the convert son of Lord Eustace Cecil and a nephew of th late Lord Salisbury. A distinguished student of history at Oxford in the late 19t and early 20th century he married in 1923 the " Allegra " of the book, Lad Gwendolen Godolphin Osborne, daughter of the 10th Duke of Leeds. She die ten years later. To her personality, impressed no less on their London home tha on her friends, the house was to serve as memorial. Its destruction by bomb becam for the bereaved owner a symbol of the disintegration of values in the world to-day. It was as well the occasion for the examination now before us of the thoughtlife of its last inhabitant, viewed, as becomes a Christian historian, *sub specie aeternitatis*—" without improper indignation or undue partiality."

That thought-life is, it need hardly be stressed, fed by a wide-ranging cultur often elaborate and, in the unfolding, sometimes complicated. Poetry, art, philosophy music, science are its tributary streams. Its boundaries pass beyond Europe—s east to the Testaments Old and New, west to the American Henry Adams " s preternaturally alive in spirit (more or less agnostic though he was) to the way and works of God as to declare that in the 12th century man held the highest ide of himself as a unit in a unified universe." The predilection for Latin culture i evidenced by the studies of Rabelais, Montaigne and Pascal as well as by the frequenc of quotations from the great Florentines and their English appreciators. Thes are his cloud of witness to a Christendom that may yet be reborn. " There was *a twilight of the gods* when the old pagan deities turned and fled and were see no more except as freaks of Nordic fancy. There was, too, *a Vesper twilight o Christendom* when elect souls like Pascal's rode through the waste land of man endeavour, blasted their challenge against some dream gate of horn and perchanc re-entered ivory towers. But there may come yet *another twilight before dawn* whe women may be seen wandering out to ascertain whether a certain tomb was empt and, finding it to have been so indeed, may return to renew their perennial conflic with the incredulity or inhumanity of men."

I am not sure that Mr. Algernon Cecil is served by the framework or desig of this deeply reflective book. I found it at times difficult to " digest " for revie or otherwise. The house as a memorial to its lady and the constant evocation o the lady herself kept intruding on the thought-history of her " scribe " or at leas on one reader's attempt to follow it. Neither was the thought-transference withou its burdens, not the least of which was the continuous recurrence of quotation an reference interrupting the sequence and prejudicing the style. That the author' pattern is intricate is admitted in the preface which he was, reluctantly, induced t write to indicate the " drift and design " as well as to " classify and clarify the contents of his book. I think the intricacy of design and its attendant difficulties are largel due to the author's insistence on dual authorship—Allegra's and his own—evidenc of which he then keeps weaving into his pattern, as well as to his dual purpose raising a memorial to his beloved dead and of breaking a knightly lance f Christendom and Christianity in their dire distress. It might take an English Dan successfully to effect such a fusion. Verse-form binding in strict joy of creatio might help. Prose is a hindrance. But this book remains well worth the reader while.

MARY M. MACKEN

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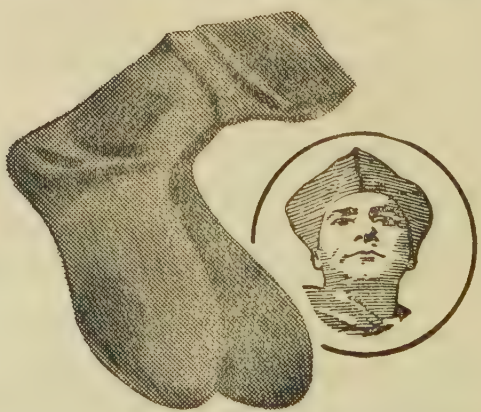

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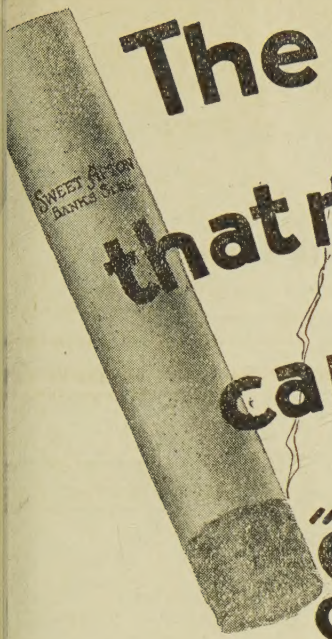

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